
THE POETS VISION
Oh! Whilst be thine unbroken light!
That watched me as a seraph's eye,
And stood between me and the night,
Forever shining sweetly by.
Wm Dummel Sculpt.

Hard Hibiscus

Common Lily

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FAMILY CIRCLE,

AND

PARLOR ANNUAL.

REMINISCENCES OF AUNT LOUISA.

BY MARY E. BURDICK, OF NEW YORK.

"My first beau!" suddenly exclaimed Aunt Louisa one day, and she lowered her spectacles and peered over them with that peculiar quizzical glance every body knows to be so ludicrous, and which had the effect of bringing a crowd of youngsters about her chair, all wide awake with curiosity. Now, we all knew something was coming, something worth hearing. Aunt Louisa never awakened our curiosity without amply satisfying it, and we already looked our congratulations to each other at this fair commencement of a new "story."

"Yes, my first beau!" the old lady repeated, and drawing a deep sigh, slowly pushed back the huge Bible on the table before her. We thought her voice trembled too a little this time, and were quite sure that her face became a shade paler. Ah! that must have been a deep attachment, to be remembered so vividly, now that the silver locks on her temples had taken the place of the once beautiful chestnut. Yet, whatever emotions she felt, they vanished in an instant at the sight of our noble uncle passing the window on the outside. The health-color came back to her cheek and the happy light to her eyes.

Aunt Louisa, reader, was no ordinary dame—she was a lady of much intelligence, and had been familiar with all the accomplishments of her day; moreover, she boasted of gentle birth; but we will permit her to tell her own story, for the youngsters

are waiting in eager impatience. By-the-bye, what a marvelous attention young persons always give to the TELLING of love stories—it is so fascinating to hear one tell their own natural experience in these matters. The old lady resumed. "I must first speak to you of my father's cottage, our sweet summer retreat. O with what joy I remember it, as it stood there in the pleasant nook among the highlands of the Hudson! How white and beautiful it looked contrasted with the dark hills! Indeed, all about this dear homestead was so attractive, that residing there, as we did, a part of each year, it is no wonder that my mind was early tinged with romance, that my heart should, from the sweet influences of nature, only have learned lessons of purity and truth. For here were lofty mountains, and pure fountains, silvery streams, and groves of warbling melody; and far in the distance, at the opening among the trees, were the white sails upon the bosom of the Hudson. Indeed, here was every thing to foster my imaginative temperament; yet, after all, such a contempt had I for the world's deceit, that the artlessness of my disposition was rather a choice than necessity, since I had ample opportunities of learning the ways of society.

"My father's stately mansion in New York, and which he only occupied at set periods, as his eccentric fancy led him, strangely contrasted with the simplicity of his rural home; and, although he assured me that he preferred this in the sultry season rather than come in contact with the follies of fashionable watering-places, yet I ever suspected that there were other reasons, and that there was some mystery hanging about my family not yet to me revealed. One melancholy truth I knew, at least: that my poor mother had been a maniac since my birth, and to which circumstance I traced some of my father's eccentricity and gloom. He was possessed of a powerful intellect, and was a person of studious habits. His library in the cottage was his idol, and where he spent most of his hours, except when loitering about his grounds, and gazing upon his flocks as they gamboled about, and which he placed there to enliven the scenery.

"He was more usually associated with this spot in the minds of others than with that of any other. Ah! had I then known our real consequence in the eye of the world, how many pangs would have been spared me!

"One only brother and a servant completed the family. That brother! oh, how the memory of his love illumines the past with a pure and holy light! A brother's love is priceless. He was emphatically the true friend that abhorred deceit, and how gratefully now I remember his honest, candid remarks.

"'Louisa,' he would sometimes say to me, 'you are no beauty—don't deceive yourself—you are not a showy girl—never will do for a dashing promenade; but a very jewel of a wife you would make—a bright gem in a HUSBAND'S coronet.' How provoking! for I was too young yet to comprehend that to shine in the domestic circle was a woman's highest glory, and what woman was ever thankful for a compliment that threw her personal charms into the shade? So, at such times I flew at once to my mirror. There, to be sure, was a pale, little face, with curling brown hair and passable features; but the lips had not the bright scarlet I had seen in pictures, nor had the cheeks the beautiful vermilion I had admired in others; and yet there was a soul-like expression in the whole face, a look of earnest, gentle thought in the deep hazel eyes, that made me feel a kind good-will toward the spirit-fairy that looked forth there so eagerly, and I thought, as I left the mirror, that even that unpretending little mortal should somewhere in the world find its fitting counterpart."

"Residing upon their country-seat, but a short distance from us, was a proud, aristocratic family, by the name of Douglas. Not prouder than my own father, however; but their rank was known, his unsuspected, and, therefore, unacknowledged. Far and near was extended the fame of the three accomplished Misses Douglas. The two elder had reached the uncertain age of spinsters, and, therefore, out of the sphere of my rivalry; but the younger, as if to make up for this circumstance, combined in herself all that is attractive and elegant. With no better facilities than myself, Helen Douglas had the manners and appearance of a high-bred lady. When she spoke, hers was the purest diction; when she sung, no melody was sweeter. Nothing could exceed the grace of her movements or the elegant outline of her superb figure. Glossy dark hair shaded the sweet peach-

bloom of her cheek, and the ivory whiteness and beautiful symmetry of her rose-tipped fingers rendered them a fit model for a sculptor. She was taller than myself, and more queenly in her gait and deportment. I freely say, I have never, before or since, seen her beauty surpassed. And she was intellectual, too —a thorough student. She seemed to master the hardest problems of Euclid, or the most intricate algebraic puzzle with as much ease as she would accompany a light song upon her harp.

"I am thus particular in describing the rare attractions of Helen, because it will exhibit more prominently with what I had to compete, and also the assurance and positiveness of that love which made me believe Helen's reputed lover all my own. Yet I loved Helen—I would not have cast a blight upon her path for the world—I believe I would at any time have resigned my share of happiness to have promoted hers; the sequel shows that I was from necessity called to do so. My age at this time was sixteen, hers was twenty, but her gayety and vivacity far exceeded my own.

"Helen one day informed me that a young student from Yale College had proposed to visit her family and spend his vacations in the neighborhood, providing that he could obtain a class for instruction, with a view of keeping his own mind refreshed with his past attainments. This idea pleased the enterprising Captain Douglas, and arrangements were accordingly made to receive him.

"Henry Maynard, for such was his name, at length arrived, and so eager was I to behold what I believed to be Helen's future suitor, that I made an early call at her father's mansion, hoping to get a peep at the charming Adonis. On this occasion I was without one selfish or ambitious thought with respect to the gentleman, for I was conscious that in the presence of Helen I was as little seen, as the light of the stars are, viewed in the broad blaze of the glorious sunlight. Yet, to my surprise, the spinster sisters seemed disturbed, and frowned upon me most dismally; yet, as my heart was pure, I boldly gave them back glance for glance. They indulged their spite at last, however, by ushering me into the drawing-room with the very flattering title of 'our little shepherdess.' This would have quite disconcerted me but for the gentlemanly tact of Mr. Maynard,

who soon set me at ease. He had seen the world, and was a good reader of character, and paid me additional notice and respect on their account. This, of course, incensed them, and in a moment commenced the shrewdest watch upon my movements that ever was made by the keen eye of a jealous woman.

"Henry Maynard—for it is meet that I should tarry to describe HIM, who was alternately the rainbow of my future, and who colored it again with the hues of night—was in height nearly six feet, and yet erect, graceful, and well-proportioned. He had the pale, intellectual face peculiar to the student, with an ample forehead set off by wavy locks of dark hair, and though his features could not boast of the classical outline, yet, as they were agreeable, and his face expressive, he might be justly termed fine-looking. In manner he was somewhat haughty and reserved. He had a fine mind, and it was well cultivated.

> "'Learned he was; nor bird nor insect flew
> But he its leafy home and history knew;
> Nor wild-flower decked the rock, nor moss the well,
> But he its name and qualities could tell.'

"Our literary circle was, after a while, well established, and flourished gloriously. The evening was devoted to music, and was, altogether, the most attractive and social occasion of the two, and if there was any thing that marred our enjoyment it was the haughty looks and rigid features of the two elder Misses Douglas; these even the 'concord of sweet sounds' failed to subdue and harmonize."

"All this time I had closely observed Helen, and noticed that she held her lover (if such he was at this time) with a careless rein, and their conversation was ever so bold and common as to lull all suspicion. There was none of the timidity that characterizes true attachment, and at length I believed that Helen uttered truth when she affirmed that he was no more to her than any one of her hundred acquaintances. This fact gave me particular pleasure, as I had lately been surprised by the gentleman's marked attentions to myself—attentions as agreeable as they were unexpected and unsought.

"Not many weeks passed when I knew myself beloved. The blush that rose to his very temples when I addressed him, the trembling of his hand when he lifted me to a carriage, and above all, the expressive language of his fine eyes, convinced me of an interest in his affections. He often complimented me for my mental attainments, for my rapid progress in study, and in return exhibited to me his own prize essays from college. Our minds seemed moulded alike, and each day strengthened the bond that united us. We indulged freely in literary sentiment, and, as it were, wandered hand in hand over the bold rocks and down the deep ravines of genius and fancy. Here I thought was a little world where Helen could not come. She had womanly tact, abundance of it, but I fancied she lacked the depth and comprehension of thought which I inherited from my father. O those were delicious, happy days! For hours we sat together when recitations were over, and indulged in the sweet communion of loving hearts, in that happy trance of ecstasy till our souls seemed mingled in mystic union.

"Pure and confiding, yet not wholly unsophisticated, I allowed months to glide away in this manner, with no other thought than of the present. But I at last wearied of an UNTOLD love, I awoke as from a dream; I began to see my embarrassing position, and though I would have scorned even the idea of directly drawing forth a declaration from him, yet my pride suggested woman's only resource, affected indifference. I scarcely noticed him—I 'flitted by him like an uncaged bird,' and how singular was the result! In less than a week from the time that I had assumed a hilarity and mirthfulness unusual to me, Henry Maynard seemed changed. He looked ill and emaciated, and so pale and haggard did he at length become, that my firmness gave way to compassion, and I became cordial and affectionate as ever. But, ah, how weak was this relapse! I had not improved MY condition, although Mr. Maynard seemed himself again, his health and cheerfulness returned. What meant all this? Did pride, did poverty seal his lips, and prevent him uttering what his actions so plainly revealed—or was I the dupe of my imagination—or did he deem me beneath him? What his circumstances were I knew not nor cared not—I was not seeking a 'situation'—I was too young, and my father's home

satisfied every wish. I only felt as most of us feel, THE NEED OF A HEART TO LEAN UPON; my sympathetic womanly nature needed woman's solace. At last the thought struck me, that perhaps my lover was trifling with my ingenuousness, amusing himself at my expense. O how I felt my chains THEN—the chains that man's tyranny was drawing closer and closer about me! I would break them I resolved—I would break them once and forever. I purposed to leave the class, and for a day or two previous assumed the gay manner as before. At the first return of this coolness on my part, Henry Maynard fixed upon me a look of the most painful reproach. But now his displeasure was all unheeded, for, goaded by my maidenly pride, I was firm as a rock of adamant. For days I saw the tear of distress in his eye, the paleness and alternate flush upon his cheek; I was pained, but I would NOT yield, and with a light word I left him. Judge of my surprise when I received from the post, the next morning, the following singular letter:

"'MADAM:

"'I take the liberty of addressing you, to avoid the necessity and embarrassment of a personal interview. I have discovered in your manners that you indulge feelings that I cannot reciprocate, and which I learn you have ASSURED OTHERS has been awakened by my attentions to yourself. It pains me to be compelled to assure you that this is all a mistake. Permit me, in conclusion, to assume the privilege which my superior years gives me to offer you a word of advice. Never regard a gentleman your suitor unless he has in so many words assured you.

"'With respect,

"'HENRY MAYNARD.'

* * * * * *

"A deep, low groan escaped my lips as I finished this strange letter, for every pulse had been hushed till my eager eye had grasped its contents. I am sure I was pale, and feeling a confused fainting sensation, I leaned my head against the tree near which I was sitting. How changed was the appearance of nature! A moment before, and amid the warbling of birds and music of streams, I had been indulging the sweetest day-dream;

now a blackening blight seemed to rest upon the verdant earth —the trees' foliage seemed withered, and the breezes whistled through their boughs with the moaning tones of autumn. Did Henry Maynard, then, love Helen? 'Tis true I had often seen them walking together in a happy promenade—I knew that he acknowledged her attractions—I knew, too, that the elder sisters had exerted themselves to secure his special attentions to Helen —but all this time I had felt undisturbed, conscious that I held the key that unlocked his deepest and most sacred feelings. Thus said not this epistle, however; here was tangible evidence of his indifference. Had all, then, been a dream—a sweet, sweet dream —but ho! a thought! IF a dream, he had shared it, and by the very laws of mind he would naturally suffer too. I resolved that he SHOULD feel; at any rate, my heart told me I had influence with him; my pride was wholly roused—the waves of passion dashed in foaming fury against the chambers of my soul— I burned to be revenged. Tossing back my head proudly, I bent my steps toward our cottage. My father was awaiting me.

"'What in the world has happened, Louisa?' he exclaimed, as soon as I came near; 'why, your pale cheeks are glowing with excitement, and your eyes glisten frightfully.'

"'Ha! ha!' I laughed frantically, unable to give him an answer.

"'Are you ill, child?' he continued, grasping me by the arm. 'Ah! a letter,' for he detected it beneath the thin folds of my muslin apron. 'Have you bad news,' he uttered, tremblingly, for I supposed he was now thinking of my poor maniac mother.

"'O glorious news, father!' I answered, in a tone of gay and bitter irony—'news, father, news that brings honor to your house—news that exalts one, ha! ha!' I sank down upon the threshold, and covered my fevered cheeks with my pale, thin hands.

"'Poor child!' he exclaimed, and snatched up the fatal letter. 'Ah! Henry Maynard's signature. Louisa, shall your father peruse it?'

"'Go on, sir; but do not despise me when you have done so,' I replied, with my face still hid in my trembling fingers, and the tears of grief and mortified pride trickling through them. There was a long silence, and I looked up. My father's eyes

were raised to heaven streaming in tears. He seemed to be imploring a benediction upon me. He spoke.

"'God support thee, child, till this bitterness is passed. The sins of the fathers are truly visited upon their children, and this event may be the just retribution for the profligacy of my youth. But cheer up, Louisa, you are but a child yet, and the world is wide. Come, prepare yourself for a journey—we shall set off this day week, and you have no time to lose.'

"'I will attend the evening class ONCE more,' I said, mournfully; but gently as I spoke this determination, I was moved by an IRON WILL in the matter, and scarcely would my father's commands have deterred me. As it was he expostulated, but I sued earnestly and won the favor."

THE FAMILY CONSTITUTION.

BY HORACE DRESSER, ESQ.

THE family constitution and the domestic relations are the foundations on which rest our social and civil institutions. This constitution is ordained and established by our Creator to be of perpetual obligation. It is in harmony with all His other laws, and the diversified obligations and duties which have their origin in the relations of HUSBAND AND WIFE, AND PARENT AND CHILD. For the support of this fundamental law, and the integrity of these relations, are added the high sanctions of religion. The voice of nature and of God alike utter the language of the seventh commandment.

Elementary writers on law have not failed to perceive and acknowledge the paramount importance of the domestic relations, and that the primary and most important of these is that of husband and wife. It has its foundation in nature, and is the only lawful relation by which Providence has permitted the continuance of the human race. In every age it has a propitious influence on the moral improvement and happiness of mankind.

It is one of the chief foundations of social order. We may justly place to the credit of the institution of marriage a great share of the blessings which flow from refinement of manners, the education of children, the sense of justice, and the cultivation of the liberal arts. (*Kent's Com.*, *Lect.* 26.) Scarcely less important and interesting is the relation of parent and child, than that of husband and wife. Here is the fountain whence flow the feelings of parental love and filial affection. According to the language of Lord Coke, it is "nature's profession to assist, maintain, and console the child." A father's house is always open to his children. The best feelings of our nature establish and consecrate this asylum. Under the thousand pains and perils of human life, the home of the parents is to the children a sure refuge from evil, and a consolation in distress. In the intenseness, the lively touches, and unsubdued nature of parental affection, we discern the wisdom and goodness of the great Author of our being, and Father of mercies. (*Kent's Com.*, *Lect.* 29.)

It is to the sacredness of these relations of husband and wife, and parent and child, that we wish to direct attention, and to enlist, if possible, the activities of all good citizens and Christian people in behalf of the enactment of laws that shall be a wall of defense around the hallowed shrines of home, and a flaming sword that shall guard the paradise of pure affections. Happy homes have been invaded, and the altars on which were offered the pure incense of love, have been cast down, and desolation of heart hath brooded over fallen hopes and happiness ruined. We wish to prevail on the legislators of the land to suffer no longer the destroyer of domestic happiness to go forth with unbridled passions, unchecked by legal restraints.

And is there not in the reason and philosophy of things a necessity for such a law? God has enstamped on all the works of His hands, in letters of light, the great truth that the family relations are sacred. He uttered it before the tribes of Israel, and wrote it on tablets of adamant, as a rule of action for all nations to the end of the world. All the precepts of the so-called Ten Commandments are founded upon reasons good and wise, in themselves considered, and in the nature of things right and proper. There is the same necessity and moral fitness in enacting laws against the violation of one commandment, as there is

against the violation of another. Human legislation has been under the necessity of acknowledging its dependence upon that of the divine, in providing for the well-being of man in a state of society, and as owing allegiance to his Creator. Hear the divine law, on which rests the superstructure of all good government, and which is the foundation of all true religion:

Thou shalt have no other gods before me; thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth; thou shalt not bow down thyself to them nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain: for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain. Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy: six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work; but on the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, nor thy man servant, nor thy maid servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates: for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day and hallowed it. Honor thy father and thy mother; that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee. Thou shalt not kill. THOU SHALT NOT COMMIT ADULTERY. Thou shalt not steal. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife; nor his man servant, nor his maid servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is thy neighbor's.—*Pent.*, *Book II.*, *Chap.* 20.)

Examination will show that all the precepts of the foregoing statute of the Almighty are made the basis of those laws of the land which protect the rights of property, of person, and of conscience; and which preserve the integrity of all the relations in social and civil life. It will be seen that, saving so much thereof as declares THOU SHALT NOT COMMIT ADULTERY, this law has been incorporated with the statutes of the States, in so many words

or in its spirit. Observe a few of the parallelisms: THOU SHALT NOT KILL—see in these statutes the high penalty of death which awaits him that feloniously kills another; THOU SHALT NOT STEAL—see imprisonment and hard labor decreed against him who is guilty of larceny; THOU SHALT NOT BEAR FALSE WITNESS AGAINST THY NEIGHBOR—see him who perjures his soul, doomed to the Felon's Home.

In some of the States, adultery and its kindred deeds are made CRIMES—and the guilty violator of law, human and divine, may not defy with impunity the restraints cast about the domestic constitution by Jehovah himself. The public morals demand a remedy for this mighty evil—a bulwark that shall resist the strong tide of licentiousness. Who doubts that the law of God should be incorporated into the criminal code, with provisions and penalties annexed, that shall secure to the rapacious wrong-doer a due measure of condign punishment? Every principle of public policy, as well as the higher considerations of moral obligation, which rest on every man called in the providence of God to participate in the government of a people, make it incumbent on legislature to aid in the support and enforcement of all the divine laws of the Decalogue.

We would not rest our hopes for success, in this behalf, on considerations which address themselves to the citizen merely; nor will we invoke the co-operation of the patriot and philanthropist only—we must call on the Christian to lend his aid. He cannot refuse to come forth to the rescue, exert his mightiest influence, and put forth his holiest efforts to prevent, and to purify, and to save. Will he not by his indifference contribute in some measure to strengthen the bands of wickedness, and bar a fellow-being of an inheritance in that kingdom which his Master hath taught him to pray may come? There was a time when Christians were more excusable than they are at present, for their silence and inaction. Light had not then beamed in upon the public mind, and all were comparatively ignorant; but the darkness of those times has fled away, and the cloud of ignorance no longer obscures the moral vision of community. All can distinctly discern what is duty to themselves, their country, and their God. There is no excuse for a moment's delay in the engagement of every energy in this warfare against an evil the most

malignant of any which hath cursed the nations; for these excuses have long ere this been swept away by that current of demonstration which has been irresistibly acquiring breadth and depth and momentum, as investigation has poured in its floods of evidence. May we not tell it in Gath, may we not publish it in the streets of Askelon, that there are disciples of Christ, instructed in the duties and obligations of His holy religion, who will not take a step toward expelling from their circle the known and acknowledged contemner of the seventh commandment, or lift a finger toward the promotion of reform in the public morals?

Whence cometh on the passing breeze that lamentation over an estate insolvent—a constitution broken—a character lost—and a life miserable? It is from yonder prodigal, who has squandered his substance at the base banquet-house of sensuality, and who is now lifting with suicidal arm the fatal dagger. The rapacity of his tempters was unheeded—the admonitions and entreaties of his friends were disregarded—and the warning voice of nature neglected. Is it asked, where is the proof of that rapacity unheeded—those entreaties disregarded—and that warning voice neglected? We point then to those harpies in yonder gateway to death—that maniac mother in yonder asylum—that sepulcher whose inscription is, HER HOUSE IS THE WAY TO HELL, GOING DOWN TO THE CHAMBERS OF DEATH.

Patriot, philanthropist, Christian! are you prepared to go forth and war against this enemy, who has concealed himself not only in the theater and brothel, but in the drawing-room, the hall of legislation, and the temple of the Most High! SACRAMENTAL HOST OF GOD'S ELECT! go forth to the rescue of virtue and innocence. Stay the invader from ravaging the health of our citizens. Wrest from him the torch with which he is assailing the temples of morality and religion. Save, if possible, the bodies and souls of those of whom he has sworn in his wrath that he will be the destroyer. Swear fealty to the Great Captain of Salvation, and pledge yourselves that you will conquer or die.

A CHEERFUL spirit makes labor light and sleep sweet, and all around happy; which is much better than being only rich.

"BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL."

BY REV. EDWARD HOPPER.

BEHOLD the merciful, how his good deeds
  Do follow him and make his pathway sweet!
He sows the fields of poor men with the seeds
  Of plenty, and their children run to meet
Him joyously, as loving lambs that bleat
  And skip around their shepherd. How the smile
Of age and innocence his footsteps greet,
  As oft their hours of grief he doth beguile,
  And pours his bounties forth as doth the flowing Nile.

And as they sit around the glowing hearth,
  The humble inmates of a lowly cot,
Whom penury hath followed from their birth,
  While drear the winds come whistling round the spot,
They tell of all the comforts of their lot,
  And speak in tones of love the name of one,
Who stayed the rude blasts that they enter not,
  Since Death had robbed them of their only son,
  The joy of their old age, just as his life begun.

What though the darkness lowers in his sky,
  And threatening storm-clouds gather o'er his day
Armed with their thunder! Shall his cry
  Arise unheard, who gave his heart away
To suffering sons of sorrow? No; a ray
  From heaven's bright throne to him shall then be given!
Or should the earth in desolation lay,
  And from his bosom every hope be driven,
  Angels of God would come and carry him to heaven.

So lives the good man! May our end be his!
  Like his, our aims, our hopes, our feelings be,
And the sweet smiles that follow him; for this
  Is half the joy which earth affords, that we
Do wipe away the tear of misery,
  And do the offices of love. The flood
That falls from heaven, falls not more copiously
  Than showers of joy descend upon the good,
And so, while blessing men, themselves are blessed of God.

THE TRUE OBJECT OF LIFE; OR, THE WISHES FULFILLED.

BY MRS. JOSEPH H. HANAFORD.

It was night, and by the side of a sick child sat two youthful watchers. They were young ladies of about the same age, and relatives, but in appearance presented a striking contrast, for while one was fair, with blue eyes, and a profusion of light hair clustered in ringlets around her pale brow, the other had the complexion of the beautiful brunette of the sunny South, and her hair, which was simply arranged, was of a color to match her large dark eyes, which flashed with intellectual fire. A phrenologist would have declared that while the latter was superior in intellect, the former was full of generous impulse, and was, perhaps, superior in social qualities. The moral faculties of each were finely developed, and it only remained for the future to develop their true characters, in order to show that one was best fitted for deep thought and lofty contemplation, and the other for a place in the field of active benevolence. By a right direction of their powers both might become, each in her own proper sphere, a blessing to the community and the world. Perhaps their conversation would give us a better insight into their characters and future prospects. Let us observe, as the night wears away, what topics interest them, and mark how the weary hours are spent! Behold them at midnight!

Miranda, as we may style the brunette, sits near a table, placed at a little distance from the bed upon which reposes the sick child, and is bending over a slate, employed, with the aid of the elementary geometry at her side, in demonstrating theorems, and drawing diagrams. Caroline, the other young lady, is sitting at the side of the table nearest the bed, with a volume of Mrs. Heman's poems in her hand, from which she very frequently glanced toward the bed to observe the slumbers of their little charge.

Miranda, with the power which truly scientific minds possess, was wholly absorbed in her study, and heeded not the loud tick

ing of the large, old-fashioned clock, just behind her, which, in the stillness of the hour, seemed to Caroline to tick more loudly than ever. Miranda's abstraction and attention to her favorite pursuits was not the effect of an unsympathizing nature. She had "counted the cost," as it were, before she took up "Legendre." She knew that the sick child was now in a quiet sleep, and needed not their attention; and, moreover, she knew that Caroline's habitual watchfulness and quick perception would speedily remind her if her services were required. Caroline, on her part, was willing that Miranda should thus deeply enter into the spirit of her chosen occupation, for she knew that Miranda would be just as willing to assist the sick child, as herself, when there was occasion for aid, and in the mean time she so loved to see others happy, that she was content to permit her quietly to attend to her study.

But patience will not last forever with some people, and as hour after hour passed away, and Miranda still pored over her book without a word, Caroline became exceedingly desirous that her lesson should be brought to a close. In fact, she was yearning for sympathetic communion. So she pleasantly asked Miranda if she would not like to lay aside her geometry, and talk awhile.

"Oh, yes!" replied Miranda with hearty good-will, for the lore she loved had never power to form icicles around her naturally warm heart; and her excellent judgment, and powers of observation enabled her to observe and appreciate the self-sacrificing spirit which induced the usually loquacious Caroline to remain silent for her sake, caused her to add, "Thank you, Caroline, for permitting me to continue my studies, undisturbed, so long. I love mathematics, and I hope to become celebrated some day for my scientific abilities."

"Do you really wish for fame?" asked Caroline.

"I do," replied Miranda, in the impressive tone of sincerity; "I wish to have my name inscribed in fadeless characters on the high list of those 'that were not born to die.' I have an ardent ambition to be known among the wise and learned whose names and works are now regarded by me and others with profound respect. Oh, I would willingly toil for years, if, after that, the chaplet of a fame, world-wide, might be wreathed

around my brow! If that day ever comes you may remember, Caroline, that then my greatest wish will be fulfilled."

"Dear Miranda," said Caroline, as her companion paused in her earnest words, while her dark eye flashed with intense excitement, "I cannot agree with you in desiring FAME, but I do earnestly crave an INFLUENCE over my fellow-beings. I would like to have that influence which eloquence possesseth, so that when I spoke of those things which were endeared to my own heart, every ear that listened would be entranced, and every energy of my hearers would be enlisted in the cause I plead."

Some time longer did they converse in this manner, and each encouraged the other to pursue the course which would lead to the fulfillment of their dearest wish.

"How our schoolmates would laugh at us if they had heard this conversation!" said Caroline.

"'Let those laugh that win,' as my father frequently says," answered Miranda.

"Do you ever express your sentiments on such matters freely to him, Miranda?" asked Caroline.

"Oh, yes," replied Miranda; "and he has encouraged me to continue seeking knowledge. You know he is an excellent mathematician himself, and he says that such a desire for fame on my part is not to be condemned, provided I do not seek fame to the exclusion of wisdom. He wishes me to love science for its own sake, as well as to love it as a means by which I can attain the summit of my ambition, and win the laurel-crown that I so much desire."

The sick child at this moment awoke with a low moan of distress. Miranda and Caroline were both at the bed-side in an instant, and attentive to the wishes and necessities of their little charge. Their hearts were full of sympathy for the little sufferer, and they did all in their power to alleviate the pangs of disease, which, ever and anon, shook its attenuated frame.

Meanwhile the day dawned. Faintly stole its light through the parted curtains of their room, and the glasses over the old-fashioned doors. The young ladies soon extinguished their lamps, and the rising sun ere long beamed with a morning smile upon them. They were weary with their vigil, for repose is needed by all animated nature, and gladly availed themselves

of the entrance of some of the family of the sick one, to return to their homes.

Caroline placed her little volume of poems in her pocket, and Miranda took her slate and geometry under her arm, and both proceeded homeward, while the conversation of the past night still remained fresh in their memory.

Let us now follow Miranda, and see whether her wish is fulfilled. Again it is night, and midnight, too. Instead of seeking repose, as so many of her companions have done, she is engaged in that most sublime of all sciences—Astronomy. High above the noise and confusion of the streets of her native city, her father had erected on the top of his dwelling-house an observatory. And there at this midnight hour is Miranda occupied, with unabated zeal, treading the arduous paths which lead to the proud heights of science. Around her are the instruments for observation, and the implements for recording those practical results which she may obtain. Pen, ink, and paper, are on a little stand by the side of the huge globe on which is portrayed the orbs that beam brightly as angel-eyes above. Upon a platform outside of the little house containing the instruments, Miranda is engaged in observing the appearance of the heavens with her telescope. That father, who so encouraged her youthful aspiration, is not on this occasion by her side, though their mutual love for science usually made them companions. He had imparted to her of all his knowledge, and she had acquired practical skill equal, if not superior, to his own. Truly, if zeal and labor, arduous and untiring, deserve reward, the crown of fame will be justly bestowed on Miranda, for if ever mortal sought to drink day after day at the deep fount of learning, and store her spirit with the rich treasures of the mine of knowledge, Miranda did. Night after night she gazed, with all the fervor which might be supposed to characterize an ancient Zoroaster-like sage, far over the broad expanse of the heavens, tracing the motions, and observing the appearances of the moon and the planets, the comets and the fixed stars. She loved the sublime science of astronomy, and while others of her age, and once her schoolmates, sought pleasure in the crowded ball-room, and the gay amusements of the wealthy and fashionable, Miranda was, as they said, "immured,"

but in reality soaring to heights of enjoyment of which the worldlings had not even dreamed, and of which, while ignorant, they could have no conception. The aspirant after knowledge ever finds enjoyment even in the very labor of acquiring that knowledge.

Miranda penetrated far into the abstruse depths of the higher mathematics, with a zeal and a delight seldom surpassed. She reveled in "La Place," and quaffed the abstractions of "Newton's Principia" as if it had been nectar.

We spoke of her as being alone upon the house-top at the hour of midnight, when all was quiet around, and almost every eye save her own was sealed in slumber. Does she not experience an emotion of feminine timidity on account of her solitude "'mid Nature's vast profundity?" Oh, no! The hour never dawned that saw Miranda shrink from solitude. Communion with her own spirit, communion with Nature, and thence with Nature's God, was never unwelcome to her, and therefore she shunned not solitude; nay, she sought it, for thus could she the better gird her spirit for the noble race in the path of science.

Sweeping with her telescope the northern heavens, Miranda discovered an unusual phenomenon, and ere she sought her own room that night she had faithfully observed and recorded every item in reference to it which could interest the scientific world.

Soon that discovery was promulged, and the name of the lady astronomer was on every tongue which was accustomed to mention the wise and good, and her crown of fame was won. Testimonials of various characters, expressive of respect and love, reached her from various quarters; the press teemed with her praises, and she could then, if she desired, say that her early wish for fame was abundantly fulfilled!

And what was Caroline doing during all this period? She had desired great influence over all around her, and she chose a path well calculated to win for her the vast power she sought. She, too, quaffed at the nectar-stream of knowledge, and sipped its sweets with delight. But her path was more flowery, perhaps, than that of her friend, and better suited to her cast of mind and mental tastes, yet not in reality any better than that which Miranda trod with such an elastic step. Caroline sought not to gain influence by means of scientific attainments, but

strove to twine an adamantine chain around each heart in her vicinity.

The poor found in her a willing advocate, and as the words flowed rapidly, and yet sometimes with tongues of fire, from her pen, her readers were compelled to bow to the might of her winning and soul-inspiring eloquence. Freedom of person, and freedom of mind—that liberty which owned no restraint save those which Deity established—were her frequent topics, and her early wish found its fulfillment in the avidity with which her writings were received, and the influence which she could perceive those writings exerted. So truly was it INFLUENCE which she seemed to seek, and so far was she from seeking fame, that many who were influenced by her words, knew not from whose mind such sparks had been elicited as kindled their zeal into a vivid flame.

And not alone amid those whose days were many, and whose understandings were mature, did she seek to exert a salutary influence. She became a teacher of youth, and amid those who dearly loved her as their instructress, she wielded a power so absolute that it might vie with that of earth's proudest monarchs, since it was a power like that which moved Omnipotence to give man a Redeemer—the mighty power of Love!

The wave of influence once started never ceases to flow, though it may be broken by the manifold counter-currents of life, and the work which Caroline wrought in the minds and hearts of her pupils as she strove to induce them to love knowledge and truth, was such that eternity alone could blot it out, if it were ever erased.

For years Caroline toiled in her little school-room by the hillside, and many a lad and lass went forth from her tuition, and her influence, better prepared for life's great duties, than when they entered her presence. And her success in winning hearts by her eloquent pen, made her widowed mother's heart rejoice, for she felt that her own labors for Caroline had not proved in vain; and she hoped her beloved daughter might be numbered at last among those "who turn many to righteousness, and shine as the stars, forever."

We will pass over many years, in all of which Miranda and Caroline pursued their chosen course, and speak of an interview

between them. It was a summer evening twilight, a favorite hour with both, and they were spending it together in the spacious library room of a noble building. On three sides of the room were alcoves, stored with books of varied character and appearance. Maps adorned the fourth side, and the portraits of persons celebrated for scientific research. Miranda and Caroline were seated near each other in an alcove opposite the door of entrance, where was placed a table, with implements for writing. Caroline had been reading Mrs. Sigourney's "Letters to Young Ladies," and Miranda absorbed in an article from the "ASTRONOMISCHE NACHRICHTEN," when, as Miranda paused a moment in her reading, and spoke to Caroline, asking if she were interested in her book, the latter replied:

"Oh, yes; and have you ever remarked this passage? 'The studies, therefore, which we pursue as the means of intellectual delight, or the instrument of acquiring wealth and honor among men, are valuable at the close of life only as they have promoted those dispositions which constitute the bliss of an unending existence."

"I have," replied Miranda, "and deem it perfectly correct. But in the days of my childhood, and especially at that time when, as you doubtless recollect, we each expressed a wish in reference to our future destinies, I did not think thus. Then I desired knowledge, mostly, because I hoped it would bring honor. The true object and end of our mortal existence was forgotten by me then, but I rejoice to be able to say that I think I have since learned and practiced my duty better."

"And did you not seek for fame in those years immediately preceding the time when your name became celebrated?" asked Caroline.

"No," replied Miranda; "I relinquished that idea long before, and sought knowledge because I loved it, and because I hoped it would make me better prepared for the future life, for I believe

> "'The more our spirits are enlarged on earth,
> The deeper draught will they receive of heaven.'"

"Neither did I seek for influence," said Caroline, "as it was then my purpose. I have striven to teach and write great

truths in a proper manner, not for the sake of knowing myself the great Lever moving other minds, but because I wished to do good, and, like yourself, by pursuing the path of duty, to become prepared for the hour of final account to Him who bestowed that power to influence, upon me."

"I have sometimes been saddened at heart," resumed Miranda, "when some who love not science as I do, have inquired in words similar to that query by Mrs. Sigourney, 'Will the mathematician exercise the lore by which he measured the heavens, or the astronomer the science which discovered the stars, when called to go beyond their light?' and I have longed to tell them from the depths of my own experience, that 'though we have no proof that the sciences to which years of labor have been devoted will survive the tomb, the impressions they have made, the dispositions they have nurtured, the good or evil they have helped to stamp upon the soul, will go with it into eternity. The adoring awe, the deep humility, inspired by the study of the planets and their laws—the love of truth which he cherished who pursued the science which demonstrates it, will find a response among angels and archangels,' and therefore I never regretted devoting my time and attention to those sciences, since God has fitted me for their achievement and pursuit."

"And I, too," added Caroline, "can truly say, that in teaching others I have myself been taught, and while doing that for which I am fitted, and seeking to influence others, I have felt that my own love to God and man became increased, and therefore trust at last to be 'at home in His presence who hath pronounced Himself the God of love.'"

"And I think," said Miranda, after a pause, during which both sat in silent meditation, "that whatever motives others may attribute to us, we have followed that course which would best promote our own eternal happiness, and every one may be allowed to choose that pathway which he loves, provided it will enable him to attain the true object of this mortal life, that is, a preparation for heaven."

Caroline assented, and, reader, so do we. If the oft-quoted remark that, "cherubs LOVE most, and seraphs KNOW most," be true, then Miranda and Caroline may bear different names in heaven, but, one thing is certain, their happiness in eternity will

result not from the fact that the name of one was inscribed on the high list of fame, or that of the other on the hearts of those who knew her, but from the better fact that both, in striving to attain the great object of this life—a preparation for another—may share the high, eternal honor of having their names enrolled in "the Lamb's book of life."

THOUGHTS WHILE PASSING A CHURCH-YARD BY MOONLIGHT.

BY S. A. BINGHAM.

They are sleeping, sleeping, sleeping,
In the city of the dead;
While the cold, cold moon is keeping,
Vigils—for the dead.
Let the winds be whistling shrilly,
Let the winds be blowing chilly,
Or the air be calm and stilly,
Still they sleep, sleep, sleep,
Their long, unwaking sleep,
In that city of the dead.

Underneath the damp sod slumbering,
There they lie;
Never heeding, never numbering,
Moments passing by.
There in dreamless sleep they're lying,
Mortals over them are sighing,
In deep agony are crying,
It is deep, deep, deep,
Beneath the damp sod deep,
That city of the dead.

Vainly, friends are o'er them weeping,
Still they keep
Still and silent—ever sleeping,
Dreadful sleep.
Lying there,—by one another,
Do the father, and the mother,
And the sister, and the brother,
Weep, weep, weep,
Vainly for them weep,
That city of the dead.

But a trumpet will be sounding,
By-and-by,
Through this city vast, resounding,
From the sky.
Speaking them in tones of thunder,
Waking them from their deep slumber,
Telling them with fear and wonder.
Speak, speak, speak,
It will to them speak,
That city of the dead.

CONNUBIAL AFFECTION.

BY URIAH H. JUDAH.

"Tho' fools spurn Hymen's gentle pow'rs,
We, who improve his golden hours,
By sweet experience know
That marriage, rightly understood,
Gives to the tender and the good
A paradise below." COTTON.

It is impossible to conceive any thing more superlatively beautiful in the organization of the human family, than THAT which was designed by the considerate Creator of the Universe, in the formation of WOMAN for the sole comfort and happiness of man.

Poets have animatedly sang the noble traits of the feminine character in strains the most chaste and melodious; and the orator has sweetly portrayed, with peculiar force and stirring eloquence, the salutary, the heavenly influence of WOMAN over the hearts of all.

Without some kindred spirit to throb in HARMONY with ours, of what avail is life? Oh, thou best of all create, if man—ay! sinful man—was banished from thy delightful companionship, he would walk abroad as a wanderer and an outcast. Take away thy love, and thou deprivest him of the means by which he lives. If thou, in sickness bathed not his fevered brow, nor moistened with the sweet kiss of devotion his parched lips, how poignant would be the couch of pain! And when HE trembleth in the last moments of existence, thou pointeth UPWARD to a haven of repose from the turmoils of life, gildest his passage to

his eternal home, biddest the lily blossom on his turf, and plantest the osier on his tomb.

Lovely woman! if thou wilt exercise these thy genial influences, for thy father or thy brother, or the stranger within thy gates, let us take it for granted that thy love would further extend for the partner of thy choice—THINE OWN DEAR HUSBAND!

> "Ah! could I such a being find,
> And were her fate to mine but join'd
> By Hymen's silken tie,
> To her myself, my all I'd give,
> For her alone delighted live,
> For her consent to die."

And to man—lonely man—how glorious would be the possession of "such a being," as the poet thus beautifully pictures to the imagination of the lover of CONNUBIAL AFFECTION! Would SHE not, dear reader, make his home a perfect paradise? and would not his life, THUS circumstanced, glide on and on into one continued stream of uninterrupted felicity, even of more than earthly bliss, leading him in the end to that haven of endless joy, where peace and content ever abound—a joy too pure and sacred for the sojourner of THIS wicked world?

Thrice blessed be WOMAN, and Heaven be praised for such a precious boon!

AN INDUSTRIOUS PREACHER.—A good brother who has been a traveling preacher twenty years, thus spake of himself in the New Orleans "Christian Advocate:"

"I take at this time fourteen newspapers and periodicals, and read pretty much all the matter contained in them; to do this, and read the new books that come along, consult the old ones occasionally, study my Bible, hymn book, and discipline, more or less every day, travel a large circuit, and attend to various temporal matters on my hands, keeps me most of the time busy; but yet with all this, and more too, I have a little time for thinking, and as my papers and books contain a variety of matter, and the field in which I labor presents a variety of subjects for contemplation, my thoughts, of course, must be somewhat of the random order.

BE FRIENDLY.

BY REV. WILLIAM C. WHITCOMB.

"There's naught on earth
More beautiful, or excellent, or fair,
Than face of faithful friend; fairest when seen
In darkest day. And many sounds are sweet,
Most ravishing, and pleasant to the ear;
But sweeter none than voice of faithful friend."

No assertion has ever been made by inspired or uninspired lips more strongly corroborated by experience and observation than this: "He who would have friends, must show himself FRIENDLY." As much as to say, if a man would act merely on the self-interest principle of securing the friendship of others for its own sake, but especially if he would do it for the sake of disinterestedly promoting the good of the world, there is no surer or pleasanter way of accomplishing his object than by CULTIVATING A FRIENDLY DISPOSITION, by cherishing and manifesting an affectionate interest in the welfare of all.

Friendship begets friendship. A certain little girl had a more profound understanding of human nature than many a grown-up person, who, when asked WHY EVERY BODY LOVED HER, artlessly replied, "BECAUSE I LOVE EVERY BODY." There's much of true philosophy in Tupper's "Proverbial Sayings;" for instance, in the following:

"Those hours are not lost which are spent in cementing affection;
For a friend is above gold, precious as the stores of the mind.
There be some who never had a friend, because they be gross and selfish:
But one that meriteth esteem need never lack a friend.
* * * * * * * * * *
How often, in thy journeyings, hast thou made thee instant friends,
Found, to be loved a little while, and lost, to meet no more!
Friends of happy reminiscence, although so transient in their converse,
Liberal, cheerful, and sincere, a crowd of kindly traits.
I have sped by land and sea, and mingled with much people,
But never yet could find the spot unsunned by human kindness;
And A MAN MAY TRAVEL THROUGH THE WORLD, AND SOW IT THICK WITH FRIENDSHIPS."

Duty is herein conjoined with privilege. For, says the great

Teacher of our race, "Make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness." And if we ought to be friendly to the unrighteous, and secure their friendship in return, how much more must this be true respecting the RIGHTEOUS, who are to be loved with the love of complacency and approbation!

God, our Heavenly Father, is the most friendly being in all the universe. His friendship extends to each and every creature of His make. The BEST FRIEND is He that even the wicked have. He's

> "The SINNER'S FRIEND,
> But sin's eternal foe."

The works of creation, the indications of Providence, and the pages of inspiration, are full of evidences of His unbounded friendliness to the children of men; while His Son, Jesus Christ our Saviour, has proved Himself to be a "Friend who sticketh closer than a brother." His is friendship which "many waters cannot quench, nor the floods drown." How desirable to square our lives by the heavenly pattern—the divine model, and warm our hearts by a contact with such celestial fires as burn in the bosom of the Infinite!

Dear reading friend, it is your duty and mine, your privilege and mine, by the expression of friendliness and good-will, by cheerful looks and a loving spirit, to find favor with those with whom we mingle from day to day. "If our ways please the Lord, He will make even our enemies to be at peace with us."

Numerous essays, poetical and prose, have been written on the sweets of friendship and the worth of true affection; but the interesting theme is by no means exhausted. The half hath never been told, and never will be told. Some pleasures there are which result from cultivating the intellect, and storing the mind with useful knowledge; but pleasures and benefits greater by far result from the enlargement of the heart—from the exercise and reciprocation of those friendly feelings recommended in this brief article.

There is much of good in friendship here on earth—

> "Oh, tell me not
> That every kindly look, and tone of love,
> Is by mere SELFISHNESS prompted. 'Tis false!
> I've wandered far and near, and ever found

Warm-hearted friends, with sympathy and aid
For every time of need, when not one thought
Of recompense impelled their kindness.
If OUR souls o'erflow with LOVE to all,
We shall ever meet A GENEROUS WELCOME.
O sacred, heavenly plant of human love!
How many fibers from its root have twined
Themselves around our inmost soul! Alas!
That these should e'er be torn away, and leave
Our bleeding hearts in agony to mourn!
Why should we meet, and then be forced to separate?
Shall loving hearts be doomed for aye to breathe
The parting sigh—to shed the bitter tears
Of deep regret, and bid the sad farewell?
There is a better land, thank God, where friends
Will meet to part no more—where every ray
Of friendship true, which hath been lent to cheer
Our way through this our earthly pilgrimage,
Shall be recalled to swell the light of heaven!"

ROSLYN—AND WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

BY JULIA W. H. GEORGE.

THE village of Roslyn is situated on the banks of Hempstead Harbor, in Long Island, about thirty miles from New York, forming a beautiful valley at the base of a succession of wooded eminences, which surround it on all sides; while the water seen from the road, bordered by ancient and quaint-looking houses, in the midst of clumps of venerable shade trees, impart to its aspect an air of great picturesqueness and rural beauty.

No steamer touches it, with all the natural facilities offered by its splendid harbor, and lying EN ROUTE from New York, on its way to the adjacent villages on the island; so that its seclusion is not liable to be intruded on, save by the summer loiterer and admirer of nature's beauties, drawn thither, like ourselves, to view the surrounding loveliness of the scene.

The quiet beauty, therefore, the calm and gentle sweetness which seems to invest it like a halo, is one of its most striking characteristics; and in wandering on the streamlet's shadowed

pathway—of which there are many—listening to the whispering foliage of trees perhaps of a hundred years' growth, culling wild flowers amid the greensward, where, like stars, they gleam amid the grassy fringe-work that borders its transparent lakelet's surface, surrounding the waving trees, as they toss their branches in gladness to the breezy air, and the blue sky above, as Shelley expresses it,

"Like a glass between two firmaments,"

a dreamy feeling of delight steals insensibly upon us, and we seem to imbibe a portion at least of the spirit which rests so benignly beautiful on every thing around.

A feature of great interest to the lovely village of Roslyn is the residence of William Cullen Bryant, long known as one of the poets of America, standing near the entrance of the village, on a gentle eminence near the road, embowered by ample shade trees, and its pleasant lawn, presenting a most beautiful freshness even amid the drought and heat of the summer months, beneath their tall and branching foliage. It is a large white frame house, with no other establishment than a row of massive but plain pillars supporting the piazza in front of the building, which extends its whole length. The view seen from it is beautiful beyond description; the harbor gleaming in the sunlight, and the river, which it joins, stretching far as the eye can reach beyond, bearing on its rippling bosom toward the ocean, the varied crafts of the mariner, moving like things of life, as their sails flutter to the breeze on their way to their destined ports; the woods, that seem to rise from the very edge of the water, and towering to the sky; and the simple dwellings of the villagers that lie around, interspersed with wood and water, among which are tiny boats, telling the gentle pleasures of the inhabitants. The road forms the boundary of the poet's residence on one side, and on the other, gently sloping from it, are his pleasure grounds, in which is a delightful sheet of water, spanned by a rustic bridge, which we crossed, to a shadowed pathway on its banks, where a pleasant walk brought us to the abode of his son-in-law, a cottage something in the Swiss style, where creepers climb in beautiful luxuriance.

Altogether, a spot more appropriate for a poet's home could

not be found than Bryant's residence at Roslyn. Its seclusion and its beauty forming constant food for its

> "High moods of glorious inspiration,
> Where waving tree, and sunlight streaming o'er
> The varied landscape, fills th' enraptured mind
> With radiance half divine. Then comes
> The soul's expression of its gladness, making
> The world partaker in its bliss,
> By imaging its beauty on the page
> Immortal!"

Bryant is now advanced in life, but amid the ravages of time may yet be clearly seen

> "The fire of genius in the soul-lit eye,"

while his manner indicates the warm benevolence and true politeness of his genial heart.

He welcomed us cordially and kindly to his grounds, and invited us to his house; but the evening hours had crept on us as we loitered, and the declining sun, as it gilded the western sky, warned us that night was approaching, and that the winding lawns, green above and below, though lovely to look upon in broad daylight, might not be quite so safely traversed by strangers, amid the darkness of a moonless sky; so, with lively impressions of delight resting on our minds, we bade adieu to Roslyn, and sought our woodland summer home, Glen Cove.

Industry.—Every young man should remember that the world will always honor industry. The vulgar and useless idler, whose energies of mind and body are rusting for the want of useful occupation, may look with scorn on the laborer engaged at his toil; but his scorn is praise; his contempt an honor. Honesty and industry will secure the respect of the wise and the good, and yield the rich fruit of an easy conscience, and give that hearty self-respect which is above all price.

Toil on, then, young men and young women. Be diligent in business. Improve the heart and the mind, and you will find the well-spring of enjoyment in your own souls, and secure the confidence and respect of all those whose respect is worth an effort to obtain.

CHRONOLOGY FOR JANUARY, 1852.

1—This was a beautiful day, and was generally improved by the residents of New York and vicinity, in making the usual annual calls, to the great joy of all parties.

" Great freshet in the Hudson River, at Albany; the water rose higher than at any time since 1839.

" The Connecticut River, at Walpole, N. H., rose higher than ever known before. The bridge across the river, and a large culvert on the Valley River Railroad, carried off by the flood.

3—Advices from Madrid, Spain, are accompanied by a decree, which pardons all the American prisoners taken in Cuba.

4—The English steamer Amazon, belonging to the West India Mail Steam Packet Company, took fire off the Bay of Biscay, and was destroyed, with all her passengers and crew, 156 in number, except forty persons, who escaped in small boats. Loss of vessel and cargo, $1,000,000.

" The piano-forte manufactory of Messrs. Fishers, 32 Gold-st., N. Y., was destroyed by fire.

5—The City Charter of Williamsburgh, N. Y., took effect this day. The day was duly welcomed by a salute of 100 guns.

8—Congressional banquet to Kossuth came off at Washington.

9—A public dinner was given by a committee of shipowners and builders of New York to Mr. George Steers, the builder of the yacht America, at which they presented him with a handsome service of plate, worth $300—a just tribute to the worth of an American mechanic.

10—A tremendous storm of wind occurred at Baton Rouge, Miss. Several houses were prostrated. The sugar-house of Dr. Perkins was destroyed, and ten negroes killed.

11—The steamer Magnolia bursted her boiler near Savannah, Georgia. Twelve persons were killed, and ten severely wounded. The boat a perfect wreck.

12—A sad accident occurred at an emigrant boarding house, No. 140 Center-street, New York. On a false alarm of fire, at night, the inmates, 500 in number, rushed to the narrow stairs, the bannisters gave way, and precipitated the crowd to the bottom—resulting in the death of six persons, principally from suffocation, and severely wounding a great number.

13—The bleaching establishment at Lowell, Mass., was destroyed by fire. Two firemen were buried beneath the falling wall, one of whom was killed. Loss, $50,000.

" Six inches of snow fell at New Orleans, the first in twenty years.

" It snowed all day at Charleston, S. C.

14—The steamer George Washington burst her boilers near Grand Gulf, Mississippi. Several persons killed; boat and cargo lost.

" The steamer Martha Washington was burned, sixty-five miles below Memphis, on the Mississippi. A man, his wife, and two children, and a deck hand, burned to death. Three minutes after the fire appeared, the boat was enveloped in flames, and the cabin fell in; books and papers of boat all lost.

14—The Potomac River closed by ice.

" A fire occurred at 18 Morris-street, New York, which destroyed the building. Three children perished in the flames, and a number of persons escaped from the building with great difficulty.

" A disgraceful riot occurred at Harrisburg, Pa., occasioned by the mob taking possession of the State House, on the arrival of Kossuth. The military were called out, and order restored.

15—Great storm of snow throughout the northern states. Snow fell to the depth of over one foot at New York, and the sleighing continued good for ten days. The train on the Albany and Buffalo Railroad was twenty-two hours making forty-five miles from Batavia to Buffalo, with six locomotives attached.

" The snow on the Erie Railroad, between Dunkirk and Huntsville, fell to the depth of six and seven feet. The trains east from Dunkirk were abandoned for four days. Ice made in the river at Philadelphia over one foot thick. Railroad trains crossed the Susquehannah on rails laid on the ice at Havre de Grace. People crossed the Chesapeake Bay on the ice.

" All communications with Nantucket cut off by the ice.

16—The anniversary of Benjamin Franklin's birth-day was duly celebrated by the members of the New York Typographical Society and their guests, between 7 and 800 persons, by a dinner at Niblo's, James White, Esq., presiding. Dr. Francis delivered an eloquent address.

17—A railroad train ran through the car-house at Bristol, Penn. (caused by the carelessness of a switchman), and demolished a building in which a family was at dinner. A great number of persons were severely injured.

18—A destructive fire occurred at the corner of Main and Eagle-streets, Buffalo, New York. Loss, $30,000. Mr. A. D. Smith, agent of the Hartford Insurance Company, was killed by a falling wall.

" No arrivals at the port of New York—the first occurrence of the kind in forty years. The lower bay and river filled with ice.

20—The East River, between New York and Long Island, closed by ice, so that thousands of persons crossed on it between New York and Brooklyn. The ferry-boats to Brooklyn laid up most of the time for three days at low water. A number of persons taken to sea on the ice, but saved by boats from Bedlow's Island.

21—A petition, containing 130,000 names, presented to the Massachusetts Legislature in favor of the Maine Liquor Law.

" Norfolk harbor closed by ice.

22—Kossuth and suite arrive at Pittsburg, and entertained by the mayor and citizens.

23—The carpenter's shop of the Michigan Central Railroad at Detroit, Michigan, destroyed by fire. Loss, $20,000.

24—Messrs. Conkey, Wood & Co., of Cincinnati, Ohio, lost $30,000 by fire. Insured for $15,000.

" The premises of 112 and 114 Fulton-street, New York, destroyed by fire. Loss, about $200,000, occupied by Craighead, printer, E. Walker & Sons, book-binders, Stillman & Montross, clothiers, and J. C. Watkins, dealer in boots and shoes.

28—Great temperance meeting at Albany, New York; the city filled to overflowing with strangers as delegates. Great enthusiasm prevailed, and many eloquent speeches were made in favor of adopting the Maine Law.

CHRIST RAISING THE DEAD.

Drawn by Kenny Meadows. Engraved on Wood by J. W. Orr.

THE LILY AND ROSE.

CHRIST RAISING THE DEAD.

BY HORACE DRESSER, LL.D.

[With a Steel Plate.]

THE primæval curse of the Almighty, Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return, hath found universal lodgment in the offspring of the great progenitor. His disobedience to the mandate of the Creator, while dweller and denizen of Eden, lost to his descendants its hallowed beatitudes and the high pleasures of its paradise. Its fearful and appalling execution on the race hath made earth groan; and mortals, gasping for continuance of life, and stretching their dim gaze on blank vacuity, have gone, generation after generation, down to the darkness of the grave. Old chronicles of days beyond the flood, and genealogies of ancestry reaching through the linked ages of the world's being, all teach the mournful lesson of man's decay and final departure. The hoary and century-laden Methuselah, whose vista of years was bounded by the farthest stretch of time ever yet meted out to any of the earth-born, at length came to die—and all his time-worn ancestors, numbering back to the first of his kind, yielded up the ghost and were not upon the earth, Enoch his sire excepted. Oh, the dark wing of the Destroying Angel hath ever hovered over and brooded upon the race—and his victims chosen from all climes and all classes and all ages, are every day and hour and moment going hence and passing away! Beauty and rank and wealth—innocence and guilt—the just and the unjust—all, all indeed, cannot stay him in his flight among the doomed inhabitants of earth. How well his merciless mission hath been fulfilled, let the countless hecatombs of the fallen sufferers of his rage and violence, through all the piled-up ages of his unchecked sway, tell and teach the sons of men. The literature of all the tribes, and tongues, and kindreds of men on the wide surface of the great globe, is pregnant with sadest tales and sorrowful histories of his dreadful doings. The great sea itself hath had registered upon its barrier boundaries how ruthless have been his ravages; and upon the bed of its nethermost abyss have been deposited the numberless trophies of his

victories over the human race. Your fathers, where are they? and the prophets, do they live forever?

Long ages in the world's history pass away, and the predictions unheeded of prophets and sacred seers, come to be fulfilled. In thy territories, O Palestina, shall now be settled the great question propounded by the old man of Oriental Uz, the greatest of all the men of the East, perfect and upright, God-fearing and evil-eschewing in all his ways, once owner of oxen, and asses, and camels, and flocks of sheep in myriad numbers, and head of household great and happy, but stripped, at length, of all his substance by Sabean swords and bandits from the Chaldee hills, suffering and Satan-stricken:—IF A MAN DIE, SHALL HE LIVE AGAIN? In beautiful Galilee—in the ancient and patriarchal allotment of Issacher—in the neighborhood of Endor, fearful dwelling-place, in time of Saul, of seeress and sorceress—in the city of Nain—in view of Mount Tabor and beneath the shadow of dewy Hermon—in her home made desolate by the Destroyer, sitteth solitary and sad, the mother of an only son lifeless and shrouded for the sepulcher, and she a widow. The weeds of widowhood have ever told how deep her love for him whose image sat upon the face and form of the fair but now fallen child. Memory thickly teems with the visions of other days when the husband lived and loved, and the boy now departed, climbed the father's knee and kissed him into joyousness. The birds sing happy carols in the tree-tops, but she heedeth not their music. The mountain air breathes among the leafy branches of the olive and the palm, and awakes ten thousand harps-eolian to softest sadest strains, that but too well chime in with the current of sorrow which now sweeps the heart-strings breaking in her bosom. In her sorrow hath she deeply pondered upon the pages of the Uzite philosophy of man's mortality and destruction of the body, and will not be comforted by its profoundest teachings:

> Man, the offspring of woman,
> Is of few days, and is full of trouble.
> He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down;
> And he fleeth as a shadow, and doth not stay.
> For there is hope of a tree,
> If it be cut down that it will flourish again,
> And that its tender branch will not fail.
> Though its root grow old in the earth,

And its trunk die on the ground,
From the vapor of water it will spring up again,
And put forth boughs as a young plant.
But man dieth, and he is gone—
Yea, man expires—and where is he?
The waters from the lake fail,
And the river is exhausted and dried up,
So man lieth down, and riseth not;
Till the heavens be no more they shall not be aroused,
And they shall not be awaked out of their sleep.
If a man die, shall he live again?

The baptizer in Jordan, the holy harbinger of a new era among the children of men, and forerunner of Him who shall raise to life the sleeping dead, hath proclaimed to the gathered multitudes in the desert wilderness and in the wild fastnesses of the mountains, His advent, and that the kingdom of Heaven is at hand. A homeless wanderer goeth about, mingling with the crowds by the way side and entering the circles of the sorrowful around the hearths of the Holy Land. That wandering one cometh to the city of the sorrowing mother—that childless and husbandless woman, with train of humble followers, and people struck with wonder at His words. He neareth its gateway-entrance, and there meets the funeral train of the widow's son, whose body is on its way to burial. Obsequies how sad!—who shall comfort and console the childless one in her loneliness? The people of the city come forth in thronging multitudes, sympathizing and sorrowful, to accompany her in the mournful rites of sepulture. Who among that throng can measure the length and the breadth and the depth of her affliction? But there is one in their midst who bringeth comfort and consolation, and hath power to turn her grief into fullness of joy. The long looked-for visitant, Messias, Israel's Great Deliverer, hath made his advent. God hath, indeed, His people visited, and a great prophet is risen up among them—such prophet is that homeless wanderer! He hath compassion on the tearful and grief-smitten mother, and in accents soft, He saith unto her, Weep not, O woman! They that bear the body withhold their footsteps, and He approacheth unto the bier of the dead. A voice, oracular and emphatic, is heard, saying in the dull ear of death, Young man, I say unto thee, arise. They are no idle words, trifling with maternal hopes and fears; or powerless pretense

practiced on credulous minds. Behold, he that was dead heard that voice; and, obedient to the high and mighty behest, he sitteth upright and is ALIVE AGAIN!

Again is heard that voice without the walled city of David, sacred to the Jew and clustering with memories of the renowned ones whose names have been chronicled in its hallowed history, saying, I AM THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE. The bereaved and sorrowing sisters of Bethany—birth and burial-place of Lazarus their brother—heard it and were glad. The dead man likewise heard it, with the summons, come forth; and, awaking from the slumbers of the grave, his muffled and bandaged body, yielding to the call, rose from its resting-place, reanimate and instinct with vitality. The cerements of the sepulcher are cast away; and, again invested with the habiliments of the living, the loved of the Lord goeth forth TO LIVE AGAIN! Albeit the great prophet hath departed from the grave of Lazarus. It cometh to the ears of those near by and afar off, that a man who was dead is alive again! The rumor reaches those high in place and power; chief priest and Pharisee stand aghast; and the old Sadducee surrenders his disbelief in a resurrection from the dead. It hath also come to the hearing of the Baptist, while exercising the rites of his high commission, in the waters of Enon near to Salim. He seeketh to learn whether the wonder-worker is He that should come. His messengers witness His works and return to tell him, that the blind see—the lame walk—the lepers are cleansed—the deaf hear—THE DEAD ARE RAISED—and to the poor the gospel is preached!

The Hebrew seer, from first, prophesied and sung of Sheol; and though his strains were sometimes sad and sorrowful, his revelations were a lamp to dispel the darkness of the grave, and a light to illuminate the valley of the shadow of death. The minstrelsy of the bards of Zion, in tent or temple, hath ever told that he should live again, whose body borne to Hinnom's Vale, became the food of worms, or consumed away by fires unquenched by night or day.

> I will ransom them from the power of the grave;
> I will redeem them from death.
> O death! I will be thy plagues!
> O grave! I will be thy destruction!

REMINISCENCES OF AUNT LOUISA.

BY MARY E. BURDICK, OF NEW YORK.

[Concluded from page 17.]

"AND, young people, I DID go," said Aunt Louisa, giving us at the same time a nod and a look of triumph; "yes, I went there, but previously took particular care that my toilet should be entirely 'COMME-IL-FAUT.' However, it was simple enough, at the best—a blue satin bodice, laced over a slip of white muslin, and which, with my pale face and light, flowing hair, needed but a crook to give me a very good semblance to a little shepherdess, truly. I said I was pale—that, however, was not true on this day, for the excitement of my feelings had given me a rosy flush quite unusual, and which deepened anew as often as a thought of my embarrassing position rose to mind. It must not be supposed that I desired to meet Mr. Maynard again, with any vain wish of changing the irrevocable decree that had gone forth. Ah! my judgment told me better than to suppose that a sound, reflecting man, like Henry Maynard, would ever have taken such a stand without calm deliberation; but I was curious to behold him again, under such NEW CIRCUMSTANCES. I longed to betray to him the contempt I felt, that he should thus outrage nature, as it were, and to assure him, that since he had willed to break the tie that bound us, I could bear the blow as lightly as himself.

"Well, with my harp in my hand, and my cheeks of an almost scarlet glow, I entered gayly the music-room; yet such was the location of the entrance that, although the room was lighted to a dazzling brightness, I reached my seat unobserved. There, in his usual place, sat Henry Maynard, and at his side, looking lovelier than ever, the beautiful Helen Douglas. The other two sisters, with their SOUR aspects, occupied the other side, and were busy tuning a guitar. They soon saw me, and tittered in the bitterest malice.

"Was it possible that they knew of my discomfiture? No; that was too base a thought. It was myself that was too jeal-

ously conscious. Henry Maynard could not be thus dishonorable. At this moment the latter looked up, and a blush of crimson shame suffused his countenance. I met his look with a smile of scorn! I affected to be in high glee, chatted and laughed with those about me, and won many a congratulation at my fine appearance and happy spirits. How little knew they of the fire burning at my heart, and consuming my very vitals!

"At length my turn came for a song. My voice, usually melodious, was so singularly clear that night that I almost felt as if I was inspired. I suppose it was excess of feeling that gave it expression and effect, for I commanded a death-like silence. The song itself I do not remember—only the sentiment. It represented the discarded lover bidding his mistress adieu in a haughty yet magnanimous farewell, and wishing her prosperity in words where the extremes of pride and tenderness were blended. It was an old song; but I resolved that my earnest looks should render it now new and effectual. And it WAS effectual, far beyond my expectations. In justice to myself, I should say that it was not my purpose on this occasion to CREATE feeling. I was not maneuvering for a scene; but I wished to probe ONE heart, to discover if feeling, true feeling had ever existed there; for on this fact depended my happiness. And when I saw my victim really writhing beneath my polished shaft—when I saw him shake, as with an ague fit, and tears, which were strangers to his proud manhood, now stealing slowly down his cheek, in spite of his efforts to repress them—I say, when I saw this, and considered all that had passed, a thrill of joy shot through my very soul, and I thanked my Father above that 'in anger He had remembered mercy'—that the chalice of bitterness given me to drink was not without one sweet ingredient—that I HAD BEEN beloved. My heart was strong—my spirit was braced with this conviction.

"Henry Maynard sang no more that evening; he complained of sudden illness, and it was with a delicious joy that I observed, that not even the smiles of Helen could chase away the gloomy shadows from his mind, or win from him the slightest attention. Well, we were henceforward strangers, though during the week that intervened before I commenced my journey with my father, I heard of many an interesting incident of the agitation he had

manifested when MY departure, or even MY name, was mentioned in his presence.

"Time passed on, my cheerfulness returned, and my heart was bettered by the severe discipline it had undergone. It was stripped of its selfishness. I learned to feel for other's woes. My mother died—died in the lunatic asylum, and I remained, as I had ever been, my father's only solace. Yet I err here; he had now consolation of a different nature, which, if it did not wholly assuage his grief, yet diverted his mind from his afflictions. A relative in England, who had supplanted him in his father's affections, died, and in his last hour of penitence restored to my father his lands, titles, and dignities. Sudden wealth poured in upon us like a flood, and with it, as is usually the case, came troops of friends and hosts of admirers. My father purchased a mansion in the most fashionable part of New York, and with our wealth and ancient family for our passport, we reveled in all the luxuries, and indulged in all the rare and dainty exclusiveness of upper-ten-dom.

"In the mean time, I heard of the marriage of Mr. Maynard and Helen; and though the news caused me a momentary shock and deathly pallor, yet such was the intoxicating flattery with which I was surrounded, that I had no opportunity to indulge in sorrow. Subsequently I heard of their domestic unhappiness, yet, as they removed to a distant part of the country, nothing definite reached me concerning them for many years."

"Among my attentive admirers was one apparently sincere and noble-hearted one, who came earliest and lingered latest. Charles Lester (such was his name), by dint of patience and perseverance, at last succeeded in the possession of my hand in marriage. I know not why I wedded him, unless it was to escape his persecuting importunities; but I am persuaded that his motives in marrying me were entirely mercenary. His appearance, it is true, was sufficiently prepossessing—to interest me, as far as that went—but his mind was the primitive wild-wood of uncultivated intellect. From this new companionship, more than from any direct unkindness, flowed my keenest sufferings. My father disliked him from the first, although he would not

thwart my inclinations in marriage; yet, as he had no confidence in his principles, he thought fit to withhold my marriage dowry, save a bare competence.

"This, to my gold-seeking and gold-loving husband, was a great disappointment; and I soon perceived that I had fallen in his estimation in proportion to the height of his pecuniary expectations. He plunged at once into dissipation, and became familiar with every form of vice, and, as a necessary consequence, I learned the bitterness of cruel and undeserved upbraidings, the withering, life-draining influence of neglect; and even my person sometimes endured the heathenish and sacriligious blow of a husband's arm in passion.

"And thus was Louisa—the once happy and beloved—now brought to so low a state of degradation and misery. Was my father living, you ask, and aware of this? He was, but not till intemperance had rendered my husband dangerous to dwell with, would I consent to leave him for the parental roof. My husband's unhappy career at length terminated; he died, however, in my presence, and beneath my attentive care. I was now a wealthy widow of thirty years, for my father had restored my possessions immediately on my husband's death. I elevated my style of living, and my elegant house became the rendezvous of the literary and the fashionable. For the former I had my libraries, ancient paintings, and conservatories; for the latter, my model furniture, splendid wardrobe, and princely carriage establishment. I had begun, in a measure, to lose my identity with the pure, once simple-hearted Louisa. Ambition was my idol, for love had deserted me—ambition, ever love's successor in the heart of a proud woman. Not that I had not received, even before time had warranted it, many an eligible offer of a second marriage; but I had suffered so much, and I now found it so delightful to be FREE, that I resolved to enjoy for the remainder of my life, Heaven's blessings, single and ALONE.

"One morning, when I had ordered to my door my handsome equipage, for the purpose of making some fashionable calls, and was just issuing forth, dressed as the very illustration of one of Godey's fashion-plates, my attention was called to a tall, wan-looking figure of a man, who, after tottering a pace or two, fell, exhausted, upon my cold marble door-steps. Touched with

pity, I approached him, and said, 'My good friend, can I aid you—are you in need?' for his tattered clothes bespoke the extreme of poverty.

"'I am only ill, madam; allow me to pass on,' he replied; and with a somewhat haughty gesture, he pushed back my offered purse, and made a new effort to move onward. But he moved only a step or two—he was too weak—when he fell insensible upon the frozen earth. Struck with his gentlemanly bearing, and pitiful appearance, I ordered my servant to convey him into the house, and see that no efforts were spared to make him comfortable. I ascended the steps of my carriage, and took my seat, but my gay spirits had all fled. I was sad and depressed, I knew not why. When I met my friends, upon whom I was calling, I could not converse—every topic was dry and uninteresting, and I soon cut short the heartless round of ceremonies, and hurried home to my own apartments. After a while I bethought me of the poor invalid enjoying my hospitality. I resolved to do my duty to him, and concluded to see him in person; and so, preceded by a female domestic, I went to the room allotted him.

"My eyes fell upon the bed. 'My God! Henry Maynard! or do my senses deceive me.' But the object thus addressed heard nothing—he was raving in the delirium of fever. It was, indeed, the proud, the haughty Henry Maynard that was now lying before me; and oh! I rejoiced at the privilege of serving the idol of my youth, while yet he was ignorant from whom those attentions proceeded. Though yet a fine-looking man, his face indicated the changes of time, exposure, and suffering. Where had HE been, and what had been HIS fate? But this was no time for idle inquiry; assistance must be had, and that at once. I dispatched a messenger at once for a physician, who, upon arriving, pronounced his case a critical one—a violent attack of fever, which was now at such a stage as to be allowed its own course unchecked. Not content with the opinion of one in a matter so important to my happiness, I summoned a council of medical gentlemen, and urged them by every motive (not omitting gold) to use their utmost skill in his behalf. In the mean time, I had caused his worn garments to be removed, and in their stead were placed, by my orders, an attire not only decent,

but one every way becoming his former position in society. I enjoined upon my servants, who loved me too well to betray me, the strictest secrecy with regard to the manner he had appeared before me, for I purposed, in case of his recovery, to spare, by this knowledge, his delicacy of feeling, which I knew would be wounded beyond the power of words to express. I ordered him to be placed in my most elegant state apartment, and treated him in every way like an honored guest. Long weeks of severe suffering on his part, and of patient, untiring care upon that of my household, passed by before his condition improved—during which time I frequently heard MY OWN NAME repeated in accents of regret and sorrow, as he raved in his wild delirium.

"'Mrs. Lester,' he said to me one day, when he was able to sit up in dressing-gown and slippers, 'I believe, madam, my memory has been impaired by my illness, for I have no recollection at what time, or upon what terms, I engaged board with you; and I have a dim recollection of certain adverse circumstances, that seem hardly to warrant me so much attention as I appear to receive.'

"'O, do not distress yourself about those matters while you are yet so feeble,' I answered; 'you have a good friend, whose name I must at present withhold, who gives me ample security, be assured, Mr. Maynard.'

"'How strangely you speak my name, Mrs. Lester; your voice is so like one I used to love—oh, so very much!'

"'Was she your wife, Mr. Maynard?'

"'Not nominally, but really; naturally my very counterpart, she should have been acknowledged before the world as fully, cordially such as she was within my own breast; but pride! pride and poverty, madam! When I knew her, I had just been, for some trifling misdemeanor, disinherited by my father; I had been involved to a large amount, through the treachery of a friend, and, to save myself from infamy, I married rich.'

"'Did you love the wife you married, Mr. Maynard?'

"'Yes, as most men love their wives; but she had not that hold upon my soul—that influence over my very breath, as did the one I wronged, and affected to scorn: but I am punished—oh! bitterly chastised. Helen, to whom I was true, made me feel my existence a curse. Bred in luxury, and unable to bear

my reverses, she sold her honor and mine; but she is now in her grave; I forgive all, and only utter, peace to her ashes.'

"'Should you now find your OTHER love in poverty and distress, would you aid her?'

"'God knows I would die for her, madam.

"'But she must be changed more than yourself; I suppose it is many years ago; she must have lost a portion of her youthful beauty, Mr. Maynard.'

"'Oh, no! she had that species of beauty that changes but little with time—the very soul shining through the face—a very "SPIRITUELLE," madam.'

"'Look at me, Mr. Maynard,' I said, removing my widow's cap, and allowing my soft, brown hair to fall over my face. 'Do you see any thing of Louisa here?'

"'Oh God! Louisa, is THIS Louisa? the star, the sunlight in the darkness of those weary years?'

"The poor invalid trembled violently now, and, fearing it would exhaust him, I smilingly placed my finger upon my lip, in token of silence. I was also feeling uncomfortably for him, as he must soon recollect his recent confession; and not being particularly composed myself, I rose to leave the apartment.

"'O do not go, Louisa—Mrs. Lester, I should say. Pardon me! Go, Mrs. Lester—go,' he added, with the inconsistency of the invalid. 'Yet no! one word, madam. Did I not come like a beggar to your door? What said your husband of me? Was I a beggar?'

"'YOU, Mr. Maynard?'

"'Yes, ME!' he answered, assuming his natural, proud hauteur; 'I now recollect it all; it comes back distinctly. I had been robbed not only of my purse, but of decent attire—and you so angelically generous—how have you heaped coals of fire upon my head. But you shall be repaid, madam. I have the means to compensate Mrs. Lester to the last farthing,' he added, with another haughty toss of that superb head, that had lost none of its grace and manliness. 'Yes, madam, I have friends who will see you amply recompensed.'

"'And thus deprive ME of the sweet recollection of an act of mere kindness,' I said. 'I have gold, and to spare, Mr. May-

nard. Good morning. I enjoin you now to take your rest, for fear of a relapse from this excitement.'

"My story draws to a close," said Aunt Louisa, as she folded her gold spectacles, and looked round upon us. "I saw no more of Mr. Maynard during his convalescence, though he once or twice solicited it; for my position toward him NOW was one of extreme delicacy. Two or three years passed by—he prospered—won honor and renown; and then returning to me, YOUR UNCLE MAYNARD, under his present name, laid his honors, his fortune, and his PRIDE at the feet of AUNT LOUISA."

MOONLIGHT MUSINGS.

BY J. C. R.

DAY is departing—the sun bathes
With golden light the west;
The twilight hour is hastening on,
The hour I love the best.

The stars have just began to peep
From out their curtain blue;
And flowers their fragrant leaves to fold,
And drink the evening dew.

And soon the beauteous moon will rise,
With her soft, mellow light,
To add new beauty to the scene,
And cheer the silent night.

Sweet thoughts will linger round my heart
In such an hour as this,
Thoughts of blest days of joy gone by,
Or hopes of future bliss.

And rushing memories will crowd,
Of scenes through which I've passed;
With the mind's eye I view them all,
As mirror'd in a glass.

A softening influence over me,
The moonlight ever throws;
Beneath its rays my heart is wrapt
In thoughtful, sweet repose.

Who does not love the moonlight eve?
  Who has not felt the power,
That memory o'er the heart will weave,
  In this bewitching hour?

Fair moon, thou shineth still as bright,
  As when, at nature's birth,
Thy Maker placed thee in the sky,
  To beautify the earth.

A change hath passed since then, for sin
  Hath made the earth less bright;
But beautiful and pure art thou,
  Fair empress of the night.

SKETCHES OF NEWPORT.

BY MRS. WILLIAMS.

So many stories of romantic interest are connected with the history of this place, as to almost give an air of enchantment to the scenery around. On these rocks the banished lovers of olden time took their "last farewell" of their native land, and agreed to dare the untried world together, with all the unknown hardships of poverty before them, rather than be separated. It was here that the tyrant father (for all fathers are tyrants that oppose the wishes of their children, especially in the article of marriage) wrung his hands in anguish, and shouted to the retreating boat in vain, while the sentimental, love-sick damsel clung to the object of her choice, giving him one assurance, at least, of being a good wife, by showing herself a most unfeeling child. The pitiful story of the flight rarely accompanies the sequel, which was, that the enamored lady returned in a few years, after enduring almost unheard-of hardships with her pirate husband, to water the grave of that bereaved father with unavailing tears. Beside this deep, dark gulf, where the roaring sea is continually heard as it disappears through the caverns beneath (Purgatory), stood the famous knight-errant, who offered to take the venturous leap across for lady's love, but who, when he had

dared the exploit, turned back to rebuke the unfeeling fair, and accomplished a second victory, by renouncing her forever.

Here, in this dilapidated building, almost a palace in extent, dwelt the proud Tory, who thought his daughters disgraced by a connection with any thing short of nobility, and who was at length horribly deceived into having for a son-in-law the son of a colored man, introduced as a Spanish gentleman of distinction; his own hand washed out the stain by taking the life of the impostor. And here, on this pile of stone, where nothing now remains but the vestige of the cellar, dwelt the mysterious sisters, who, scandal insisted, were the very near relatives of George the Third, and, for particular reasons, sent to this far-off land to prevent recognition. However that might be, the three spinsters were a singular trio, deporting themselves most majestically through life, and preserving their INCOG. in death; that is, they died and left no sign by which curiosity could be gratified, thereby showing they deserved to be crowned, whether of royal blood or not, for proving that woman can keep a secret. Few men, in our opinion, would have persevered under their trials, for their remittances stopped after the Revolution, and they died in abject poverty.

Here, within a mile or two of the town, was the remains of the famous seat of the Mallbones, once the pride and boast of the place. If we should relate all the wild stories of its former opulence and splendor, our readers would suppose we were transcribing from the Arabian Night's Entertainment; yet was the place a beautiful one, the structure magnificent, and the gardens enchanting. Tradition tells much of the splendor of the decorations both within and without, and of the boundless expense at which the owner lived, while feasting and frolicking the élite of the place. Alas! the evil day came, and in one day so great splendor came to naught. It was destroyed by fire. A feast was preparing; the pigs were on the spit, and the pies in the oven—so says tradition; and also that a few pails of water, timely applied, would have extinguished the flames; but that the lady of the house, being one of those careful dames, y'clept good housewives, would not permit the water to be carried over her carpets; and while part of the distracted guests were seeking the narrow back way, and the others taking up the cherished

carpets, the devouring element made such fearful progress that they were compelled to evacuate without saving a single article. Sad, indeed, was the scene, when first we beheld it; we were led by our mother, while yet a child, and there attended the first lecture on the pride of life and the vanity of riches, we ever remember to have heard. Alas! the crumbling walls, the blackened beams, the spacious entrance, only then partly demolished; the beautiful pools, now a mere slough, where a few lazy ducks were disporting themselves; the fine old trees, and broad borders of box that marked the site where once the garden smiled, altogether wore such an air of desolation, as spoke louder to our spirits than all the sermonizing we had to endure; and then the scattered flowers, that attested, by the admirable arrangement, they were planted by the hand of taste; the water-lilies were leaning over the pools; the convolvolus, climbing what had once been an arbor, and the remains of the sweet-scented shrubs, near the building that in the days of its splendor yielded such a rich perfume. We almost expected to see some of the stately Mall-bones walk out from amid the ruins, or to hear the silvery voices of the gay damsels that used to promenade the spacious walks. But no! a silence, as of death, brooded over the place; and at length, from natural associations, the very air became oppressive; the shades of evening were gathering round, and the few straggling trees threw their long shadows across the path as we turned to depart. In passing a cluster of rose-bushes, with one single flower, we were attracted, as by a spell, and thought of those beautiful lines of the poet:

> "One rose of the wilderness, left on its stalk,
> To mark where a garden had been;
> Like a brotherless hermit, the last of its race,
> All wild in the silence of nature it drew:
> From each wandering sunbeam a lonely embrace,
> From the night-weed and thorn that o'ershadowed the place,
> Where the flower of my forefathers grew."

Next in point of interest on this side the island, is Tammany Hill, the former residence (so says tradition) of the sachem who has given his name to so large and respectable a body of men in New York. The situation is truly picturesque, and, like Mount Hope, not very far distant, shows that our red men were not wholly destitute of taste.

Several very beautiful residences now occupy its sides. A little beyond, not more than three or four miles, is the shore where Prescot, the British general, was captured by the brave and adventurous Barton, during the time Newport was occupied by the English army. The shore is lined with beautiful farms, in a high state of cultivation, of which the most beautiful, in our opinion, is the farm now the property of Mr. Greene, son of the distinguished General Greene of Revolutionary memory, formerly the residence of the Bareings. It is in close contiguity to the shore, and commands a most beautiful view of Narraganset Bay.

A short distance from Tammany Hill, on the right, is Brown's Shore, where the British army landed; and near this is a very remarkable and beautiful place, called Codington's Cove; a ledge of rock projects over the beach, in which are numerous caverns, evidently excavated by the constant action of the tide, which, from appearances, has retreated, within a period of time, many feet. It is said these caverns were hiding-places for smugglers in olden times. During the Revolutionary War, it served as a place of concealment for some of the American prisoners. We recollect two American officers who escaped, with the connivance of Captain Oliver Read, and were taken off from this place by him and his intrepid helpmate, the succeeding night, in a little sail boat, and carried to Providence. This beautiful and romantic cove washes the north side of the farm formerly the property of the venerable William Roache, of New Bedford, now passed into the hands of one by the name of Lawton. It is a very delightful situation truly, overlooking the Island of Coarse Harbor and the adjacent scenery.

Last, but not least, among the objects of interest, is the Round Tower, on the hill ascending from the town, and on the road to the famous Easton's Beach. It is a very beautiful ruin, and there are many conjectures respecting its antiquity, both on account of its singular form and construction, and the great strength of the materials. There is, however, an aged female yet living in Newport, who remembers when there was a roof to the building, and it was called a Powder Mill, and distinctly understood it had been used "for the manufacture of gunpowder." We have no doubt of this thing ourselves; and though it may take much from the romance of the thing, yet to us there ap-

pears the strongest probability that the company who first came there with Benedict Arnold, who was the governor PRO TEM. until the appointment of Governor Codington, erected it. Now, these gentlemen, of which, if we recollect right, there were twelve, came most probably with all the means and appliances of defending themselves against the hostile tribes of Indians, who were always looking out for weak points; and what so likely as the constructing of a place of defense, or, at least, providing the means of defense by the manufacture of gunpowder. Our ancient informant asserts, there was not then—say eighty years ago—any mystery attached to the Tower. It was always spoken of as the "old Powder Mill," and always supposed to have been constructed for one. Whatever it is, it forms a beautiful feature in the landscape.

Not far north of the Tower, or whatever it is, is the Jews' Synagogue, surrounded by a high wall, which also incloses the Cemetary, a place which has been shut up for many years, although kept in excellent repair, not so much from religious veneration of the pile, as from necessity of following the instructions of the late Mr. Truro, of New York, who left a certain sum to be expended annually to keep in repair a spot that contained the ashes of his family. We once had the privilege of entering this place alone, and spent some hours in examining it, and copying the inscriptions from those very ancient and interesting monuments. Seldom have we experienced a like feeling of awe, as while inclosed in this solitary and forsaken place. There are no Jews in Newport now, as in former days. Before the Revolutionary War, when it was a great commercial depot, there were many, and some of them the wealthiest merchants of the town, but somehow these people seem to have no taste for still life; the great emporiums of business are the only attractions for them; and we have marveled much that the descendants of an agricultural and pastoral people should have such an apparent antipathy to rural life. Newport, at the time the Jews forsook it, though much injured and despoiled by the enemy, was still very beautiful. "'Twas Greece, though living Greece no more!" Land was very cheap, and luxuriant almost without parallel in our climate, and the harbor, its incomparable harbor! remained; but the rich fled, and the Jews dropped off, one by

one, to seek riches in a more fortunate and bustling place, although the ashes of their sires, and the place where they had been accustomed to worship the God of their fathers were left behind. The grass-grown streets, and crumbling walls, and solitary wharves, and decaying store-houses were, indeed, melancholy to behold. For many years the hum of business was scarcely heard; and, in fact, though much of the rubbish has been cleared away, and in many respects the town wears a new appearance, as a business place it has never revived, and probably never will, until the General Government become sensible of its intrinsic value, and the vast importance of such a place as a naval station. Pleasure, not business, is its attraction now.

FLORENCE HOWARD; OR, THE SLIGHTED ONE.

BY MRS. J. H. HANAFORD.

> "Scorn no man's love, tho' of a mean degree—
> Love is a present for a mighty king—
> Much less make any one thine enemy.
> As guns destroy, so may a little sting.
> The cunning workman never doth refuse
> The meanest tool that he may chance to use."
>
> HERBERT.

It was a summer's eve. The fair Queen of Night was high in the heavens, and shed her unclouded luster upon the earth. The day had been sultry, but toward night a light breeze had sprung up, and by its refreshing coolness, added to the calmness of nature, made this a most delicious evening. At the open window of an humble dwelling sat a young girl. She sat not quietly, but ever and anon arose, and leaned forth from the window, as if she longed for more of the zephyr's breath than could be had within. Then she would gaze far up into the evening sky, and once or twice her lips moved as if in prayer. Was she only gazing with admiration on the moon's pale beauty, and apostrophizing it? Oh, no! something of far greater moment occupied her thoughts at that time. She had entered the room but a short time before, and flung herself into a seat with the air of one deeply moved. And she was truly so!

Florence Howard was the daughter of poor, but intelligent and

highly respectable parents. They had once been opulent, but had experienced a sudden reverse of fortune, and never again became possessed of more than a meager sufficiency for their daily wants. Florence possessed a kind and generous disposition, and a strength of intellect far beyond her years. But she was sensitive in the extreme, and through fear of scorn or ridicule, she dared not, frequently, to express her opinions, and therefore many of her acquaintances knew not her intellectual worth.

On this night she had experienced both scorn and ridicule. She had been visiting two young ladies of her acquaintance, whom she had long loved dearly and valued highly, though, as it afterward appeared, this love and esteem was not mutual. They were members of a highly intellectual family, and their conversation and society formed some of the greatest pleasures of which Florence could partake. Of this she was now debarred.

As she had entered their residence that evening, she had overheard, unintentionally, a dialogue between the two sisters in relation to herself. They ridiculed her dress, and shyness of manner and address, regardless of the fact that Florence dressed as well as her scanty means would admit, and that her shyness arose, not from natural ungracefulness of manners, but from extreme sensitiveness of spirit, which caused her to shrink from public notice. This sensitiveness should have been respected, as the mark of a noble spirit, too refined for mere conventional usages.

The sisters said they thought her beneath them, and wished she would not visit them so frequently, or, indeed, at all. Florence waited for no more; she rushed from the house, and but a few moments elapsed ere she gained her own chamber. Her emotions were indescribable; she shed no tears, but she felt as if the future would have no pang like this. To love, and to be slighted, and that not from her sinning, but because she was poor, and unused to a conspicuous part in fashionable society, was too much for her to bear.

An hour passed on with noiseless but rapid flight; still she sat there, a variety of ideas tumultuously thronging her mind. At last she arose from the window, then knelt, and fervently prayed for guidance, to Him who always has "an eye to pity, and an arm to save." Oh, how sweet to the grieved spirit is the privilege of prayer! It is the Christian's solace, and whatever

else he loses, he is still wealthy if he continues to enjoy communion with his God and Saviour, through the medium of humble, childlike, earnest, confidential prayer.

From her season of supplication, Florence arose calm and tranquil. The flush of angry emotion which had deepened on her cheek had passed away. She had taken her resolution. "The time may yet come," thought she, "when they may be as glad to own me their equal, as they are now willing to slight me."

Advancing to a small closet in the room, she took from thence writing materials, and a lamp, having lighted which, she quietly seated herself at her little table, and with a truly Christian spirit wrote the following lines:

"Yes, I'll forgive, tho' in that hour,
My heart against you rose;
I will forgive, for Christ forgave
His worst, His direst foes.

"He, too, by mortals was despised
Because of poor estate;
Why should my lot aught better be
Than His, the truly Great?

"By those was He rejected, too,
Whose souls He came to save;
Then why not I be scorned by those
To whom my love I gave?

"But yet I'll press, in Jesus' strength,
To gain a lofty prize,
Possessing which, I may to fame's
Exalted station rise."

"But I say unto you, that ye resist not evil; but whosoever will smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also."—*Matt.*, v. 39.

Several years passed away. Florence was now separated entirely from the society of the two sisters. One had married, and both had left the town in which Florence resided. She had never resumed her former intimacy, and they thought she had "found company in her own sphere that was more congenial," as they expressed their view of the matter. But it was not so. Florence had been laboriously preparing her mind for usefulness and fame. She met these young ladies (if they deserved the name of ladies) but seldom, because her employments precluded the possibility of so doing, and she avoided them also, because

she feared her constrained course of conduct would betray to them the cause of her estrangement. But she so controlled her emotions, and endeavored to obey her Divine Master in His injunction, "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to those who hate you, and pray for those that despitefully use you and persecute you," that she was able to treat them with calm and kind politeness. Soon after their removal from the town, however, she wrote to them, as a circumstance occurred which she thought would peculiarly please them, could they only learn of it; and she herself was acquainted with every minutia of the affair. This was done in kindness, and in a spirit of forgiveness, though she could not quite forget the past.

Their reply to her properly-written epistle was in such terms as her sensitive spirit could not brook. She had gained moral courage with her years; and although this second slight from them was also painful, she bore it no longer in silence, but indignantly replied to the letter, relating the circumstance of her overhearing their conversation in reference to herself, and proudly disclaiming all acquaintance and correspondence with them, thenceforth and forever.

For a brief season this spirit of indignation held sway in her young bosom, and then the milder emotions of the Christian took their wonted place; and although she did not feel it her duty to recall her letter, she exercised toward them once more a spirit of forgiveness. "Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord;" and Florence felt willing to overlook those faults and insults, seeking to manifest a right spirit, when speaking of them; and as for her revenge, to

> "Leave it all in His high hand,
> Who does hearts and streams command."

> "Many were lovely there—but of that many,
> Was one who looked the loveliest of any."
>
> L. E. L.

> "A foreign land is now her choice,
> A foreign sky above her,
>
> * * * * *
>
> And circling flatterers hem her in,
> Assiduous each a word to win."
>
> TAYLOR.

Again it was evening, and a large assembly had met at the house of the celebrated ambassador, Mr. Clinton. The brill-

iant lamps of the saloon shed their luster on few who were not distinguished in the literary world. Wit and genius; talents the rarest; intellect the deepest, were met in this mansion, whose mistress shone far above them all. She was "the observed of all observers," the "star of the first magnitude," the "gem of the purest water." Hers was the throne around which genius rallied. The laurel wreath of fame had long been hers, and the name of the gifted lady was spread far and wide, and destined to immortality. Yet on these glittering heights she did not falter, for the omnipotent arm of Him whom she ever acknowledged as her Divine Master, and whose precepts she endeavored to obey, sustained her. The splendid talents, and lofty intellect with which her God had gifted her, were ever used to extend Immanuel's kingdom, and her wreath of fame was received only as a garland to cast at her Redeemer's feet.

When the company was almost entirely assembled, she entered, leaning on the arm of her noble and equally pious husband. The guests began immediately to gather around her. It was to them an intellectual feast, if they might but listen to her conversation; and many a soul went forth from her presence better and purer for the good seed which her words had either sown or assisted to germinate. What a mighty responsibility rests upon those to whom God has given such a measure of intellectual and moral influence!

Of this lady's personal appearance it is unnecessary to speak, since the casket is of less importance than the jewel within; but had her most intimate friends been called upon to sing her praises, they might have done so in the words of the poet:

> "If ever angels walked this weary earth
> In human likeness, thou wert one of them."

A few moments after Mrs. Clinton's entrance, a lady advanced toward her, accompanied by two younger ladies, who were strangers to the rest of the company. She respectfully accosted Mrs. Clinton, and was about to introduce her companions, when the lady of the mansion gracefully advanced, and cordially reached forth her hand to welcome them, as if they had been old acquaintances.

And so they were, for Mrs. Clinton was none other than the former Florence Howard, and the stranger ladies were the two

sisters who had so cruelly slighted her in the days of their early acquaintance. The sisters had heard of Florence's fame as Mrs. Clinton, and had desired earnestly to make the acquaintance of one so gifted and popular. For this cause, the lady whom they accompanied, and who was an intimate friend of Mrs. Clinton, had taken them to Clinton Park without invitation.

And now what were their emotions? They stood abashed before her whom they had once scorned. Little did they imagine, when they esteemed her lightly because poor and unfashionable, that she would ever be so far above them in the scale of refined and intellectual society. Florence was now surrounded by opulence, the beloved wife of a highly intellectual gentleman, and the center of the literary society of the times. How bitterly they rued their former scorn!

But it was far from being Mrs. Clinton's intention to allow them to stand oppressed with shame, the "gazing-stock of the multitude," who wondered at their sudden appearance of humiliation. No! Florence was a true-hearted Christian.

> "Oh, she was good as she was fair,
> None, none on earth above her;
> As pure in thought as angels are,
> To know her was to love her."

She conversed with the sisters kindly, and showed by her manner that she had truly forgiven them; and when the night waned, the stars grew pale, and the company retired to their homes, Florence detained them, and assured them of her friendship. They wept bitter tears of shame at the thought of their ingratitude, as Mrs. Clinton told them, in burning words, of the love she once bore to them, and of the pangs they caused her. But she bade them be of good cheer. "I have forgiven all your fault," said she; "and perhaps I should never have arrived at my present distinction if I had not allowed the thought of triumph over those who slighted me to urge me onward in the early stages of my literary career. So, perhaps, I ought rather to thank you, and truly I forgive you. God has overruled it all for my good."

And henceforth they were friends, and the sisters were enabled to subdue their fault, that of valuing their acquaintances according to their wealth and distinction.

Dear reader, the moral of my tale is this: SCORN NONE—SLIGHT NONE—RIDICULE NONE; for, besides the sufficient reason that such a course is wrong in the sight of God, it may be that in after life you will stand with "shame and confusion of face" before the slighted one!

WOMAN'S PRAYER.

SHE bow'd her head before the throne
  Of the Eternal King;
The sun upon her forehead shone,
  With the first bright hue of spring:
In meekness and in love she stood,
  A thing of mortal care;
But pure and strong is womanhood,
  In faithfulness and prayer.

She had been chasten'd with that woe,
  The young heart in its pride
Ill bears, when wakening from the glow,
  Love's happy dream supplied.
But she had in her weakness sought
  The spirit's strength and food;
And faith within her soul had wrought
  A deep and fervent mood.

The people of her father's land
  Had left their onward path,
And God had raised His threatening hand
  Against them in His wrath.
Her voice arose with theirs—the few
  Who still were faithful there;
And peace was given and healing dew,
  To woman's voice of prayer.

Wild war was raging—proudly rose
  The chieftains of the realm;
And thousands met their country's foe,
  With spear and crested helm;
And thousands fell—and wrathful men
  Raged in their wild despair:
What heard the God of battles then?
  Meek woman's secret prayer.

Oh, strong is woman in the power
  Of loveliness and youth;
And rich in her heart's treasur'd dower,
  Of strong, unchanging truth.
But who may tell her spirit's might,
  Above what strength may dare,
When in life's troubles and its night,
  Her heart is bow'd in prayer.

HEALTH.

BY D. WELLS RANNEY.

WHAT an important interest does HEALTH sustain in social life. Not a friend meets friend, but the first inquiry is about health. The foundation of beauty—the arbiter of our destiny—it controls the enjoyments of the human family. A boon as precious as that contained in the golden shores of the Pacific; yet its attainment is but idly regarded. We are intrusted with the keeping of a temple "fearfully and wonderfully made." Should ever the "silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the wheel be broken at the cistern," from our violation of the laws of our being, we shall be held responsible for such transgression. A rapid declension in the life and health of man has taken place; for how few there are who do not mourn the EARLY DEAD. Two thirds of the human race have some chronic ailments which they have inherited, or entailed upon themselves.

SCROFULA, in some of its HYDRA forms, taints the life-current of the race. All the sympathies which cluster around the human heart are aroused at the alarming encroachments which disease is making upon the human family. The CHARACTER of disease is changed; those of an older date and type excite nothing of the dread their more modern rivals create. SHIP FEVER, CHOLERA, and DYSENTERY—dread triumvirate—have enshrouded the globe with their victims. Nations have been decimated by their ravages, and their black wing has hovered along the highways of commerce. The strong man trembles at the doubt-

ful tenure of his life. It is evident that long-continued violations of the PHYSICAL LAWS of our being have weakened the vitality of the race, and to that cause can we trace the premature decay of the CITADEL in which we dwell. It would be sacrilege to charge the vast evil and its effects to nature, for NATURE IS KIND. Her efforts are always for health—from the gathering of the dew-drop on the tiny floweret, to the raging of the tempest, when the storm-king is abroad. If man is responsible for the fearful increase and malignancy of disease, the clarion of alarm should be sounded. The hardihood of the race depend upon our efforts. What is needed? It is not MEDICINES, for their profusion has long been deleterious. We must return to the noble, invigorating customs of the Greeks and Romans. We must establish the GYMNASIUM and the BATHS.

Our fragile and delicate ladies must take to the open air. HEALTH must be WOOED in long rambles on the hill-tops, in equestrian journeys, and in the cultivation of flowers, whose roseate tints will reflect their hues on the pallid cheeks. The perpetuity of the race depends largely upon those who are to fill the places of our once hardy mothers.

Out-door plays and pastimes, as the grace-hoop, battle-door, jumping rope, and skating and sleigh-riding, in imitation of Northern Europe, must become universal. Immediate attention should be paid to the subject of VENTILATION. All public and private rooms should be properly ventilated, for every adult person requires over two hundred thousand cubic inches of pure air every twenty-four hours to properly oxydize the blood; while in that time is expelled forty thousand cubic inches of CARBONIC ACID GAS, which is destructive to life. BATHING, as conducive to health, should be religiously performed. The Mohammedan, who, to fulfill the requirements of his religion, will bathe in sand when he cannot find water, ought to be an example to us. The skin is an important waste-organ to the system, and its millions of pores need a daily ablution to perform their health-preserving office. Too much attention has been paid to the intellectual, to the neglect of the physical faculties. Our lunatic asylums are crowded with those whose physical energies were unable to sustain the excitement of the intellectual organs. Insane asylums are a modern necessity.

We must vie in the noble athletic games which endowed the Greek and the Roman with Herculean strength. If needs be, the TOURNEY and the JOUST must be established, and the age of IRON must give place to that of CHIVALRY.

THE WIDOW'S HEART.

BY URIAH H. JUDAH.

"I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy."

JOB, in recounting the noble actions which had characterized his life, enumerated, among others, that which prominently displays itself at our heading, and which, from its compassionate nature, presents a theme worthy of dilatation.

We are induced, therefore, to entertain the opinion, that this illustrious philanthropist did all in his power to assuage the conflicting trials and lighten the accumulating sorrows of THE WIDOW'S HEART.

The good man knew that she who was bereft of her earthly protector—the husband of her choice—and on whose lonely and unhappy lot no kindly eye beamed with pity, needed all the consolation, all the comfort that could be extended; so he considered the afflictions of the necessitous, and "the widow's heart sang for joy."

How kind and praiseworthy the conduct of Job! Had his career been a continued scene of transgressions—had he, actuated by motives of evil, perpetrated every iniquity conceivable, THIS solitary act of nobleness of soul, this one grand virtue, would have conspicuously stood out in bold array, in beautiful relief, as a redeeming quality, throwing over all the imperfections of erring mortality the divine and protecting mantle of forgiveness; and the angel of mercy would have plead for HIM at the throne of the ever-living God.

And why? For reason of the benevolent principles by which he was influenced, and the generous sentiments that prompted him to aid the distress of a SUFFERING WOMAN.

When THE WIDOW'S HEART was throbbing with emotions the most painful, and ready to burst with the intensity of grief—when sorrow, superlatively agonizing, had twined itself around and about its inmost recesses, and its tendrils were gradually yielding to its pressure, he, the distinguished friend of the helpless female, bound up, with the silken bandages of human love, the bleeding wounds of woe, and sent her on her way rejoicing.

Instance of charity most noble! Call it, if you please, magnificent beyond conception—

> "Richer than richest diadem
> That glitters on the monarch's brow—
> Purer than ocean's purest gem,
> Or all that wealth or art can show—
> The drop that swells on pity's eye,
> The pearl of sensibility!"

THE DIFFUSION OF KNOWLEDGE.

BY G. L. CRANMER.

IT was a wise saying of Socrates, "Better spend gold in teaching men to become good citizens, than to bring them up in ignorance and support their crimes." How appropriate is the application of this remark to our own age and country! When we look around and behold the prevalence of vice, immorality, and crime, to so great an extent resulting from the want of knowledge, and the proper diffusion of the means to obtain it; and then compare the number of those places in which the unhappy youth first receives that impetus in the downward path of ruin and destruction, we cannot but stand aghast with astonishment at the frightful spectacle which is presented before us. And then if we go into our jails, our penitentiaries, our lunatic asylums, and mad-houses, and behold there the wretched victims of crime and a demented mind, and reflect that all or most of these might, with proper training in their youth, be now adorning the family circle and the social walks of life, we are ready to

exclaim, with Socrates, "Better spend gold in teaching men to become good citizens, than to bring them up in ignorance and support their crimes."

It has been said, and truly, "Knowledge is power;" and with as much truth it may be said, that ignorance is crime; for in looking over the catalogue of human depravity, we shall find few, comparatively speaking, who in their youth have been properly taught, and had the means of knowledge at command, pursuing the path of vice; while on the other hand, the reverse of this leads to the commission of that which the wise admonition of Socrates guards his countrymen against.

While the minds of our legislators are filled with the desire to increase our political, our social, and our commercial advantages, by means of the construction of ships, railroads, and canals, they lose sight of that which is essential to the proper development of their plans, and the objects which they have in view, by neglecting to cultivate more assiduously those faculties of their fellow men by which alone these things can be appreciated. Our country may be a network of improvements, and yet, without the progress of mind in a corresponding ratio, no good thing can result from them,

It is cause of great rejoicing that such improvements are taking place in our midst. Moreover, it is necessary to us as a nation and people thus to develop the interests and resources of our country. But how much more is it necessary that, as a people, we should have a practical and general knowledge of what those interests and resources are, that the energies of our minds may be devoted to the true end, and the spirit of progress be guided in proper channels. And for this purpose, how necessary it is that government should adopt some judicious plan of diffusing that general knowledge to which we refer, for by this means it is that the interests of our country are to be advanced.

A knowledge of our history and progress, of our climate and productions, our arts and our sciences, is emphatically necessary to the proper fulfillment of the duties of a citizen and a Christian.

We may build engines, and manufacture instruments of destruction. We may spend millions annually upon our army and

navy, and build arsenals and magazines; but this is only cultivating the inferior qualities and passions of our beings—neither improving our morals, as individuals, nor supplying our lack of knowledge as a nation.

It behooves, then, those placed in authority, to supply the means for meeting this great national desideratum; and for that end, to make such appropriations as may be necessary thereto from the National Treasury.

The result will show the wisdom of this plan, as seen in the cultivation of such principles as tend to the peace, the dignity, the welfare, and prosperity of our beloved country.

GOOD ADVICE.

Dr. Waugh lived to see his sons fixed in respectable stations in the world: and it has been his object in preparing them, for eternity to qualify them also for honorable and useful conduct in the affairs of this life. He inculcated that fear of God, that justice and benevolence, which are the best security for the rights and for the happiness of social life; and taught them to be frugal, not mean; prudent, not subtle; complaisant, not servile; and active in business, but not its slaves. There were four habits which he recommended earnestly in his counsels, and by his own example, and which he stated to be essentially necessary to the happy management of temporal concerns: these were, punctuality, accuracy, steadiness, and dispatch. Without the first, time is wasted, those who relied on us are irritated and disappointed, and nothing is done in its proper time and place; without the second, mistakes the most hurtful to our own credit and interest, or that of others, may be committed; without the third, nothing can be well done; and without the fourth, opportunities of advantage are lost which it is impossible to recall. Such were his own habits in so eminent a degree, that his cash-book, from the date of his settlement in London to the day of his death, is in existence, and exhibits every item of expense he incurred, and every sum he received.

CHRONOLOGY FOR FEBRUARY, 1852.

Jenny Lind was married to Otto Goldschmidt at the Revere House, Boston, Feb. 5th. She gave $50 to the head waiter of the house, and $30 to each of the other servants. Otto Goldschmidt, says the Boston Commonwealth, is a Jew by birth, and until recently, by persuasion; but was converted to Christianity by Jenny Lind and Rev. Dr. Wainwright, of New York, by the latter of whom he was baptized and confirmed in the Episcopal faith.

An extensive fire occurred at Milwaukee, Wisconsin, on the 16th inst. The rooms, and a part of the library of the Young Men's Association, together with a valuable lot of musical instruments, were destroyed; loss, $40,000.

A riot occurred on the 16th at Cleveland, Ohio. The rioters proceeded to demolish the Homeopathic College, in which they partly succeeded. The military were called out to quell the rioters. The ringleaders were arrested and committed to prison. The riot was caused by finding portions of a subject in an outbuilding connected with the college.

A great freshet occurred on the 16th on a branch of the Hoosic river, at North Bennington, Vt. Every manufactory on the river, and a number of dwellings, in all fifteen, were destroyed. There was one life lost; loss of property, $100,000.

Thirty-six thousand valentines were reported as having passed through the New York Post Office on St. Valentine's Day.

The Association for the Relief of the Poor in New York City, report that during the month of January they distributed $6,370 15 in relieving 21,947 persons.

A great fire occurred at Pittsburg, Pa., on the 20th; loss, $75,000.

The 22d was Washington's birthday, and was observed in New York, and in most of the cities of the Union, by military parades during the day, and fire-works at night.

The machine shop of the Vermont Central Railroad Company, at Northfield, Vermont. was destroyed by fire on the 26th, including a number of engines; loss, $50,000.

Within the five years which have elapsed since the commencement of the war with Mexico, no less than thirteen American generals have departed this life; viz., Taylor, Worth, Mason, Brady, Kearney, Hamer, Hopping, Belknap, Duncan, Croghan, Brooks, Arbuckle, and Whiting.

A writer in the Washington Union states that the Atlantic postage in 1851 exceeded that of 1850 by more than $200,000! The way is therefore prepared for the adoption of the "American Penny Postage," as well on the ocean as on land.

The Bostonians had sleighing in their streets for about sixty days in succession.

The deputation from Brown county, Ohio, have presented Kossuth with 200 stand of arms, to aid him in achieving the independence of Hungary.

Information has been received at the State Department of the pardon and release of Mr. Thrasher by the Spanish Government.

The Legislature of Louisiana has passed a bill, consolidating the three

municipalities of New Orleans into one; also, annexing the city of Lafayette to New Orleans.

The Havre de Grace and Baltimore Railroad Company on the 10th commenced taking up the railroad track across the ice on the Susquehannah, anticipating a break-up of the ice. The river, 200 yards below the bridge, was completely clear.

A committee of the St. Louis Chamber of Commerce report the trade of St. Louis, at the present time, at $60,000,000 per annum, and the amount of exchange sold, at $30,000,000 per annum.

Rev. Mr. Hill, of the Methodist Church, in Hartford, has been compelled to pay $67 and costs, for marrying a girl under 18 years of age.

Kossuth addressed the Hungarian Fund Association, at Cincinnati, on the evening of the 14th, at Smith's and Nixon's Hall. One thousand persons were present, and many offered high prices for admission, but the number was limited.

The first coffee berry was brought to England in 1652 (the time of the Commonwealth) by a Turkish merchant; the present crop of the world is 475,000,000 lbs., which would load 214,299 tons of shipping; the consumption of the British empire is 31,226,840 lbs., being 1.13 lb. to each inhabitant of Great Britain and Ireland.

The machine shop and foundry of Nathaniel Hanson, at Alton, Ill., with contents, were totally consumed by fire; loss, $18,000 or $20,000; insurance, $5,000.

A machine for mowing has recently been introduced into Dutchess county, which, it is believed, will prove of great advantage to farmers.

Miss Antoinette L. Brown was introduced by Rev. Theodore Parker, to his congregation on Sunday, the 22d, in Boston, and she performed the service by prayer, and the preaching of a sermon from chapter xiv. of 1 Corinthians, 34, 35. She is a graduate of Oberlin University, 21 years old, and rather good looking.

At the late session of the Superior Court in New Haven, Mrs. Mary M. Hubbard obtained a verdict of $2,250 damages against the town of Middletown, for an improper construction of a road, by which the carriage in which she was riding was overturned, and she was much injured.

The Scientific American says that five hundred of Colt's revolving pistols have been sent out to the officers of the British army, now engaged in the Kaffir war.

Boston has 39 regular day, and 29 night policemen, 261 watchmen, 16 constables of the watch, and 33 court constables.

The Springfield Post states that Mrs. Jenny Lind Goldschmidt has purchased a farm in Northampton.

The destruction and loss of property, by the breaking up of the ice at Louisville, is estimated at $250,000.

Prof. Park says there is annually preached in the United States an amount which, if published, would make 120,000,000 octavo pages.

Five citizens recently died in Albany, whose united ages amounted to 436 years. The eldest was 95, and the youngest 82 years old.

The boats of the Erie Canal, if they were placed in a line, would reach from Albany to Utica. There are 5,015 of them.

A company has been organized in Norwich, Ct., for the purpose of erecting a large building furnished with steam-power, to be rented out to mechanics. The stock is divided into a thousand shares, of $25 each, making $25,000 as the capital.

THE UNBELIEVER.

Aloe Socotrina

JACOB IN THE HOUSE OF LABAN.

BY REV. J. E. ROCKWELL.

THE history of the sojourn of Jacob in the house of Laban, possesses a deep dramatic interest which cannot fail to elicit our admiration and secure our sympathies. With a few master-strokes of the pencil, characters are delineated which startle us by their resemblance to human nature as it daily develops itself; and the affections and passions there exhibited find their counterpart in every age. After that guilty fraud by which the youngest son of Isaac secured both the birthright and the paternal blessing, Jacob was compelled to leave his father's house, and flee from the meditated vengeance of his brother Esau. Cheered and supported by the sweet and heavenly visions of Bethel, and guided by an ever-watchful Providence, he journeyed toward Mesopotamia; and at length, weary and wayworn, sat down by a well in the precincts of Haran. It was yet "high day," and shepherds were sheltering themselves from the burning sun beneath the broad palm trees, while they watched their flocks that grazed over the fertile plain. From them he made inquiries respecting his mother's family, and joyfully heard of their health, and of his near approach to the place of their abode. While he yet spake to them, a fair young shepherdess drew near with her flock, and when he had learned her name, he recognized in her his own cousin, whom he courteously and affectionately saluted. Introduced by her to his uncle and the eldest daughter, he became at once the invited guest of the family, and for the space of a month shared their hospitality. It required far less than that time for the shrewd and calculating father to detect in the growing intimacy of Jacob and his youngest daughter, the germ of a pure and generous affection. The youth, beauty, and gentleness of Rachel, soon gained the supremacy in the heart of her cousin, who promptly made proposals for her hand.

This was a crisis in which Laban was to make a full development of the master-passion of his soul; which, though hitherto partially concealed from the world, was destined to cast a gloomy

shadow over the hopes and happiness of the lovers. Early in life he had manifested an overweening desire for riches, which age had only strengthened and confirmed. Our first acquaintance with him in the progress of the sacred narration gives us an impression of his supreme selfishness, which his subsequent history serves to establish and deepen. His sister Rebekah having met the servant of Abraham at the well, with the generous promptings of a kind and noble heart, had freely invited him to become her father's guest. But the soul of Laban was not moved until he saw the jewels and the bracelets, and heard that the stranger came from his wealthy and lordly master to treat for the hand of his sister; then he replied, "Come in thou blessed of the Lord." Nothing but a hope of gain could induce him to perform even a common act of hospitality. The money-loving youth had now grown old and rich, yet the strongly-defined lineaments of avarice had only become more marked by age; and, as appears in the sequel, had left their deep impress upon the character of his sons. With all his wealth, his heart was still bent on accumulating more. His vast possessions gave him a keener relish for the extension of his domains.

When, therefore, the son of his sister appeared before him as a suitor for his daughter's hand, he determined that his affection should be turned to a good account. Here was a most favorable opportunity to advance his own interests, and he resolved to secure it. His future son-in-law, though the heir of untold wealth, and the inheritor of the divine promises, must consent to labor for seven years, ere he can claim Rachel as his bride. The offer is accepted, the bargain is closed, and Jacob is sent forth to toil in the accomplishment of his strange purchase. Faithfully does he perform his part of the contract. And now the old man thrives. His sister's child is a new source of revenue, and he exacts of him a full tale of service. Nothing must be brought to him that is torn of beasts, and of all that is stolen by night or day, Jacob must bear the loss. Even the children of that hoary sinner can now be turned into gold. His daughter is worth the labor of seven long years, and the affection of the cousins is equal to the flocks and herds that the enamored shepherd sees gathering around him. But while the covetous father is counting his gains, and shrewdly plotting new schemes of self-aggrandizement,

Jacob finds the years of his servitude passing gently and swiftly away. A stranger to that fierce and consuming covetousness which has robbed his uncle of every pure and manly principle, he is honestly fulfilling his appointed task, and finding abundant recompense for his toil in the smiles and affection of the gentle being who is soon to become his wife. The acts of courtesy and the tokens of regard shown to the fair shepherdess at the well, where they first met, are often repeated, and the delighted lovers anticipate the consummation of their hopes and vows with a growing interest. Thus seven years pass away, and Jacob claims his bride as the reward of his fidelity. But the wily miser cannot yet consent to lose the services of one by whom his wealth has been vastly augmented. He has abundant reason to be satisfied with his bargain, yet is displeased with himself that he had not doubled the amount of labor required. The seven years have seemed to Jacob but a few days, for the love he bore to his cousin; doubtless he would as willingly have served for her twice that time, and the heartless villain resolves to entail upon him another period of bondage. What cared he for the happiness of his children, when his possessions could be increased? Honor, self-respect, and the approval of his own conscience and of God, could oppose but a feeble resistance to his love of gold. Every other consideration was forgotten in his passion for wealth. Far more pleasant was it for him to watch the growth of his flocks and herds, than to see in the gentle face of his young daughter the traces of joy which his own affection had awakened. Far more delightful was it for the grasping miser to see the son of his sister toiling for the increase of his own possessions, than to look upon the happiness of the plighted lovers, as they exchanged the vows which bound them together for life.

Affection, honor, and truth were words which fell strangely and coldly on the heart that had long ceased to echo to any other sound than that of gold. For this he could sell his soul, could lose all sense of manly independence, could barter away his children, and estimate their value as deliberately as that of his sheep, and oxen, and camels. This had choked every generous impulse of his heart, had chilled every warm affection, and robbed him of the last faint lineament of his Maker's image. He had become the soulless and tyrannical victim of Mammon, and he stood

in the moral world like a tree leafless and barren, rived by the breath of the tempest, and scathed by the lightnings of Heaven. From such a being what could be expected but acts of oppression and outrage, in which even his own children would share. Afraid to make an open avowal of his sinister designs, he awaited the approach of the bridal hour, and then by a cruel imposition almost unparalleled in the history of injustice and fraud, he caused his eldest and ill-favored daughter to take the place of Rachel, the beloved and betrothed of Jacob. Never were hopes of domestic happiness more suddenly and cruelly blighted. Never did shrewd and heartless avarice devise a more perfect scheme for the accomplishment of its own purposes at the expense of another's misery and wretchedness.

The remonstrances of Jacob are answered by foolish evasions, which must forever have rendered the old man contemptible in the eyes of his noble-minded relative. Yet, what cared he for the opinion of others! He was rich, and the world would bow and cringe before him, and never ask how he became so. He has palmed off his eldest and tender-eyed daughter upon the true-hearted lover, and is able to drive a new bargain with him for the hand of Rachel. Again he goes forth to labor, and the old miser profits by it; and when his term of servitude expires, he is re-enlisted, and for six years more is subject to the caprice of his exacting and unprincipled employer. At the end of twenty years from his introduction to the family of Laban, he turned his face anxiously toward the land of his fathers. The thought of his aged and venerable parents, trembling over the grave, and desirous once more to clasp their long-lost son, sank heavily upon his heart. All the recollections of his early home were revived, and he longed again to see the old familiar faces, and to listen to the voice whose gentle tones were still ringing in his ear. And other motives were also pressing him to leave the scenes of his long servitude. Amid all the injustice and oppression to which he had been subject, he had steadily increased his wealth, until his growing fortunes awakened the envy and excited the cupidity of Laban and his sons. Wrapped up in their own selfishness, they lost even the common feelings of gratitude. The presence of Jacob had been to them all a constant source of prosperity. Under his hand their own

flocks had increased. It was the confession of Laban, "I have found by experience that the Lord hath blessed me for thy sake." Yet they could not behold his wealth without envy, nor did they attempt its concealment. It was not difficult for the patriarch to perceive the change. He heard the ill-suppressed murmurings of his brothers-in-law, and saw also that the "countenance of Laban was no longer toward him." Even his wives shared in the wrongs that were heaped upon him, and the testimony which they bare against their own father and brethren was conclusive evidence that it was time for him to seek the home of his youth.

"Is there," said they, "yet any portion or inheritance for us in our father's house—are we not counted of him as strangers, for he has sold us, and hath quite devoured our money?"

Thus surrounded with enemies, and they of his own household, the patriarch heard with joy the divine mandate, "Return unto the land of thy fathers, and of thy kindred, and I will be with thee." Obedient to the heavenly vision, he departed from Laban unawares, taking with him his wives and little ones, and the wealth with which Providence had blessed him.

He knew too well the sordid nature of his uncle to make known to him his intended departure; and it was not until after the lapse of three days that his flight was discovered, and pursuit commenced. Disappointed in his schemes, and maddened at the thought of losing the wealth of his prosperous son-in-law, the hoary villain followed on, in forced marches, and at the end of the seventh day came upon the track of the fugitives, in the mountains of Gilead. But the shutting in of night compelled him to pause until the dawning of another day. Darkness rests upon the earth, and in the silence of evening the patriarch pours out his soul to God for the safety of himself and family. His prayer is answered, and the chafed and angry miser hears the voice of Jehovah, saying, "See that thou speak not to Jacob, good or bad." For the first time the old man quails and trembles before a power he dare not resist; and though for twenty years he has wronged, cheated, and oppressed the husband of his children, he is now paralyzed by the fear of the God of Isaac. He who had not shrunk from any act of meanness or cowardly injustice, for the increase of his wealth, now stands baffled and

terror-stricken before the Majesty of Heaven and Earth. His passions, to whose control there seemed to be no limit, are now arrested by Him who "stilleth the noise of the waves," and who "causeth even the wrath of man to praise Him."

The morning dawns, and the families of Jacob and Laban meet face to face, and he who left the plains of Nahor angry and revengeful, now stands before the patriarch powerless for evil. Yet the heart, so long steeled to every generous emotion, cannot be moved even to an apology for the past, or any atonement for a long series of injuries. It is only changed from the promptings of avarice to the basest deceit. Unblushingly he approaches him with gentle remonstrances, and with the fawning and smiles of a hypocrite.

"Wherefore," said he, "didst thou flee away from me secretly, and didst steal away from me, and didst not tell me, that I might have sent thee away with songs and with tabrets and harp, and hast not suffered me to kiss my sons and daughters?"

None but one who had lost all sense of honor and of truth could thus have given utterance to sentiments which found their refutation in the whole of his past history. For twenty years he had evidently regarded his children as means of augmenting his wealth. He had bartered away their domestic happiness; he had sold them and devoured their wages, and he had wronged and deceived them to subserve his base purposes.

He send them away with songs and with tabrets and harps, when the only music that his sordid soul could appreciate or hear was the bleating of his flocks and the clinking of his gold! He desire to kiss his sons and daughters, when avarice had long since defaced the last lineament of parental love! What a wretched mockery were his professions of attachment and affection, when contrasted with his life of selfishness and acts of oppression and wrong! and how did his hot pursuit of the fugitives, and his evidently hostile preparations, give the lie to all his declarations of friendship!

Nothing but the fear of Abraham's God had restrained him from an act of violence. Gladly would the miser have added to his wealth by a fresh assault upon the possessions of his son-in-law; but the voice of Jehovah, heard amid the visions of night, was still ringing in his ears, "See that thou speak not to Jacob,

either good or bad." Anxious, however, to make some further demonstration of his natural disposition, he found an occasion in the loss of his household gods. These had been taken by Rachel on her departure from his house, and their removal afforded him a pretext for a search amid the furniture of the family. By a cunning device the images remained undiscovered, and Jacob, evidently ignorant of the act of his wife, repelled the base insinuations of his father-in-law against himself.

His spirit, naturally meek and forbearing, was now fully aroused, and with a stern brow and flashing eye he fearlessly rebuked the covetous wretch, so that for the moment he was confounded and subdued, and felt

"How awful goodness is."

He who had patiently borne with his changing humors—who had been gentle and faithful, even through injustice and fraud—now manfully vindicated his own character; and as he reviewed his past life, recalled to the mind of Laban facts which, it would seem, might have stung him to some act of contrition, or to an acknowledgment of gratitude.

"What," said he, "is my sin, that thou hast so hotly pursued after me? This twenty years have I been with thee; in the day the drought consumed me, and the frost by night, and my sleep departed from mine eyes. Thus have I been twenty years in thine house. I served thee fourteen years for thy two daughters, and six years for thy cattle, and thou hast ten times changed my wages. Except the God of my fathers, the God of Abraham, and the fear of Isaac had been with me, surely thou hadst sent me away now empty. God hath seen mine affliction and my labor, and rebuked thee yesternight."

The patriarch ended, and the gray-haired miser stood silent and abashed before him. For a moment a gleam of light pierced the dark clouds of passion that filled his soul, and lit up within it the dawnings of parental love. The old man seemed to feel a recurrence of emotions which had long been hid beneath an overpowering love of wealth. He was looking for the last time upon the faces of those children in whom he had traded as objects of ordinary traffic. There was the daughter whose happiness he had jeoparded for gold, and there the noble and manly

being with whose affections he had trifled, and who had yet for twenty years faithfully discharged his duties as a servant and a son.

For the time, his heart beat with the yearnings of affection. Setting up a heap of stones for a witness and a memorial between them, he committed his children to the care of Providence, and turned away to his home, made desolate by their departure. Yet, doubtless, he soon returned to his idolatry. Long accustomed to seek after wealth, and to hoard it up with a miser's care, he could not break off the shackles of imperious habit and of a master-passion, and he and his sons still slaved in the eternal prison-house of Mammon.

The tribe of Laban is not yet extinct, and his spirit acts as vigorously now with certain persons as when he disposed of his daughters for the fourteen years of Jacob's labor.

ROCK RAYMOND.

BY J. H. HANAFORD.

[At the "Falls" of the Merrimack, near Manchester, New Hampshire, resided a powerful Indian tribe, with Wonolanset at their head. There is a legend that a youth of that tribe threw himself from the brow of a very high rock in this vicinity in consequence of having been denied the hand of Wonolanset's daughter. The rock has since borne the name of "Rock Raymond," the name of the disappointed lover.]

On Raymond's brow I stood,
Whose bristling, craggy spirit so long had braved
The rude assaults of Borea's frigid claws,
And 'mid whose clefts and fissures deep, since Time
Began his hurried race, the wintry snows
Have often crept and eddied safely there,
Eluding long the search of summer's sun,
Till balmy zephyrs frisked and gamboled there—
And mused in pleasant mien, and gazed intent.
'Twas sweet to scan the vale outstretched beneath,
With verdure crowned, and richly burdened grain,
Or nearer view the stately trees, like pigmies ranged beneath,
Whose graceful branches played among the trellised flowers
And flexile shrubs high up that awful front,
In stinted clefts, whose vagrant soil their wants
So scant supplied.

Across the branchy plain
Of wavy, thriving groves, the spacious domes of art
Peered high, and thither came the varied hum
Of toiling ones, and jar of shaft, and roll of wheel,
And buzz of lightning-circling spindles' din,
All gayly borne on airy wings afar,
Now blending—changeful oft, with stunning sound;
Anon so sweet, like plaintive music-tones
Which fall at twilight's quiet, pensive hour.
The "spirit stream," the lovely Merrimack,
Its ample, sparkling waters rolled between,
And led them frantic o'er projecting rocks,
And onward, still, in angry mood, adown
The rapid's fearful, craggy, rock-arched steep,
All leaping, boiling, spraying, hurrying still,
As onward hurled.

What scenes of joy and woe
Around this magic spot, in other days,
To Indian legend dear, have here transpired!
Here Wonolanset lived, and reigned, and died:
Here rang the savage yell in fearful notes,
And o'er this stream oft pealed its dread alarm,
Or through these groves, and dells, and dark ravines
Its accents thrilled, and roused from sluggard rest
The swarming, warring clans, with dire intent,
To issue forth and meet the invading foe.
Around this sacred spot they rallied oft,
Nor doubted e'er his love, whose hands had formed
Their caverns deep,* and oft had smiled applause,
As near they brought their scanty, frugal stores,
And sought a safe retreat. Along these shores
This mighty chieftain roamed, and cheered his band,
And slept at last. * * * * *

High on a beetling cliff,
A towering peak, the highest shaft upraised,
Of Raymond's massive front, a warrior stood,
Forlorn and sad, while boding, whelming thoughts,
His youthful bosom stirred. With eyes upturned,
And tearful, fondly gazing there, in grief,
Emotions deep then shook his hardy frame,
And wrongs suffused his manly cheek with fires
Which burned with vengeful glow within his breast,
Like Etna's frantic flood, e'er raging wild,
And seeking still to issue madly forth.
Perchance his tear-dimmed eye then often turned

* During the struggle of Wonolanset and his brave adherents with the Mohawks, they were accustomed to secrete their provisions in deep, circular chasms, produced by the wearing of pebbles, stones, etc., revolved by the powerful current of this cascade.

In fondness, where a guileless maiden quailed
Beneath that vengeful sachem's wrathful frown.
When words of ardent love escaped her lips,
Or swelled her soul—denied the boon he sought,
And rudely driven forth with scorn and hate,
How could he longer brook the taunts and jeers
Of thoughtless, soulless ones, or stern rebuke,
Or sterner, fiercer gaze of him he feared?
Now down the giddy, fearful steep he glanced,
Surveyed its jutting crags and fatal height,
While grief, and shame, and rage his bosom heaved,
And varied thoughts came crowding thickly there,
And plighted faith and scenes to memory dear.
The fearful moment came—no more to him
Was life desired—prolonged 'mid scenes his soul
Abhorred, its dearest ties all severed now.
Another firm resolve—his love unchanged—
And down he leaped, and deeper, deeper sank,
Nor breathed again!

SKETCHES OF NEWPORT.—No. III.

BY MRS. WILLIAMS.

THE "BEACH BIRD."

There is a story extant, and very beautifully told, of a mysterious vessel that drove up on Easton's Beach, just back of the town of Newport (commonly called the First Beach, and the great thoroughfare for bathing), in the year 1760, having no name on her stern, no papers on board, or any clue by which she could be designated; and that on boarding her it was found she must have been recently deserted, as she had provisions on board, a fire in the forecastle cuddy, and a tea-kettle on; and that the cabin was in trim for the intended meal, with the table set, the dishes on, and all things prepared, if we recollect right, for breakfast; and that the mystery was never cleared up, the real name of the vessel never having been discovered, the owners never been known, and that, by common consent, she was christened the "Beach Bird," from the circumstance of her entering there.

Many affirm, "the credulity of mankind has been taxed to its utmost limits," and that every narration that contains wonderful features, is and must be fiction. Alas, alas! truth, naked truth, stripped of all embellishment, is far more strange; and we question, if the whole candid history of any individual should be given to the public, if it would not exceed by far the most high-wrought fiction ever penned. Whoever has watched the dealings of Providence with themselves alone; whoever has known the thousand hair-breadth escapes they have made; the mistakes of a moment that have colored their destiny for all future time; the enemies they have made, where they should have had friends; and the friends where, perhaps, had their hearts been known, they would have had enemies, knows this to be true. Yet, in narrating stories, there is a predisposition in mankind to make a marvel of the commonest incidents, and to attach an air of mystery, of dread mystery, too, to every thing that does not chance to have an immediate solution; and a story of wonders, once put forth, is rarely overtaken by its explanation. There is really something very trying to our vanity, after having given the reins to imagination, and fancying things that philosophy never dreamed of, in having our conceptions blown to the winds, and our fine-spun theories dissolved by plain, common-sense statements; and we doubt whether the romantic inhabitants of that most romantic island, will thank us for our attempt to give what we believe to be the true explanation of this hitherto unexplained mystery—not entirely unexplained, though, but explained so late in the day that, like the "tardy cripple that bore the countermand" to Clarence's execution, and did not overtake the death-warrant, it never reached the story time enough to be engrafted on it, and was even left out in the appendix.

Now, the truth is, that the history of the "Beach Bird" is sufficiently startling, without adding a single shade of romance; and the real explanation, involving some most appalling transactions, more wonderful and full of tragic interest than the wildest imagination has even decked it with, although some have imagined it the Flying Dutchman, deserted by its demon crew, after they had piloted it in where they believed none but a fiend could pilot it. And now I must again revert to the same source

that most of my sketches of older times are drawn from, namely, the narrations of aged people; and finding one whose mother actually witnessed the arrival of the "Beach Bird," and professed to have known the denoument, we give the story—not exactly in her own words, but without any variation in the narrative—as it was given to us.

There was, then, several years previous to the arrival of this vessel, a craft of the same size, fitted out of Newport to the Bay of Honduras, for logwood, etc. It was commanded by a Captain Huxam; and the second in command, who had himself commanded a vessel formerly, was Captain Beard. Of the crew, this lady could not recollect but one that she knew—one Joseph Hunt, commonly called Joe; and if we recollect right, there was one by the name of Miller, whom she only knew by name; but she remembered they were a graceless set, and many prophesied they would come to no good. Well, the vessel sailed and returned not; month after month passed away, and year after year, and no news of the craft; and at length she was among the things that were: that they had all found a watery grave, no one doubted. But as no very great interest seemed attached to the missing characters, it was sooner forgotten than is usual in such cases. When the "Beach Bird" made her appearance, a few years subsequent, it seems that no one suspected she was the missing vessel, so confident was every one she had gone to the bottom.

Now, it will be recollected, there is a large collection of water near the beach, called "Easton's Pond," and that in violent storms, when the waves are driven in from the south, they sometimes rise completely over the causeway, and rush into this pond, so that the strand is impassable until the tide has receded; and in the succeeding summer a body was found in this pond, which was recognized as Joe Hunt, by the silver buckles that he always wore, with his name engraved on them. It was the first ever heard of him since his embarkation for South America; and how he could have come there, was the greatest mystery; but the truth seemed far enough from the minds of the people, and they concluded that he had probably been the only one that escaped from the shipwreck of the missing vessel, and after a series of misfortunes had returned to his native place, near which he must have been shipwrecked again, or fallen overboard from

some vessel, and by a singular providence washed up on his native shore. Time passed over again, and a year or two after another of the ill-fated crew, Miller, made his appearance, a worn and battered man, but recognized by those who had formerly known him; and now came the history of the lost vessel. Miller stated that she was chartered to carry a cargo from the River Platte to Old Spain, the principal part of which belonged to a young Miss, who was sent over at the same time to her friends to be educated and protected, her parents having died in South America; that the captain had so far ingratiated himself with her American friends, that they, being unable to go themselves, committed her, without hesitation, to his charge, and the unsuspecting girl readily embarked with her fortune; that they had not been out many days before the captain communicated to him the design of possessing themselves of this property, and of murdering the girl to conceal it; that he remonstrated with him, but found it unavailing, and firmly protested he would have nothing to do with the transaction; that he devised every scheme he could think of to save the life of the girl, but without being able to effect it; that he was even unable to apprize her of her danger, he was so closely watched, and was compelled, finally, to hear her dying shrieks, and see her body thrown into the sea, without the power to assist her; and that from that time he resolved to escape from those wretches the first opportunity, a resolution he soon put into effect, and by watching, when they were near land, in some place where they stopped to water, a chance to swim on shore, he effected his escape. Previous to this, however, he found they had agreed to turn pirates, and plunder on the high seas, until they had amassed enough to render them independent, and then to return to their native land. It seemed the vessel was owned by the two captains, Huxam and Beard, and of course their OWNERS could not call them to account. He also understood by their talk that they had a superstitious fear the vessel they were in would never carry them into port, the murdered girl having told them in her dying moments "that a curse would follow them, and that though they would see their native land, they would never reach it." Miller had heard of them as pirates in the South Seas, and before he left they had erased her name; he had not the least doubt that their fears, on nearing

Newport in the blood-stained witness of their many crimes, had induced them to desert the vessel just before they reached port, and take to the boat, in which he supposed they were swamped with their treasure. However that might be, the circumstance of finding the body of Joe Hunt, we think, ought to leave no reasonable doubt that the mysterious Beach Bird was the Honduras brig, and the Pirate of the South Seas.

HOME.

BY URIAH H. JUDAH, ESQ.

> But the hearth of home has a constant flame,
> And pure as vestal fire;
> 'Twill burn, 'twill burn, forever the same,
> For nature feeds the pyre.
>
> MRS. HALE.

HOME! 'tis the quiet repository of man's fondest hopes, and the cherished sanctuary of earthly happiness. In the long and tedious hours of sickness, HERE we rest our frail tenements, and the soothing hand of friendship alleviates the sorrows of life. When weary with the cares of the world, we fondly cling to the endearments of HOME, and the joys of the domestic hearth enliven the scene around. When the infirmities and helplessness of age prostrate our energies, and cause the activity of our limbs to be restricted in motion, so as to render us feeble in health and petulant in disposition, WHOSE heart is more sympathetic than the beloved and cherished companion of man's earthly pilgrimage? Amid the precincts of his own cheerful fireside, he can speed out the residue of his allotted span, surrounded by those who will deem it their bounden duty to administer to his every want, and who will relax no effort to illume with HOPE his onward path to that ETERNAL HOME where age will recede to youth, and where sickness and sorrow will be excluded therefrom.

HOME! 'tis the sacred depôt of all that man holds dear in existence—the blessed spot where the unalloyed affections of the

heart take root, spring up, and flourish. HOME! 'tis the beautiful abode of that unquenchable love which gives a soothing balm to the manifold ills of life, and binds up the broken tendrils of the heart. Home! 'tis the only fitting place for the wayworn and weary traveler to rest in tranquillity from the fatigues of journey, that he may enjoy that calm repose which so long has been denied. HOME! 'tis where innocence and childhood, untainted by crime and uncontaminated with the follies of the world, can luxuriate in the consciousness of chastity and goodness. HOME! 'tis where the love of the devoted wife is hallowed by a faithful discharge of those marital duties which enchain the husband of her choice in the sacred bond of unity. HOME! 'tis that endeared, bright speck on the heart of man wherever he may roam. HOME! 'tis where FREEDOM unfurls her glorious banner, that justice may summon her votaries to the field. HOME! 'tis that land of equal rights (oh! 'tis our own America), where man can repair to the sanctuary of the ever-living God, and worship in accordance with the dictates of his conscience. HOME! 'tis where WOMAN is treated as the equal of man, and enjoys the like rights in society. HOME! Its delights are nowhere so cheering as in that happy land where military despotism cannot neutralize law and overawe the government.

It matters not in what part of this extended universe the traveler may erect his tent, the thoughts of the land of his birth and the HOME OF HIS CHILDHOOD will be uppermost in his memory; he will oft recall to recollection the household merriment, when twilight summoned him to the evening hearth; he will think of the tree which shaded him from the blaze of the sun in the fierceness of its noonday glory; and he longs to quench his thirst from

> "The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
> The moss-cover'd bucket which hangs in his well."

THERE is a time when thou mayest say nothing, and a time when thou mayest say something; but there never will be a time when thou shouldst say all things.

THE UNBELIEVER.

BY M. P. WINGATE

[With a Steel Engraving.]

"'An undevout astronomer is mad,' my dear Leah," said Lady Benton, to a young and lovely Jewish lady, a great enthusiast in the science of astronomy, who, sitting at her feet on a crimson cushion, was discussing a favorite topic between them, the revelation of God to man. "You know I quote from our poet Young, and certainly all must concur in the belief that the study of astronomy gives us the highest idea of the omnipotence of the Almighty."

"I agree with you, my best friend," replied the young girl; but that does not prove to me that the Bible is true; even the Old Testament is such a tissue of strange narratives, as far as I have read, that my reason rejects much of it, and I cannot agree with any thing which reason does not sanction."

"And does not the history and peculiar position of YOUR once highly-favored race bear strong testimony to my assertions, that God's words are true? and the candid, calm inquirer must admit, as he traces through the pages of history and prophecy, how wonderfully one has followed on the steps of the other."

"You did well to put prophecy AFTER history," replied the quick-witted girl; "that is just what my dear father used to say, that the Bible was certainly a wonderful book, but written, he believed, by some talented man, after the events had happened."

"Then your father did not believe in his father's God," said Lady Benton.

"Oh! yes, he believed in God, but not in the Bible."

"I am sorry, my dear child, you have been brought up under such influence; reasoning with you, under such circumstances, would be of no avail.

"'He that's convinced against his will
Is of the same opinion still.'

"So at present we will drop the subject, my dear Leah; but do not for a moment suppose that you are not still very dear to my

heart—yes, to a Christian's heart, though my God is the God of the Bible, of creation, of revelation, and yours only the God of nature." As she spoke, Lady Benton rose from her seat and retired into her own room. She sat for some time in silent communion with that God whom experimentally she had found "a present help in time of trouble." She prayed to be guided aright in her intercourse with this young person, whose strong powers of mind had been trained by a very talented father to reject the unseen, and, to him, incomprehensible God of Sinai. She thought of her own lovely daughter, for whose companion she had chosen Leah, and shuddered at the contemplation of her becoming an unbeliever; for well she knew the strong bond of affection which bound her Lucy to her friend Leah. "God is stronger than man," at last she said, and the triumph of faith restored brightness to her downcast eye, and elasticity to her step as she arose, and ringing her bell for her maid, ordered her to inform the young ladies that the carriage would be ready in an hour to take them their usual morning ride.

We will now inform our readers of the peculiar position of Leah Leon in Lady Benton's family. Her father, a descendant of a Spanish family, who had been driven out of Spain by the bigotry of Ferdinand and Isabella, had been a very successful merchant in London, inheriting, besides, a large fortune from his father, had lived in a great deal of style in Regent's Park. He had married early in life Mary Spencer, the intimate companion of Lady Benton in her early years, who, on her death-bed, wrote requesting that Lady Benton would be a mother to her child, and teach her the truths of Christianity, which she had too much neglected. Mr. Leon and his lady seldom mentioned the subject of religion. They were so much engrossed with worldly projects, that it was a matter of little interest to either of them, until Mrs. Leon's illness, preventing her from entering the fashionable world, led her to seek consolation in something higher than earthly pleasures. As a matter of course she thought her husband would feel with her in this as he always had done on all other subjects; but she soon found, that though he was too affectionate and polite to reject openly the great truths of which she loved to talk, yet that he always either dismissed the subject by some commonplace remark, or was silent

altogether. At length her anxiety about his religious views reached a feverish excitement, and evidently increased her disease; and her husband, very much alarmed for her health, thought it best to inform her that his opinions had been long formed, never to be changed. That he was a Deist, without disguise or subterfuge. The knowledge of this was an overwhelming blow to his wife, she could not realize it.

"I thought you were a Jew when I married you; but surely a Jew believes in the Old Testament, in the prophecies, in the history of his race, as told therein! Do you not believe that God gave the law to Moses on Mount Sinai?"

"I believe nothing about its being a revelation from God. Moses was a wise man, and he gave a code which is better, certainly, than those of Lycurgus and Solon, inasmuch as he was a wiser man."

Mrs. Leon was not much of a reasoner, and she felt that there her husband had an advantage over her, for his powerful mind had grasped at all the infidel publications with which the press teems, and the works of Voltaire, Rosseau, Gibbon, Hume, and Paine filled the shelves of his well-filled library. She determined to persevere in her good work, and by example to show forth the beauty of her faith; but her days were numbered, and after intense suffering for a few days, she resigned her spirit into her Saviour's hands, with the exclamation of "God keep my child!" resting on her lips. In her last conversation with her husband she had requested that he would take Leah, now sixteen years of age, to the Mediterranean, and place her under Lady Benton's care. Mrs. Leon knew well that the genuine piety which reigned in Lady Benton's family, would do more to eradicate the insidious poison of infidelity, than all the arguments of the wisest heads. She saw plainly that her daughter's tastes were those of her father, and after her death she would have no one to guard her against the reading of those publications which are sought with avidity by such minds.

A sad mourner for a wife who had always been to him the partner of his joys and cares, Mr. Leon immediately set out with Leah to seek Lady Benton, who had been traveling in the south of Europe for the benefit of her daughter's health, and was now, he understood, at Constantinople, intending very soon

to visit the Holy Land. He wrote to her, inclosing a letter penned by Mrs. Leon a few weeks before her death. He wished to join Lady Benton in her projected tour, and begged her to delay her departure until his arrival. This she gladly did, and waited, with much anxiety, for a reunion with the husband and child of her once dearest friend, whose unexpected death was a dreadful blow to her. She had much consolation in reading the pages of Mrs. Leon's letter, who spoke with quiet resignation of her approaching dissolution, resigning herself entirely to her Creator's decree, and leaving her child to God and Mrs. Benton's care. She did not mention her husband's unbelief, but requested that her child should be educated in the Christian faith. "Example goes before precept," concluded Mrs. Leon, "and I feel assured that my darling Leah will soon feel the renovating influence of your salutary example." Not long after Mr. Leon's arrival in Constantinople the cholera broke out, and he was one of the first victims, leaving Leah to Lady Benton's care entirely. He did not express any opinion of his prospects in the unseen world into which he was entering, the disease making such rapid progress, that in eight hours after its appearance he was a corpse. Leah mourned bitterly, but the kind attentions of Lady Benton and her friend Lucy, soon beguiled her from any extravagance of feeling. They left Constantinople immediately, and fearing to expose themselves in the cities of the East to the fell destroyer, they returned to England. Time wore away—four years had passed, and during that time Lady Benton had studiously avoided any discussion with Leah on the subject of religion. Many thought her plan was one that would fail, but still her faith was firm. Sometimes Leah would attend church with Lucy, but she always suggested the wish to attend without any thing being said on the subject by either Lady Benton or Lucy, but she evinced little interest when there. Still Lady Benton hoped on.

An increase of consumptive symptoms in her Lucy influenced Lady Benton to visit the Holy Land. Lucy grew much worse; a dreadful cough, which required change of air, obliged them to sail immediately for a more southern clime, and both Lady Benton and Leah now saw that Lucy's continuance with them was for a short time only. Leah tried in every way to repay some-

of the deep debt she owed Lady Benton, by untiring assiduity in attending on Lucy. She read to her constantly. At first the mild air of Spain seemed to revive the invalid, and hope sprang up in her mother's breast. But the worst symptoms returning, Lady Benton sailed for Madeira, as a last hope.

"Will you read aloud to me the last eight chapters of St. John?" said Lucy one day to Leah. "I do not wish to excite dear mamma by asking her."

"Certainly, my dearest, I will read any thing you wish." As she read the parting words of the Saviour to his disciples, and His last prayer for them, her soul was lifted up, and for a moment she felt the truth of His words.

"Would that I could believe!" she exclaimed aloud.

Lucy raised her eyes to heaven, and said, "Help thou, O Lord, her unbelief."

The infidel opinions which she thought so steadfast were shaken, and soon gave way before the dawning of truth; and the sun which saw her darling Lucy die a bright example of the Christian's faith, gave to Lady Benton's arms her loved Leah a believer, redeemed from unbelief by the POWER OF CHRISTIAN EXAMPLE.

JESUS—PAUL.

BY HORACE DRESSER, LL.D.

CENTURIES have rolled away since the altars of Philanthropy were first reared. Upon these altars the first to present his offering was the Saviour of man. He held up to view the black catalogue of crimes. He demolished systems of error and falsehood, and on their ruins established another against which the gates of hell could not prevail. In His youth even, He entered the lists of controversy with the learned doctors of the Jewish law. He preached the broadest principles of philanthropy. He saw the miseries of our race, and extended to them alleviation. The blind eye He opened to the light of heaven. The deaf ear heard the accents of love and kindness. The dumb spake, and lifted

up the voice in praise and thanksgiving. Humanity in all its forms of suffering in Him found sympathy. His was love to man in Judea not only but to man universal. As great was His kindly feeling toward the sunburnt Ethiop of the Equator and the fur-clad dweller in Frozen Land, as toward the fairer and more beautiful inhabitants of gentler climes.

Soon there arose a fearless phalanx, the apostles of Christianity, among whom shines none more conspicuously than him of Tarsus. His education qualified him for the wide field which the enterprise embraced. Looking over its territories he saw cruelty in its multiplied forms, and heard the groans of the victims of oppression. Abandoning the narrow principles of Jewish economy, he became the promulgator of tenets as broad as the whole earth. In perils by land, in perils by sea, he goes forth to accomplish the great mission of mercy and love to man. He reaches the Eternal City, and the idolatries of the Pantheon escape not his maledictions. Persecution legalized and armed with power stalks abroad seeking vengeance. But his career is not stayed by the edicts and decrees of the Cæsars, till the ball of revolution is moving with an impetuosity which defies opposition. In his character

> "One may read
> The open leaves of a philosophy
> Not reared from cold deduction, but descending
> A living spirit from the purer shrine
> Of a celestial reason."

As a good eye does not constitute vigilance, so talent does not of itself make a prudent or successful man. The Argus, with his hundred eyes, was once betrayed into a relaxation of vigilance, and it is a humiliating fact, that the histories of our greatest men, so called, do not show us that the large majority of them, with all their advantages, acted wiser in ordinary life than this gifted watchman.

Opinion, and the desire of lasting fame, spurs on the ingenious mind, and makes the greatest difficulties delightful.

WHEN I AM OLD.

When I am old—and O how soon,
Will life's sweet morning yield to noon,
And noon's broad, earnest, fervent light
Be shaded in the solemn night!
Till, like a story well-nigh told,
Will seem my life—when I am old.

When I am old, this breezy earth
Will lose for me its voice of mirth;
The streams will have an under tone
Of sadness, not by right their own;
And Spring's sweet power in vain unfold
In rosy charms—when I am old.

When I am old, I shall not care
To deck with flowers my fading hair;
'Twill be no vain desire of mine
In rich and costly dress to shine;
Bought jewel and the brightest gold,
Will charm me naught—when I am old.

When I am old, my friends will be
Old, and infirm, and bowed, like me;
Or else, their bodies 'neath the sod,
Their spirits dwelling safe with God.
The old church bell will long have tolled
Above the rest—when I am old.

When I am old, I'd rather bend
Thus sadly o'er each buried friend,
Than see them lose the earnest truth
That marks the friendship of our youth.
'Twill be so sad to have them cold
Or strange to me—when I am old!

When I am old—O how it seems
Like the wild lunacy of dreams,
To picture in prophetic rhyme
That dim, far-distant, shadowy time;
So distant, that it seems o'er bold
Even to say—"When I am old."

When I am old? perhaps ere then
I shall be missed from haunts of men;
Perhaps my dwelling will be found
Beneath the green and silent mound;

My name by stranger hands enrolled
Among the dead—ere I am old.

Ere I am old, O let me give
My life to learning HOW TO LIVE;
Then shall I meet with willing heart
An early summons to depart;
Or find my lengthened days consoled
By God's sweet peace—when I am old.

THE NEGLECTED WIFE.

BY MRS. EMELINE P. PLUMER.

"I WISH I could hear from Madeline this morning," said Mrs. Marlow. "I wish, Mary, when you have finished that sketch you have so nearly completed, you would call around and see her, and see how she likes that servant I sent her a few days ago. I must confess, I feel anxious about her, she is so unused to care; and Bridget's leaving her so suddenly worried her, I know, for she looked anxious and troubled the last time I saw her."

Just at this time Mr. Marlow entered, when she repeated the above remark concerning Madeline's appearance.

"Why, I do not think she has appeared natural since she began to realize the cares attending a married life. She has been extremely unfortunate in keeping her help, and constant visitors from different places; and you know she was always ambitious to have a place for every thing, and to have every thing in its place; and you are already aware that care makes a sensible change in her. I have serious fears that you may wish you had accepted part of my advice, in withholding your consent to have her married immediately. Why not have waited until some future time—say one or two years, eh? Why, she was a mere child! But, dear me, Suz! you women must have your own way, let what will be at stake. I guess if you had not felt pretty well assured that Horace Usher had money, you would

have had more conscientious scruples about her engaging in matrimony at present; but I hope you have not been the means of committing your daughter to an early grave, for I consider it no less than a sacrifice to your own foolish, headstrong ideas of ambition."

"Well, I declare, I guess you are an elbow cousin to Mrs. Caudle, aint you?" said Mrs. Marlow, in a provoking tone. "Besides, I would like to have you give me the definition of sacrifice. Pray, Mr. Marlow, are you in your right mind? Just as if nobody knew any thing but the male part of creation; and, more than all that, I guess you felt quite as pleased to see Madeline married as I did. At any rate, you did not make any objections in my hearing. If you were so much opposed to the wedding, why did you participate in the arrangements with so much apparent satisfaction?" Here Mrs. Marlow's indignation rose to such a pitch as to compel her to pause and take breath. Mrs. Marlow broke the silence by requesting Mary to finish her sketch up stairs. She arose and left the room.

Mr. Marlow then continued: "Now, don't be angry—don't be angry; for then you are apt to talk so fast as not to be able to think what you are going to say, or to what extent you may injure one's feelings. I was about to say, when you interrupted me, that it was my opinion, if there were less hasty marriages, and less at such early ages, that there would be less hen-pecked husbands and broken-hearted wives."

"O, yes! no doubt of it, if it is your honest opinion," muttered Mrs. Marlow. "I think Madeline will succeed well in her new relation, provided she has sufficient help to aid her in domestic affairs."

"I do not wish, Mrs. Marlow, you should lose the impression that I think it was a very unwise step; still, I wish her the choicest of Heaven's blessings," replied Mr. Marlow.

"O, pshaw! a pretty lecture to read to me, that knows all about you. You are very apt to persist in viewing a matter in its wrong light—I mean the light that casts its best reflections on your own face. Of course, I would not have favored a marriage that would have caused Madeline to become a beggar, or in any way dependent on her friends, because she has a home that places her above want; not only that, but she could enjoy

all the luxuries of life. But you shall have the satisfaction of superintending Mary's marriage (if it should occur), and then see how matters will be arranged."

Mr. Marlow concluded the wisest course would be, to make a quiet and ready surrender, before any further assaults were made upon his well-disciplined temper, and also spare the accumulation of words on a subject upon which he and his wife could never agree, although he doubted the power of wealth, elegance, or luxury, to render a person perfectly happy, or place them above the paralyzing effects of a morose disposition.

He viewed the law of matrimony as containing more than mere maintenance. He considered it, when taken at its true height, to be an institution of God; and when it is properly acknowledged, there is found in it so much self-denial, and so much consecration to each other (two attributes of human nature)—the power of devoting and controlling self are so called upon to manifest themselves, that this connection will always be the most excellent school of amelioration, as well as a cause of moral development.

And now, with this introduction to Mr. Marlow and his worldly-minded wife, let us acquaint ourselves with Mrs. Madeline Usher and husband, already referred to, and the subject of the above conversation. She had married at the age of sixteen; she was young, sanguine, confiding, and buoyant; affectionate and amiable in her manners; possessing a good heart, notwithstanding many wrong ideas in regard to many important principles. Still, her naturally strong mind counteracted many superstitions and prejudices that might otherwise have become stationary principles. Horace Usher was a wholesale merchant, possessing a large amount of property, partly acquired by his own perseverance and business tact, and partly by a liberal legacy bequeathed by his uncle a few years before. He was naturally irritable, when quite small; and as he never had any regular discipline by which he was governed, he suffered his passions and will to be influenced to any extent that occasion demanded. He had been powerfully smitten with the appearance of Madeline Marlow, and requested of her parents that they might be united immediately after their engagement, which took place soon after he began to pay his addresses to her. As strong

as he believed his affection to be for Madeline, he did not understand yielding or complying with the sensitive ideas of the girl to whom he was about to be united. Notwithstanding the arbitrary and disagreeable tenor of his disposition, he still had a warm heart; but his ideas of affection varied sadly from those formed by his young wife.

His wife's frequent exhibitions of coldness and neglect, as he thought, annoyed him exceedingly. He was not aware that she was disappointed in not receiving from him those attentions after marriage that she had before; and when evening after evening he returned home, to meet with what he termed "sentimental scenes," he became unsocial and more sullen than usual, and not unfrequently answering her remarks with cruel and tantalizing epithets. In this way there was gradually built up between them an insurmountable barrier to that strong and unlimited confidence so essential to happiness in the marriage relation. A few words of explanation concerning the true state of each other's feelings would have reconciled them at once.

Mr. Marlow's affectionate anxiety caused him to be ever on the alert to ascertain, if possible, the main spring to his daughter's anxiety. One day a favorable opportunity presenting itself, he questioned Madeline closely concerning her state of mind toward her new situation in life, when she assured him repeatedly that she was contented and happy. "Why, father, how could I be other than happy with Horace?" she insisted, with great earnestness. Thus her pride caused her to conceal from her father the cold and cruel neglect with which her husband treated her. Thus passed the first few years of their wedded life, and still no material change; but the world's searching eye had not failed to observe the indifference which existed between them. Some had watched her closely, when she thought she was alone and unnoticed; there were those who had seen repeatedly her eyes swollen, and red with weeping; also noticed the delight it seemed to afford her if her husband exchanged one pleasant word with her, and especially if he greeted her with a smile; and many expressed their pity for her, that one so young should be neglected or treated unkindly without a cause. All this while, husband nor wife did not dream of the affection there was in each other's breasts, which, though now

smothered, needed only the breath of tenderness to fan it into a pure and never-dying flame.

Horace and Madeline had yet to learn the important lessons of matrimony; little inequalities of character, instead of being smoothed off by gentle contact, were suffered to meet and produce sometimes deep and powerful wounds, healing, too often imperfectly, on the surface.

Meanwhile Mary, the sister of Madeline, whom we introduced in the first part of this story, had been receiving the addresses of a young man by the name of William Mayal, a smart and talented orator preparing for the ministry, notwithstanding he had property of considerable amount, and calculated to live in whatever style his wife might dictate. Still, as Mrs. Marlow had said that she had nothing to do with Mary's wedding, she kept perfectly silent, and let her father conduct matters to his own liking. Accordingly, Mr. Marlow advised them to try their utmost to ascertain each other's habits and dispositions. He was prompted to this course of procedure by the very perceivable change in Madeline.

After Mr. Marlow had satisfied himself that they understood each other's dispositions, he gave his full and hearty consent that his daughter Mary might enter that sacred relation. An arrangement was made previous to the intended wedding that, for a bridal tour, they should visit London and Paris, accompanied by some of their friends. Mary, being very desirous that Madeline and Horace should accompany them, ventured to propose the intended journey, adding her desire to have them by all means accompany the party as far as London, if no farther, as they intended to spend some weeks in Paris after they left London.

"I should be delighted to go," said Madeline, "and will speak to Horace about it, and let you know soon;" although she had but little hope of joining them, for Horace had seemed determined to seclude her from all the enjoyment he could control for some months previous.

However, she had resolved to mention it to him; perhaps he might be favorably disposed. Accordingly at noon, when he returned home to dine, Madeline said, in a tone meant to be cheerful, "What do you think I heard to-day, Horace? Mary

is to be married the first week of next month, and immediately after the wedding they are to make a bridal tour to London and Paris, and have extended a very pressing invitation to us to accompany them. Cousin Edward Nason is going, too."

"Oh, well, I had supposed that he would go. I imagine that is why you are so earnest to go, for you are not happy without him. I doubt not you would find Cousin Edward very agreeable."

"I should conclude there could be nothing improper in the design of Edward making one of their number; that is, if he can leave his business."

"Well, he told me to-day that he was going," said Horace, in a sneering tone.

"Well, may we not go, too, then?" said Madeline, timidly. "I do not know when I have anticipated so much pleasure from a journey as I have from this. I think I can safely say, that I never had such an irresistible desire as I now have to visit London and the World's Fair; and then there are many attractions besides, and the journey would be so delightful!"

After a few minutes' pause, Horace replied, "I shall not go, but you have perfect liberty, also my consent, to stay after you get there, and take up your residence with Edward Nason, if you choose; no doubt it would be agreeable to you both, as far as I can judge from appearances."

"I have no disposition to believe what you say can be in earnest, Horace; you must be jesting."

"I do mean it. Perhaps I may be relieved for a time of the constant view of a long face, deep sighs, and sullen looks, if you should leave me awhile. And, besides, Mary may require a little advice relating to matrimony; also, a chapter on dark clouds, followed by copious showers; and I know of no one more capable of giving them than yourself."

This last speech caused Madeline to regret mentioning the journey; but she succeeded in conquering the true state of her feelings, and mildly answered, "I hope Mary will not have the same experience that I have had. Still, I will venture to say, that if Mary enjoys matrimony in its true light, her affection can never be any stronger for her husband than I think I have for mine. I am extremely sorry you are wearied of my society."

This last speech, together with the manner in which it was spoken, rather touched the finer feelings of Horace's nature; but, fearing his wife would notice it, he quickly replied, "When a woman marries for wealth, she must not expect as much attention as those who have married for true and unbounded affection; she must learn to derive all her pleasure from other sources than her husband's attention."

"I think you do not understand Mary's disposition, if you consider she would marry for money, any more than myself when I made my choice."

"Not marry for money or appearances more than yourself!" sneered Horace. "Pray, tell me what you had in your mind, more than the display you might be able to make, when you would be Mrs. Usher? But, as I said before, you can go to London, or any where else you choose; it is very immaterial to me. No doubt Edward will pay your expenses for the pleasure of your society."

These words wounded her to the heart. This was the first hint that Madeline had heard thrown out by which she might trace any suspicions as to what might be the nature of her husband's feelings toward her, or what could possibly be the cause; for Horace had unfortunately heard Madeline's mother say, but a few weeks after their marriage, that Madeline never would have married the person nor at the time she did, had it not been for the pecuniary prospects of her husband. But it would not be justice to Madeline to give the impression that she was of a mind corresponding with her mother. She gave her consent for marriage reluctantly, on a proper consideration of her age, for she had every thing that wealth could supply, or that affectionate parents could lavish upon her. Although Horace Usher had secured her undivided affections, and when she gave her hand her heart had long preceded it, regardless of the possessions that were at his command, it was not until her husband began to exhibit marked symptoms of neglect, that her spirits began to droop. Meanwhile, Horace was ever awake to ascertain the rival which he imagined her tears were wasted upon.

As Madeline sat in a deep study, considering what course would be best to pursue, her sister entered.

"Good-morning, Maddy! Well, you look as if you were in a

deep study. I hope you have concluded to accompany us on our journey, for we do not feel willing to go without you."

"Horace says that I may go; but it will be impossible for him to leave the city at present."

"Don't you think father could persuade him to go?" continued Mary, for she well knew that Madeline would not go without him.

"I would rather he wouldn't ask him," quickly replied Madeline, for she feared her father might discover the cause of her mental anguish.

"Well, if it would be any accommodation to Horace, we will defer our arrangements for one month, if you think he would then go."

"No; I think not."

Mary concluded not to urge any further, although she could not imagine why they might not accompany them.

Edward Nason had always considered his cousin Madeline as the embodiment of every thing lovely or loveable in woman, and when he saw the cruel neglect of her husband, he endeavored to divert her attention in every manner that affection could suggest. This his neglected cousin was fully aware of; and Horace had not failed to notice that her countenance brightened and her manner became animated at her cousin Edward's approach. All this stung him with remorse, and when she proposed the bridal party, blinded by jealousy, he supposed that she wished to avoid a separation from him who, he supposed, had undermined her affections toward him; and this provoked him to reply as heretofore stated.

Vicious intellectual habits are only to be changed by slow degrees; for a change in mental temperament is a kind of new creation, and therefore requires a long time to effect it.

What is Idleness? A public mint where all kinds of mischief are coined and circulated among the most degraded of the human race.

CHRONOLOGY FOR MARCH, 1852.

The steamer Crescent City arrived at New York on Tuesday, 30th, from Chagres, with California news to March 2d—240 passengers, and $1,500,000 in gold.

The passengers made the first trip over the Panama railroad, from Bayou Soldado to Navy Bay, some 22 miles, saving 35 miles of river travel. Every one seemed well pleased, and cheers were given at each end of the line. This makes the Isthmus a comfortable route for through passengers. The passengers waiting at Panama will all get through on the company's two steamers, Northerner and Oregon.

There are 1400,000,000 of acres of public lands in the United States to be disposed of; and to dispose of them by the existing system of sale, it would require 900 years to sell them.

During the last seven years, 243 vessels were taken into Key West, valued with their cargoes at $7,500,000, and the salvage allowed was $723,644, and the total expenses $1,272,569.

Utica has been selected as the city where the next New York State Agricultural Fair will be held.

The Tremont Temple, at Boston, was destroyed by fire on the 31st. The loss is about $200,000. The building was valued at $80,000. Several persons were injured by the falling of the walls.

There were at the port of New York, on the 16th, 19 steamships, 98 ships, 95 barks, 119 brigs, and 254 schooners. Total of sea-going vessels, 585.

Of the eight or nine hundred strong, brave men that left New York some six years ago for the battle-fields of Mexico, but 20 or 30 were left to do honor to the remains of a comrade who was buried on the 15th.

The London Times says it has taken some pains to ascertain the number of persons arrested in France within the last few weeks, and it is assured, by the best authorities, speaking on sufficient evidence, that the number probably reaches 100,000.

The average daily attendance of pupils, male and female, in the public schools of the city of New York, including the Free Academy and evening schools, is 50,000. The total number who receive instruction yearly, 112,000. The cost of instructing, over $500,000 per annum.

The estimated cost of the Latin and English High School estates in Boston, with the improvements, is $81,151; Grammar School estates, 762,744; Primary School estates, $527,377. Total, $1,271,273. To balance this, we have some of the best school-houses in the world, and generally in the best localities.

A correspondent of the Boston Transcript gives a list, compiled from the City Directory for 1851–2, of 29 cities and towns, in which reside 3201 gentlemen who do business in Boston.

The cost of trying the Michigan Railroad conspirators, amounted to $31,861 36. This is all legally chargeable to the county of Wayne, but the Central Railroad Company voluntarily assume to pay $27,429 61.

From a report of the Controller of the State of New York, in answer to a resolution offered by Mr. M'Murray, it appears that since the adoption of the new Constitution, the general fund debt has increased from the amount of $5,992,840 82 to $6,389,693 32—being an actual increase in the expenditures of the government in four years of $396,852 50.

The Commercial Hotel, Steele & Co.'s livery stable, Murphy's grocery, and several other tenements at Lockport, New York, were destroyed by fire on the 16th. Loss, $10,000.

Mr. Rives's census contract of 1840 cost the people $132,000. He cleared $100,000 exactly! The lowest bid for the present census job is $900,000! The highest, $1,300,000.

Up to September 30, 1851, $73,029,554 had been expended in building railroads in the State of New York; yearly receipts, $6,200,000; dividends, $1,677,000; length in use, 1716 miles; passengers carried, 8,000,000.

During the last year, 995,200 passengers were carried on the Hudson in steamboats; during the last half of the year, 517,418 were carried on the Hudson River Railroad. The travel between New York and New Haven since the completion of the railroad and the reduction of fare, has increased fourfold, and nine tenths of the passengers go by railroad.

There are in the United States 2835 Odd Fellows lodges, and about 200,000 members; the revenue in 1851 was $1,200,000, and the amount paid in relief, $475,000, or 39 per cent. In Massachusetts, with 10,000 members, the revenue was $50,000, and amount paid for relief, $30,000, or 60 per cent.

The citizens of Chicago, on Friday last, adopted a plan, submitted by Mr. M'Alpine, New York State Engineer, for supplying the city with water. The vote in favor of the plan was 2,688 against 513.

Since July, 1848, a period of three and a half years, the committals to the jail of Boston have been about 18,000. Of this large number, many of whom were brought in a wretched bodily condition, only seven died in prison.

Fifty sewing machines, driven by steam, are now in daily operation in the city of New York. By the aid of the sewing machine, one girl can do the work of six.

Ninety persons were killed and forty-seven wounded by railway accidents in the State of New York during the past year. Not one was killed in his seat.

Of 1478 hours, comprising the entire months of December and January, there were 1155 hours during which the temperature was below the freezing point; and of the remaining 333 hours, the greater portion of the time storms or high winds prevailed to such an extent as to wholly suspend submarine operations.

There arrived at the port of New York, during the month of February, 6510 passengers from foreign countries.

The Society in the city of New York, composed of 22,801 persons for improving the condition of the poor, afforded relief to 5067 families during the month of February, at an expense of $7,327 98.

On the 2d inst. the President, foreign ministers, and members of Congress visited the steamship Baltic, of the Collin's Line, in the Potomac, opposite Alexandria, D. C.

The ice left the Hudson at Albany, the harbors of Buffalo, Dunkirk, and Erie, on the 16th inst.

The Hudson River has been closed the present season 102 days, being 12 days more than the average of the 67 years from 1785 to 1852. The longest time of suspension of navigation on record is 136 days, in 1842–3; the shortest in 1805–6, 42 days.

THE PIC NIC.

THE PICNIC.

[With a Steel Plate.]

It was holiday in Squire Lindsay's family, for they had a party of fashionable visitors from a neighboring city, cousins by courtesy, and they had resolved to get up a picnic party, and spend the day in a charming grove at a short distance from the village.

The spot selected for the occasion might well tempt the votaries of Fashion to swerve from their fealty to the fickle goddess, and revel in the charms of simple nature. A bend in the neighboring river formed a beautiful miniature peninsula, shaded by magnificent forest trees, and the sward beneath was literally a bed of gorgeous summer flowers. To complete the landscape, the spire of the village church, just discernible through an opening between the huge trees, kept in the mind a comfortable feeling of the near proximity of civilization and human society. Then the birds, the free, happy, wild birds, such glad music as they made! as if each little throbbing heart was overflowing with joy, outgushing in wild, sweet harmony.

Our party had disposed of themselves as fancy dictated, some on rustic benches, some in a manner still more primitive, when Mrs. Lindsay suddenly exclaimed, "Where is Carry?" for until that moment none of the party seemed to have remarked her absence. Every eye was bent in search of the pretty, petted, romping Caroline, but she was nowhere to be seen. "I will find her," exclaimed little Lilly, and away she bounded in the direction of a streamlet well known to them both; and presently she returned, leading the truant laden with flowers, while a fantastic wreath of convolvulus mingled with her redundant tresses, with which the winds had but too roughly played. The tiny slipper and the muslin dress showed no less plainly their familiarity with brook and brier.

Biddy, the Irish servant, who just then arrived with her ample basket of refreshments, stood aghast at the desecration of the white flounces she had so prided herself in preparing, while both the squire and his lady evinced no little mortification at the appearance of what they termed their hoyden daughter. Half wild with excitement, and full of joy, it was not until she met

the grave rebuke of both father and mother that poor Carry became conscious she had done wrong, and that the eyes of the whole party were bent upon her. "I am afraid my daughter will always be but a wild romp," said her father; while her mother looked on her disordered appearance "more in sorrow than in anger," and whispered, "What will your cousins think of such a figure?"

And, in truth, I must confess this was no rare exhibition of Carry's; for when some favorite object attracted her, the exuberance of her spirits would often break loose, and books and frills were alike forgotten. But now, when she met the gentle reproof of her father, and the grave, anxious look of her mother, her heart smote her—for she had a heart, and a warm one, too. "I am sorry I forgot your charge, mother," said she; "but I saw such a beautiful bird, and while I was trying to get a nearer view of him, mother, just then a lovely squirrel came leaping across the branches, and somehow my dress caught in the bushes; and then there were such heaps of flowers just over the brook, and while I ran to gather them, my foot slipped." "But your cousins," interposed her mother; "why do you not stay with them?" "Oh, my cousins, my stately lady cousins; they are very fine, no doubt; but they talk of things I know nothing about, and care less," said Carry; "but the birds, and brooks, and flowers are like old friends, and I must love them."

While this conversation was carried on in a low tone, a group of curious listeners had gathered around, and conspicuous among them little Lilly. She saw her parents were not quite well pleased, and she wondered what harm there was in loving all beautiful things, and she thought her sister most beautiful of all. Biddy, too, loved "the young mistress," but then "she was so hard on her beautiful clothes." The cousins thought her "so countrified;" and the governess, who had endeavored in vain to confine her attention to the dry, unexplained text-books she put into her hands, cast a significant look at a sedate, benevolent-looking young man leaning against an opposite tree, tapping against her forehead at the same time, as much as to say, "All not right there." But Cousin George, who had been thoughtfully regarding the whole party, did not return a compliment for the innuendo; for he fancied a rich gem had been cast among

them, only the hands were unskillful which ought to polish and bring out its rare beauties.

Squire Lindsay and his wife were old-fashioned people, very good in their way. They knew their daughter would inherit wealth, and they intended to "make her a lady;" but unfortunately their ideas of "being a lady" had a very limited signification, and consisted mostly in wearing fine garments, and preserving that staid and matronly deportment which distinguished her mother.

They had incurred the unusual expense of a governess, but she had been selected with qualifications suited to their peculiar views. She had her own strict notions; and if her pupils did not burden their memories with the daily portion of unexplained jargon, she felt it incumbent rather to compel obedience than to scatter flowers over the rugged path in which she wished to lead them. Was it strange, then, that the elder pupil, young, imaginative, enthusiastic, should sometimes break away from these dull formalities, and, spurning text-book, sampler, and tent-stitch, seek companionship with nature? So thought Cousin George. He had seen but little of Carry, but he saw she was misunderstood, and determined to seek a closer acquaintance, and, if possible, draw out those latent qualities he believed her to possess. How far the radiant face of sixteen influenced the philosophic philanthropy of three-and-twenty, I am not about to decide; probably he never asked himself the question. But when attention was withdrawn from Caroline, he seized a favorable opportunity to converse with her about her flowers, and all the beautiful things that lay scattered so profusely about them. He had struck the right chord, and soon her reserve gave way. She was pleased and surprised to find one who saw, felt, enjoyed as she did, and listened to the outpouring of her rich fancies without reproving her. Beautiful, indeed, were her treasured thoughts, but, like the flowers in her lap, heaped in wild confusion. But confidence being once established, Cousin George found an attentive pupil, and day by day, as he drew mental treasures from his own rich storehouse, the chaos of Carry's mind assumed form and order; her attention was roused, and as he grew more and more friend, companion, and teacher, the hoyden was fast merging into the polished and intellectual woman.

Her religious training, if such it could be called, had been as uncongenial as her other education. In her mind, the Sabbath had been ever associated with long, weary hours of confinement, long chapters in the Bible, and sleepy, interminable sermons. And having heard much of the terrors of the Law, the idea of Deity to her ever took the shape of a severe old man, vindictive, and ready to visit the smallest fault with intolerable punishment. It was reserved for Cousin George to teach her to love and adore that Spirit of Love and Beauty that painted the flower and sent the sunbeam; that tuned the voice of harmony, and gave the ear to listen; that fashioned alike the tiny insect and the glorious and unlimited expanse of the universe.

It took months, and even years, of pleased and patient instruction on the part of George, before Caroline's mind and character took all the form and excellence of which her sanguine teacher believed her capable, and many and earnest were the arguments between George and the squire, who still feared his daughter had too large liberty of thought; "for what," argued the squire, "had a woman to do with opinions?"

"Have you never seen," said George, "a vine trailing on the ground, unsightly to the eye and unprofitable in its use? You may dig, and hoe, and water, but it will not produce potatoes; yet, lift it from the ground, point it upward, give it air and sunshine, and it shoots forth tendril and blossom; it rears itself in wondrous beauty, and repays our labor with abundant fruit."

And now, were it my purpose to write a mere story of love and romance, I should continue the simile, and tell you how the vine grew in grace and loveliness, how she wound her tendrils about the lordly tree that first helped her to rise from the earth, how she threw her arms from branch to branch, in storms clinging closer, and in sunshine so blending their beauty and shade together, that the wayfarer, as he sought refreshment from its clustering fruit, or repose in the grateful shade, said, the tree owed its singular beauty to the vine, and that the vine would perish without the tree. But I will pursue the theme no further.

My story is not without a moral. Let those who would force Nature according to their own narrow and distorted views, instead of training and assisting her operations, find it out.

KOSSUTH TO HIS SWORD.

BY HORACE DRESSER, ESQ., NEW YORK.

["I swear here before you (raising the sword to Heaven) that this American sword in my hand shall be always faithful in the cause of Freedom—that it shall be ever foremost in the battle, and that it shall never be polluted by ambition or cowardice."—M. KOSSUTH, *at Castle Garden.*]

HENCEFORTH with me thou art, bright blade of steel!
And now, the while, may'st rest and sleep;
But, by the bye, to make the tyrants feel,
Forth from thy resting-place shalt leap!
Before High Heaven, do I thee consecrate
To Freedom's holy, sacred cause—
I swear, O sword! I'll smite the potentate,
Now trampling down Hungarian laws!

I seem to hear beside old Danube's wave,
Sad voices saying, "O how long!
How long shall despots rule the hour? O save,—
Great God, avert our country's wrong.
The haughty Hapsburg and the Muscovite
Upon our necks have placed their feet,
Forgetful of long-plighted faith and right,—
Behold, just Powers! the fate we meet."

Bright burnished blade! no blood hath stained thee yet,
Nor hast thou sought the springs of life;
But time will come when with the foeman met,
Thou shalt be foremost in the strife!
With arm uplifted high in my right hand,
Thy flash and gleam and mortal blow,
Shall cheer the battling hosts of fatherland,
And mark where bloodiest torrents flow.

Damascus blades the olden Magyar drew,
With trenchant arm—and battles won;
He kept his nation's name long centuries through,
And ever stood the unconquered Hun!
Once more shall clash of arms and noise of war,
Resound along my native hills—
Let tyrant princes know the time's not far
Its omen now all Europe fills.

Thou thing of death! a freeman gave thee form—
His forge and fires have set thine edge;
With thee I'll breast and brave the battle storm,
No coward grasps, my faith I pledge!
Crowned heads and hierarchs shall bow
Before the Majesty of right;
O sword! help me record this sacred vow—
My country's foes shall feel my might!

Let flow of soul and feast of banquet hall,
In this the land of Washington,
Teach regnant knaves and kings I need but call,
And thousand swords are girted on.
My sword! proud gift of plumed and patriot band,
I take thee for a talisman;
With thee some day will seek my native land,
And strike, at length, the Austrian!

GLORY OF GOD.

BY URIAH H. JUDAH, ESQ.

Oft when plowing the mighty deep, I've beheld it in the slow and placid ruffling of the waves—in the cool and gentle breeze of heaven, that, in signal beauty, wafted me to a far-off clime—in the anger and fury of the tempest—in the quick and loud-sounding bursts of thunder that almost shook the universe—amid alarming and vivid flashes of lightning, which threatened to fire our bark—ay! at a time when fancy pictured to my imagination the jewelry of old ocean as my tomb, and for my dirge the eternal music of its roar. Then, again, with wondrous gaze, I have viewed it in the final abatement of the storm—in the ceasing of His anger who rules the waves—in the grand and renovated splendor of the brightening sky—in the returning brilliancy of millions of stars—in the majestic and unparalleled beauty of the luminary of night—and in the lovely tranquillity of the winds:

"The winds were awed, nor dared to breathe aloud;
The air seem'd never to have borne a cloud."

Glory of God! Reader! thinkest thou that man, a creature

of insignificance, can adequately portray the glory of his Maker? Dost suppose that HE can dilate on THAT which is beyond, ay!—very far beyond the ken of erring mortality? The student, in the quiet and loneliness of his little chamber, may trim and replenish his midnight lamp and outwatch the slow-paced eve—the poet may call in requisition his breathing thoughts, and methodically array them in the soul-stirring and animated garb of eloquence—the orator may summon to his aid the beauty and power of that mighty intellect which God endowed him with—the learned divine, in the hallowed temple, may extend his hands, uplift his eyes, and bend his knees in the holy attitude of prayer, and in accents of thanksgivings, and of praise—but 'tis all in vain to correctly discuss a theme so eminently sublime and so superbly magnificent—so towering and so noble:

> "Yet the eye
> May read and understand. The hand of God
> Has written legibly what man may know,
> The glory of the Maker. There it shines,
> Ineffable, unchangeable; and man,
> Bound to the surface of this pigmy globe,
> May know, and ask no more.

A NIGHT IN THE OLD CHURCH TOWER.

BY MRS. J. H. HANAFORD.

THE shadows of evening had gathered over the landscape, and, weary with the toils of the day, and desirous of their usual stimulants of "good cheer" and friendly conversation, a party of day laborers were gathered in the bar-room of the village inn. They were mostly young men, and the song and jest went freely round, while, inspired by the deep draughts which were quaffed by all, they were, as they expressed it, "ripe for fun and frolic." At last one of them offered to bet that no one could be found who would venture to spend a night alone in the old church tower, situated as that church was in the midst of the graveyard, which had the reputation of being haunted.

"I will give ten guineas to the person who will do it," said a young man, who had hitherto sat a silent observer. The bet of the first was not accepted, nor was any one of those present inclined to earn their money in such a manner. They made merry with the idea, but each excused himself from being the lone occupant of the venerable edifice.

The landlord's daughter timidly inquired of the young man, if he would allow her to procure some one to accept his proposal. The offer had been made by him merely in sport, but observing a peculiar earnestness in the manner of the young girl who made the request, he consented, provided she would tell him why she asked. This she promised to do on the morrow, if she should succeed in obtaining the person of whom she spoke.

Away tripped the landlord's daughter, then, with the lightness of a fawn and the grace of a gazelle, for she was upon an errand of mercy, as she rightly supposed. Ascending the dilapidated stairs of the next dwelling, she entered a low room, with sloping roof, and quietly beckoned to a girl of about her own age. "Stella," exclaimed the landlord's daughter, as she clasped her young friend's hand, "I have good news for you." A roseate flush passed over the countenance of the beautiful Stella, at the pleasing announcement, and drawing her friend aside, she eagerly inquired what that news was.

"You told me yesterday," resumed the landlord's daughter, "that your dear father would be imprisoned for debt ere many days, unless you could devise some means to pay that which he owes. Will ten guineas save him from the dark prison?"

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed Stella, with all the earnestness of an affectionate daughter seeking to relieve a parent's woes: "Can I obtain it? I will work day and night, at any honest employment, if I can but keep my aged father from that dismal place. What could my sick mother do without him to cheer her loneliness?"

"A young man at our house says he will give ten guineas to any one who will spend a night alone in the old church tower. Could you do that?"

Stella hesitated a moment. From early childhood she had dreaded remaining in the vicinity of the old church after dark, from the superstitious fear with which she observed all others to

avoid it. How could she spend a long night within those quiet walls, so near the spot which the villagers regarded as haunted! Then she remembered the words of Holy Writ, "Who is he that will harm you if ye be followers of that which is good?" and knowing that her motive would be pure, and the result might be so beneficial to her beloved parents, she rallied every spiritual energy, and declared her willingness to go that very night.

The landlord's daughter returned, and told the young man she had procured a person. Meanwhile, Stella carefully arranged the room of her parents, providing every comfort within her scanty means, and then, after her father's fervent evening prayer, she exchanged the good-night kiss with each beloved parent, and left the room, as they thought, to seek her lowly couch in the next chamber. She did not tell them of her purpose, lest, out of regard for her, they should oppose her noble resolution.

The landlord and daughter soon welcomed her, and informed the young man that this was the person, and assured him that she would certainly spend the night as he proposed. He was surprised to find that a lady so young and fair, was the acceptant of his proposal, and would have persuaded her to take the guineas, without performing such a deed. He felt that she must be in need of pecuniary aid, or she would not have consented; but she was not willing to receive the guineas without performing her portion of the original contract. "At least," said he, "accept the ten guineas in advance." Stella would have declined even this, but the landlord's daughter took them, placed them in Stella's hand, and drew her hastily from the room. The interview had unavoidably taken place in the presence of the before-mentioned laborers, and each of them was surprised at what they deemed the hastiness of the young lady. For some time they conversed about it, and becoming inflamed by the liquor which they quaffed, some of them declared they would not be afraid to spend the night in the tower with such a beautiful companion. These remarks alarmed the young man, who was sober and kind-hearted, and he resolved himself to watch, that no evil should befall the heroic young woman.

On leaving the bar-room, the landlord's daughter prepared

her friend for her lonely vigil, and then accompanied her to the door of the old church, parting from her with a warm embrace, and an emotion of fear lest she should never meet Stella alive again.

The church was venerable with age, though still massive and imposing in its outward appearance. The ivy clung to its sides of gray stone, and all around were the monuments of the sleeping dead. The heroic girl paused a moment, after her friend departed, then breathing a prayer to Heaven for protection, she opened the little door of the tower, which was always left unfastened, and entered. Within were more evidences of the age of the edifice, and the time-worn stairs creaked and bent as she ascended them. Her dark lantern shed but a faint light around, and a feeling of awe involuntarily crept over her young spirit. She hastened upward, and soon reached the trap-door which would admit her to the upper room of the tower, in which she was to spend the night. The trap-door was rather heavy for her to lift, but finally yielded to her efforts, and she ascended, when it closed after her with a loud sound, which reverberated in hollow tones around. Here Stella felt more secure than before. There were four windows in the tower, and these commanded an extensive view of the surrounding country. Placing her dark lantern so that the light might not be perceived by any without, she drew a wooden bench which was there over the trap-door, and sat down upon it, feeling more than ever secure against intruders.

Yet Stella felt that she was in a lonely place. She wisely, however, strove to banish all remembrance of the superstitions of the peasantry, connected with this church, and taking her little Bible from her pocket, she read in it the gracious words of Him who is ever the helper and defender of His people. At last she felt weary, and the thought of sleep became grateful to her spirit. "But can I dare to sleep in this place?" was the question which arose in her mind, and was followed immediately by the answer, "Why not? 'Behold, He that keepeth Israel neither slumbers nor sleeps!'" The thought of her Saviour, whom she had early learned to love, inspired her with greater confidence, and she quietly knelt by the side of her rustic bench, and offered a prayer full of faith and hope. She prayed for the

dear parents, for whose sake she was enduring this trial of faith, and she thanked God for the religion which then supported her. Arising from her devotions, she approached one of the windows. Above were the clear, bright stars, beaming in wonted beauty upon the village, which quietly slept below. The moon was slowly advancing up the eastern horizon, and her pale light fell on the tomb-stones around the old church, rendering them, in their marble whiteness, more than ever distinct. Stella threw up the window, and leaned out. The night wind played with her beautiful locks, of raven hue, but not a sound was borne on the breeze, save the faint and far-off barking of some farmer's faithful guard. For a season all was as quiet as if Nature, too, was enjoying a night of rest, and then a murmur of voices came to Stella's ear. Nearer and nearer came the voices, till at last she could discern the forms of several men approaching the church. "We will have a glorious time in the tower," were the first words she distinguished, and they were sufficient to awaken her fears. She watched them as they approached the outer door, and then, for the first time, she perceived that a man was already standing there.

"Thou shalt not enter here," exclaimed he; "I will protect that lady with my life! Beware! or I will fire upon you!" and at these energetic words the first-mentioned party halted.

"Thank God, for my defender!" were the heart-felt words of Stella, as she saw the boisterous ones finally move away, leaving her protector standing where she first saw him. Then feeling more secure than ever, she sank down upon the floor, and placing a pillow, which she had taken with her, beneath her weary head, she sought and found repose in sleep—

"Tired Nature's sweet restorer—balmy sleep."

Morning had dawned ere she again awoke, and then her voice arose in gratitude to Him who had permitted her so much repose under such circumstances. She perused the pages of her precious Bible, by the increasing light, until the sun came forth in majesty above the eastern horizon. Then, taking her pillow and lantern, she descended the winding staircase. At the outer door she met the young man who had been the means of her spending the night in such a place, and feeling sure that he must have

been her defender, and knowing that he was the agent by whose aid she could now relieve her father's dire necessity, she poured forth in earnest words a tide of gratitude. The young man had learned from the landlord's daughter, the noble purpose of the heroic Stella, and he reverenced her filial virtues, while he admired her heroism. Suffice it to say, that he sought her further acquaintance, and in due season, finding him a "brother in Christ," Stella became the beloved partner of his life.

And oh, how deep the feelings of those parents, when, on her return, Stella informed them of her noble deed, and placed in her father's hands the sum which would save him from a prison, and his family from present want! How they valued the self-sacrificing spirit of a daughter, who, though afraid to do any thing wrong in order to obtain relief for their necessities, was not afraid to spend a night alone in the old church tower, if, by so doing, she could gain a supply for their pressing wants. Where no sacrifice of moral principle was involved, she was willing and ready to sacrifice her personal feelings, for the good of her pious and infirm parents. And no child who truly loves its parents, and can appreciate Stella's noble deed, but will applaud her heroism, and, we hope, will imitate her virtues. There are two things above-mentioned, which we believe God will ever reward—devoted filial affection, and unwavering faith in Him as the Great Defender of His children—and these two traits were exhibited by Stella when she spent a night in the old church tower.

He that reads much should have powerful organs of intellectual digestion, he will otherwise receive but little nutriment into his mind, and, what is worse, will derange the healthy functions of his mental system. The ingenious Mr. Hobbs did not much value a library, and used to remark, though with singular vanity, that had he read as much as other men, he would have been as ignorant as they.

He that covereth a transgression, procureth love; but he that repeateth a matter, separateth very friends.

THE CHRISTIAN IN DEATH.

BY MRS. A. P. CHAMPLIN.

[Written on the death of Mrs. Fanny Pratt, of Essex, Conn., who was suddenly cut down in the midst of a long and useful life, leaving a family, and a numerous circle of relations and acquaintances, to mourn her loss.]

SHE sleeps at last! The weary sufferer sleeps!
The hour of mortal agony is o'er!
Beside her couch bereaved Affection weeps;
But the freed spirit shall return no more!

Far from these scenes where sin and sorrow reign,
Our faith discerns a world of heavenly light;
Forgive, blest saint! the wish that would detain
Thy ransom'd spirit from a home so bright!

Go to thy rest, thou worn and wearied one;
We would not call thee from thy blest abode,
Nor from thy brow would pluck the radiant crown,
So dearly purchased with a Saviour's blood!

This faded form, so loved, so precious still,
We yield, in hope, O peaceful grave! to thee,
Till the Archangel's trump with awful peal,
Shall wake the dead, and set thy prisoners free!

Then, when *that day* shall dawn, give up thy trust!
Bring the pale sleeper from her dark abode!
She, in the resurrection of the just
Must bear her part, and rise to meet her God!

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

But who shall soothe thy grief, thou widow'd one?
Grief still renew'd with each succeeding day;
The faithful wife, the loved companion gone,
Who, who shall cheer thee on thy lonely way?

Thou too, that bear'st a sister's tender name,
Must thou resign all that thy heart holds dear?
Parents and friends, all must the spoiler claim,
And to the grave thy priceless treasures bear?

And that fair girl, whose tears unceasing flow,
Child of affliction from her earliest breath;
Who can behold unmoved, her speechless woe?
The friend, the *more than mother*, cold in death!

But on this night of gloom shall light arise!
The star of Hope comes beaming from afar!
It points the mourner to those fairer skies,
Where sainted friends shall meet, to part no more!

Then shall they learn it was a Father's love,
That loosed the tender ties which bound them here;
Removed their loved ones to His home above,
And taught their souls to rise and join them there!

OUR NEIGHBORS; OR, REMINISCENCES OF NEW ENGLAND.

BY MRS. P. W. L.

Our village of M——— was like many one meets in the Eastern States. So neat and rural looking, with its long, clean, shady street, where "vagrant pig nor straying goose" were never permitted; its pretty white houses half hidden by vines and shrubbery, its two substantial school-houses and "the Academy," somewhat pretending in its aspect, being decorated with belfry and portico, and being the place where most of our young people managed to attend a term or two, by way of "finish" to their education. Then there was the Green, a broad, open space, shaded with venerable elms, and overlooked on three sides by as many ambitious-looking churches, the sanctuaries of the prevailing denominations. There were visible no dens of vice and intemperance, nor any signs of exceeding poverty; so that a stranger might be almost ready to conclude, that here, at least, mankind had learned the happy art of living aright, and that the more boisterous elements of society, with their concomitants of crime and misery, were unknown.

Yet notwithstanding this air of repose, this look of quiet prosperity and enjoyment, ambition was as scheming, envy as vigilant in its watchfulness, party as rife, pride as intolerant, rumor as fleet, as in the most busy metropolis; for removing man from the scenes of excitement does not remove him from himself. The turbid stream of human passion is not dried up by being

divided into little rills, only they flow with a less terrible commotion.

There was scarcely a class or faction but could find its representative in M———, and the wives of our nearest neighbors, on either side, might each represent a no inconsiderable portion of the feminine part of New England society. Our neighbor, Mrs. Lee, was the wife of the village lawyer; Mrs. Cranton, on the other side of us, presided over the household of our friend the doctor.

Mrs. Lee had received a thorough Yankee education, and whether her fingers were flying over the keys of a piano, or darning her husband's stockings, they seemed equally in their element. She could scrub a floor or paint a landscape, make a loaf or embroider a pincushion; nothing came amiss, and I think she felt no more dishonored in performing the one than the other. She could write, too, with facility, and many a poetic effusion had been dedicated to her. Yet it had never, as would seem, entered her head that she was the possessor of uncommon talent. You would not yourself be so impressed on a first acquaintance. Her conversation was graceful, easy, natural, but no affectation of learning. Notable and loveable, gentle and lady-like, you would certainly think her one of those beings you could trust and confide in; one we should like to tell all our hopes, and fears, and disappointments; but the depth and scope of her mind, her sound, discriminating judgment, her stores of information, you only found out by degrees, and then, not to dazzle and oppress you, but as conversation and circumstances called them out.

If she WAS PROUD, it was of her husband and children, and Cornelia herself might have coveted her household jewels, for they were gems of rare polish and luster, yet NEVER produced for idle or unprofitable exhibition. Her process of education was so simple, and pleasant, and natural, that some of her more bustling neighbors said, "She had no system at all—and it was only Mrs. Lee had naturally the best of children; they were not spoiled." The truth was, she knew it required a gentle and skillful hand properly to tune so complicated an instrument as the human mind, and she as seldom as possible trusted the unfinished work in the hands of others; and hence she was at once teacher and

companion, nurse and playmate, to her children, and if, in so doing, she made some sacrifices, never did mother receive a richer reward in all the household enjoyments. Need I tell you Mr. Lee, or, as he was called, the Squire, was a proud and happy man?

Mrs. Cranton, our left-hand neighbor, was altogether unlike Mrs. Lee, yet SHE, TOO, had her admirers and imitators. The doctor and Squire Lee were both "well to do" in the world; that is, each possessed a plot of ground, a pretty cottage, and a sufficient income. But the aspect of each home was as different as the several occupants. Mrs. Lee's house stood in a perfect wilderness of beauty and perfume; and behind it you caught glimpses of tempting fruits, of many tints, lifting their soft cheeks to the sun in a luxury of abundance.

The doctor's mansion stood stark and unsheltered in the glory of faded yellow paint, only relieved by a straggling tree or two, and from more than one window a faded curtain had partially obeyed the laws of gravity, and hung at one corner, in the unstudied grace of total neglect; while certain young "sons of liberty," glancing here and there, looked in perfect keeping with the establishment.

Nothing had a home-look of comfort. How should they? Cheerfulness, order, and comfort in a household, require skill to plan and steadiness to execute. Mrs. Cranton was one of those women who, by some common confusion of terms and ideas, had mistaken an arbitrary temper and strong self-will for strength of mind, and a ready flow of words for great abilities. In any argument she generally overcame her opponent by a torrent of words, which never waited for reply, and thus she silenced those who saw it useless to speak, or impossible to be heard. She always spoke of herself as a gifted woman, and the more superficial often took her at her word, and flattered her self-esteem, though feeling all the time, or, perhaps, complaining to others, "that these smart women are not just the ones to be agreeable."

Of late one of Mrs. Cranton's favorite subjects of declamation—indeed, her principal hobby—was the "wrongs of women." She had got in her mind, clear as day, that the social position of things was all wrong, and she was ready to labor in the cause of reform with the zeal and spirit of a martyr. Indeed,

she had been little less for years, condemned, as she had been, to the toils and cares of domestic life, wasting time and energies in the common routine of household duties, which ought to have a wider scope, and be felt throughout the land.

For her neighbor, Mrs. Lee, and her "passive hum-drum qualities," as she was wont to call them, Mrs. Cranton had a profound contempt. According to her theory, a woman who was too blind to see, and too inert to feel her bondage, was just fit to be the plodding slave of her husband and his children, and the elegances with which she was surrounded were but the toys which concealed from her eyes her humiliation. Yet Mrs. Cranton could not but know that Mrs. Lee was greatly beloved in her neighborhood, and that she exercised a deep though quiet influence. She therefore wished her co-operation and approval, which may explain the motive of the following dialogue.

Mrs. Cranton called on her neighbor, and soon explained her errand by inquiring if she intended to go to the great convention at C—— the following day.

"I must confess my ignorance of the convention you speak of," said Mrs. Lee.

"Is it possible that you have not heard of the great Woman's Rights Convention? I am thankful that some of our sex begin to be alive to their wrongs, and are ready to assert their rights. The world will see, by-and-by, we are no longer to be slaves, but rational creatures; and we will show the men at last we are not to be ruled by their tyranny, and that we are capable of ruling."

"I must confess," said the puzzled Mrs. Lee, "that I do not comprehend you, and beg you will explain."

"Is it possible, Mrs. Lee, you do not perceive the thralldom under which our sex have lived, the injustice we suffer, the contempt with which we are treated, and how our abilities are undervalued?"

"As to tyranny and injustice," replied Mrs. Lee, "I do not see that I have any thing to complain of; no one offers to control me; and as to abilities, it has always seemed to me my friends give me credit for more than I possess."

Mrs. Cranton groaned in spirit over the obtuseness of her neighbor, but she went on—

"Then our laws are badly framed; we must suffer their injustice, but we have no voice in making them."

"Yet we train the legislators," said Mrs. Lee.

"Look at the inequality of wages," pursued Mrs. Cranton. "See how many widows and orphans suffer. Toiling for a mere pittance, while men are getting rich by their labor. Look at the widow Williams and her girls; see how they work, work, and how poorly they are paid."

"Yes," said Mrs. Lee, "I can see some hardship there, but as I cannot change the customs of trade, I do the best I can, by procuring work for which they are better paid. Perhaps you can assist them in this way."

"Not a bit of it; let them suffer till they are willing boldly to assert their rights."

"But what are they to do?"

"Why, insist on redress."

"And lose employment?"

"Let them do the best they can, and in time we will see if we do not have our rights."

Mrs. Cranton felt she was wasting her time on one who was not capable of comprehending her own position, and she sought a more congenial spirit, and they lamented long over that terrible slavery that had bound us, body and soul, until we had come to hug our chains, and would not part with them. She and her friends attended the convention, and came back more than ever impressed with the magnitude of our domestic evils, and the utter folly of ever attempting to do any good under the present system of things. Our religion was all priestcraft. Our domestic employments were but pampering our tyrants of husbands. Our schools were wrongly organized. Our colleges were worse than useless. Almsgiving was only nursing the evil. In short, the world was all wrong side up, though what they would have I could never so clearly comprehend.

In the mean time it was clear that matters were not all prosperous at the doctor's. His wife had so often complained that he was both a tyrant and a fool, people began to take her at her word. His practice fell off, and he looked shabby and out of spirits. His wife had established her power to rule, but somehow her legislation did not bring prosperity nor happiness. The

children were ragged and rebellious; people shook their heads and looked mysterious; but things grew worse and worse, until finally the doctor sold out, and left with the tide for California, leaving his wife with one subject the less to manage as best she could.

And our friends, the Lees, have had their trials. Mr. Lee had ventured on some unfortunate speculation, which proved disastrous, and he saw ruin staring him in the face, and for the first time he sought to conceal his affairs from his wife; not that he feared reproaches or any extravagant demonstrations, but he dreaded to give her pain. Money must be raised, or his name dishonored. He knew of an excellent chance to sell his place, yet how could he say to his family, "we are poor and without a home?" Would his wife leave without a murmur that little paradise she had done so much to embellish?

His mind underwent a fearful struggle, which Mrs. Lee was quick to perceive, and she learned, for the first time, the true nature of his anxiety. "And is that such a terrible catastrophe," said she, "to change our place of abode, and part with some useless things which, after all, do not contribute largely to our happiness? You have done all for the best. We can, at least, pay our debts, and begin the world anew. You will preserve your reputation for integrity, and if our purses are light, so will be our consciences." "But," said Mr. Lee, "you have not yet realized the privations of poverty. Can you see this pleasant home, these trees you have reared, your beautiful garden, go into the possession of strangers, and not feel unhappy? And then, our poor children"—here Mr. Lee buried his face in his hands and was silent. "They are healthy and happy," said Mrs. Lee, a little proudly, "and can help their father and mother in time of need. There is Arthur, a pretty good penman, with a little instruction he will make a good copyist, and our little Mary is so good a housewife, she will be an important addition to our establishment. Do you know," she continued, "I sometimes think I was happier when we were just beginning, and I had every thing to arrange." And so Mrs. Lee talked, and contrived, and jested, until Mr. Lee really felt he was not so particularly unhappy after all. The place was sold, Mr. Lee's debts paid, and he applied himself with vigor to his business.

Mrs. Lee was no idle hanger-on of the establishment. The doctor's house wanted a tenant, and thither the Lees sought a home; as tenants first, but afterward owners. Under Mrs. Lee's management, it soon began to wear the pleasant "home-look." Patches of green grass sprang up where grass had long been unknown, flowers shot up and opened their bright eyes to the sun, little trees began to shoot their stems into notice, and vines clambered where vines had never ventured before. Mrs. Lee looked over to her former home undisturbed, for order and beauty, love and happiness, had followed in her footsteps. "How much depends on a woman," said Uncle Tom, as he leaned on the fence and surveyed the premises. "Yes," said neighbor Brown, "and I have a notion that when a woman takes care of her house and family, she does more good than when she runs about the country preaching reform, which, after all, must begin at home."

THE NEGLECTED WIFE.

BY MRS. EMELINE P. PLUMER.

[Concluded from page 110.]

Mary's wedding-day drew near. Madeline declined attending even the wedding, excusing herself with a violent indisposition. In vain, they all urged her to alter her determination, but she remained firm; and from the windows of her room, that used to be her retreat when grief and sorrow overcame her, she saw the merry party depart; and most sincerely did she wish, and even pray, that her sister might be spared the desolation which she endured. Horace had not made any inquiries concerning her decision; however, he felt somewhat surprised and disappointed when he found she still remained at home. But he determined to tantalize her still further, merely to gratify his sullen disposition, goaded by jealousy, without a cause. Accordingly on his return at night, he met Madeline with a contemptuous smile, remarking at the same

time, "I had supposed you had eloped before this time; why could you not have granted my request, and favored me with your absence awhile, if not forever? But I might have known that you would have been sure to have remained here, if you could only have been sure you could have thwarted my wishes. Disagreeable, intolerable woman! I have about come to the conclusion, that if you will not leave me, I shall leave you."

During this cruel speech, Madeline had rested her elbow upon the table, at which her husband was sitting, her hand partly concealing her face; but as her husband concluded, she looked steadily at him, and said, "God knows that I wish I had died before I might have heard such an unjust accusation from the lips from which I have heard such earnest avowals of pure affection. You would then have spared the bitter reflection, that your unkind and cruel conduct had consigned me to an early grave. Can it be possible, Horace, can it be possible! am I not deceived!"

"A very good winding up of another SENTIMENTAL SCENE, Mrs. Usher; but I have lived long enough to know that you are not so susceptible to feeling, as to have any fears that you will suffer the inconveniences of a broken heart, or even a cracked one."

For an instant she almost hated him, with such power did the tide of outraged love sweep from her bosom all tender recollections. She left him, her spirits bowed like a tender sapling before a violent storm. Those words of ridicule had roused all the dormant energies of pride and contempt, and, feeling a consciousness of innocence, she firmly retired to her own little retreat, resolving she would seek strength and triumph over her own weakness, by praying earnestly that God would enable her to remain unwavering in the path of duty. Ah! why is it that in adversity or disappointment, we always turn to Him of whom in prosperity we are so forgetful? Why do we with such confidence pour out all our complaints before Him? It is because His ear is ever ready to hear; He pitieth our calamities, even as a father pitieth his children; His promises console our grief; and as temporal blessings vanish, He manifests himself more and more to the spirit that communes with Him. How earnestly did she plead that she might live to see her husband smile upon her, and acknowledge to her that he had wantonly crushed the being

whom he had sworn to protect and love. All night did Madeline continue weeping and praying. Morning came, and, still heavy at heart, she lifted not her head, but strove to shut out the sunlight which fell through the embroidered curtains of her window.

Mechanically she braided her hair and wound it around her throbbing head; the last braid was arranged, and she descended the stairs to meet her husband in the drawing-room. As she entered the room, he seemed busily engaged, reading a book, but she drew a seat near him, to endeavor, if possible, to gain one look or manifestation of kindness; but he suddenly arose and left the room without saying one word to her.

"I am nearly convinced that he has lost all affection for me, and that I am indeed to be a victim to his cruelty. Still he is not aware of it. Yet, why need I blame him altogether? Is he all to blame? Am I not deficient in some duty? If I have done wrong, willingly would I ask his forgiveness, if he would only hear me." With such reflections would she wander mechanically from room to room, almost oppressed with the cold and lifeless elegance which surrounded her, and searching for something to love her and sympathize with her.

At length the monotony of the affairs of Mr. Usher's family seemed to be broken by the arrival of a maiden aunt of Horace's, being a father's only sister. Aunt Penolope was not long in discovering the unpleasant state of affairs existing between her nephew and his young and amiable wife. She endeavored by close scrutiny to discover the source of the disagreement, and felt a strong determination to be the instrument of obtaining a reconciliation. Thus many golden hours of time slipped away, still there were no prospects of happiness. At length Aunt Penolope became so annoyed and grieved, that she requested a private interview with Horace; and desired him to explain to her the cause, and the state of his own feelings toward his wife.

"Why, Aunt Penolope, I think she is one of the most heartless and sullen women I ever saw; she neither knows nor cares for my interests, and I am sure I don't for her's."

"Why, how could you have married so gentle a person, to be a victim to your deliberate designs."

"Why, aunt, when I married she was agreeable; but as she

secured me, and my property, she is welcome to all the happiness she will ever see with me."

"Horace, my child, you must let me tell you that you misjudge your wife. She is all heart, all affection; she is now pining for a reciprocation of her love. Poor thing! I fear that it will be the death of her. I have been talking with her, and she says, if she could only have a smile, or an expression of kindness from you, she would then feel willing to bid adieu to earthly scenes. Oh, Horace! if you could but have heard her pray for you this morning, I think you must be convinced that she would be willing to make any sacrifice to have an interview to express to you the affection she entertains for you, even at this time, when you have pronounced her heartless and sullen. She speaks of you in the highest terms, but regrets that she does not answer your expectations any nearer."

"Oh, her heart is not so near breaking as you may imagine. At any rate, I do not feel alarmed; perhaps she is pining for a smile from Edward Nason?"

Aunt Penolope was sadly puzzled; she was convinced that Horace did not love his wife; but how he could help loving her was a mystery. But at this time the bridal party returned. Like an automaton, Madeline exchanged friendly salutations among her parents and friends, and when her cousin Edward extended his hand toward her, he discovered the burning color of her cheeks, and the wildness of her eyes; and remarked to his Uncle Marlow, that he thought Madeline must be weak and easily excited; for there had been a decided change in her countenance since they had entered the room.

Trembling in every limb, as soon as Madeline's friends had left her, she retired to her chamber, desiring that, if consistent with the will of Divine Providence, she might never leave it again. She laid down with the hope that she might still her agitated mind by a little refreshing sleep; but she continued moaning and sobbing. "I am very ill, but no one knows it." She endeavored, after gaining a few hours' rest, to conceal the real state of her feelings from her friends and servants, and even from her kind Aunt Penolope. She even refused to admit her servants, and when the breakfast-bell rang she paid no heed to it. During that afternoon there was a gentle tap on the door;

she answered it, and received a note; it was from her husband, and read thus:

"MRS. USHER:

"Madam,—You have several times lately seen fit to absent yourself from your meals without any cause, and in so doing you have occasioned remarks among the servants. I sent your maid this morning to your room; she tells me you refused her admittance on the plea that you were indisposed. I have concluded you were disposed to sulleness. Such things do not correspond with my ideas of the dignity a lady ought to maintain in her own household; and which I shall hereafter look to you for. If your indisposition, as you are pleased to term it, is occasioned by unhappiness, I see no reason for it. Your wishes are all obeyed, you are surrounded with every luxury; and I am sure all this, according to your own ideas, CANNOT FAIL TO MAKE YOU HAPPY. You have made your choice, and now you must abide by it.

"Yours,
"H. Usher."

"'Cannot fail to make me happy!' Oh, Horace, what is all that to me without affection and peace!" At this moment her father gently tapped at the door. "Dear Madeline," said he, "Would you not be happier to go back to my house again? You do not know how we grieve for you; though you will not tell us all your troubles, we can too truly guess them all. Oh, Madeline, permit me to persuade you to leave this life of torture, for that dear home where all will endeavor to make you happy!"

"Father, if you could see my heart, you would not ask such a question. I would not leave my husband, even were he to treat me cruelly, which he never has done; even did he desire it, I would not go, and thank God he has never intimated to me a legal separation. My desire is to die beside him, and if my death should win from him one affectionate expression, or one look of love, then should I be repaid for all my unhappiness. I have a strong hope yet, that he may love me as he once did." Mr. Marlow, finding it uselsss to plead with her any longer, very reluctantly arose and left the room.

Madeline resolved, after the reception of the above note, if

possible, to answer the bell for tea by her presence. Accordingly at tea-time she descended the stairs, not, however, without stopping to rest. She endeavored to make conversation with her husband, but his stubborn pride would not yield; although he noticed with surprise the alteration in her countenance. She looked cheerful and pleasant; she did not wear a heavy frown, or carry a pouty look; her cheeks and eyes were sunken, her frame tottering, and the general pallor of her countenance bore the appearance of an invalid. As Horace noticed these symptoms of declining health, he longed to speak to her in pleasant tones, and greet her with pleasant looks; but his proud spirit said "No!"

As soon as tea was over she retired again to her chamber; she felt convinced that the effort had been too much for her debilitated frame; she rang the bell, and inquired for Aunt Penolope.

She immediately repaired to Madeline's chamber, where she found her in a high fever. "Why, Madeline, why did you attempt to leave your room if you felt so unwell?"

"Because Horace did not realize that I was so weak, and I went to gratify him."

A physician was immediately called, and pronounced it a brain fever. Days passed in wild delirium, during which she revealed every feature of the worm that was gnawing at her vitals, and had been the cause of her unhappiness. She was incessantly calling for her husband by the most endearing epithets—now reproaching herself for not fulfilling the duties of a wife—now pleading with her father to be sparing in his reproaches upon Horace—now showing her mother, her mistaken ideas of the elements of happiness—now congratulating her sister, in her seemingly happy choice—now requesting Aunt Penolope to ask Horace to speak to her once more before she might be called from earth; thus did she continue day and night for a number of days.

Meanwhile, how bitterly did Horace recall her tearful hours; how did he despise himself, as he remembered how readily he had fed and fostered the monster suspicion, to become a tenant in his heart; and with what cold and cutting words he had checked the tender tones of his guileless wife; and with what mildness had she borne the unjust accusations.

At length the crisis came; in the room without, the father,

and mother, and sister, sat motionless. Their pale faces, and compressed lips, told plainly the agony of their hearts; while Horace was pacing from room to room, wildly repeating, "Oh! Madeline, I am your murderer! I have plunged into your breast the fatal weapons, suspicion and neglect!"

But where is Aunt Penolope? She is in her chamber, praying earnestly for the frail being in whom the happiness of so many hearts are centered; and if she might not be spared again to rally, that she might have her reason, to recognize him who was undergoing such extreme mental anguish.

At this time the physician called for Horace. He immediately inquired if there was any hope. "I fear not," was the instant reply; "she seems gradually weaker, and I think will hardly survive the night;" as he said this, he clasped the hand of Horace warmly, and said, "I will return in an hour; it is barely possible there may be a favorable change." In a short time after the physician took his leave, the nurse became alarmed by a decided alteration in Madeline's appearance. It was evident to all that she was dying; but she had now full power of her reason, and immediately inquired for Horace. In an instant he was at her side; for a few moments both seemed to be very much overcome. Madeline soon gained composure, and said, "I have for many days longed to see you. I feel that I am about to leave this world; tell me you forgive me any unhappiness that I may have caused you; forgive wherein I have not answered your expectations. I am—fast—failing." He took her hand, and pressed it, but was too much overcome to answer otherwise. She understood it, and answered, "It is enough—I can now die contented. I hope, Horace, you may have uninterrupted happiness in your earthly career. If you should make a second choice, I hope it may prove a happier one, although I have ever loved you with an undying affection, and freely forgive any unkind words you may have spoken. I know you did not realize the heartfelt sorrow it occasioned in my too sensitive feelings. Raise me, Horace, raise me; I am—going"—one struggle, and her spirit fled.

Who can describe the anguish of that husband's heart? In vain did he endeavor to reflect on her apparent willingness to forgive him; there lay one who was capable of making his life

joyous, but he had wantonly crushed her affectionate heart, and through pride had trampled it under his feet, until it was too late to regain it. In looking over her writing-desk, he found many scraps of eloquence, the products of a bursting heart. Oh! the paralyzing effect of such remorse; daily did the echo ring through his brain of some affectionate suggestion; daily did the remembrance of that fond, confiding wife, with the deep gushings of her heart-broken reflections, which none had power to interrupt, save himself, appear before him, and awaken a new tide of sorrow. How many, by guarding with vigilance their hearts and tongues in the married relation, might save, and secure, the happiness of many hearts now desolate. A kind word has a power superior to the harp of David, in calming the billows of the soul. Let the smile of cheerfulness light up your dwellings. Confide, love, bear, and forbear; be faithful to each other, and remember, that hopes of happiness in the married life, based upon the possession of mere wealth alone, shall perish, and

"Like the baseless fabric
Of a vision, leave not a wreck behind."

SKETCHES OF NEWPORT.—No. IV.

BY MRS. WILLIAMS.

The English, always having a passion for fine sea-views, were not long in discovering the beauties of Newport; and at a very early season after its settlement, it became the residence of some of the nobility, and many of the gentry, from the mother country. It is a little singular, that where the aristocracy first pitch their tents in any place, however dilapidated and reduced after, it will in time revive, and do credit to the taste and genius of the first settlers.

The rank and fashion of Newport were mostly congregated on the "Hill," or high ground immediately back of the "Port;" and beautiful and tasteful must those residences have been in their day. During the years of our childhood we explored some of the

remains of those haunted palaces of departed greatness. The devastating war of the Revolution had made sad havoc, and neglect and desertion had done the rest. After an age of silence and decay, they have risen again, like the phenix from its ashes. Although somewhat different in form, and occupied by a far different people—our lordly progenitors would perhaps say "inferior," but we say different, as sovereigns rank before nobility—and the palaces of Newport are now occupied by the SOVEREIGN PEOPLE—persons who have, for the most part, carved out their own fortunes, and by years of untiring industry amassed an independence, or the sons of such, from all the different States. The polite Bostonian, the chivalric Southerner, the staid Connecticut man, and some from far down-east, mingle with much gayety and good fellowship with the gentlemanly Louisianians and West Indians; and summer months, so dull and languid in many places, glide on here in delicious intercourse, while "all goes merry as a marriage bell." Three months of the year in this delicious climate is a season of positive enjoyment, when the cares of life seem suspended, and all is walking, riding, bathing, dancing, dressing, and feasting. But to go back to where we started from (we have an ugly habit of getting out of the track), the pride and splendor of ancient Newport, which, however, might truly boast of some great men. The renowned Bishop Berkley was one, a man to whom history has not done justice. His doctrine of Immaterialism, and his eccentricities, constituting too large a part, whereas his benevolence, public spirit, and social virtues, seem to have been overlooked.

The foliage surrounding the princely residences of the great in this region, is represented as having been very fine; and several streets are said to have resembled a beautiful arbor, where the carriages of the gentry—splendid equipages, with their gold-lace appendages—were constantly whirling along, bearing more of beauty and loveliness, according to tradition, than has ever been seen in any other part of the continent. But there was an evil attending all this, that seemed not to have been felt until the Revolution, and that was, the immense gulf that seemed continually widening between the two classes of society. It is true, that in our happy country, the miserably poor were even then unknown; but all that did not belong to the PRIVILEGED

ORDER, were sweepingly included in that class. Honest, industrious, and well-bred, the people began to feel they were not enjoying the privileges they were entitled to. A nod from the gracious heads of the nobility, and a "do this," or "do that, my good fellow," was not sufficient to satisfy the good citizen, who found his wife and daughters shut out from the amusements of the place, by a fiat as arbitrary as court-etiquette. There was a grumbling of indignation on the one side, and an increase of arrogance on the other, that, like the pent-up fires of a volcano, were ready to burst upon the first occasion.

That occasion came in the form of the Revolution. The refugees, having rendered themselves conspicuous before that time by their zealous defense of the arbitrary edicts of the "Home Government," as they termed it, were marked men, and very many fled at the first intimation of danger. Others, sanguine in the success of British arms, in reducing the colonies to obedience, remained, and became for a time the scourge of the place.

When the British landed in Rhode Island, they were of course welcomed with open arms by them, and long before that, they were secretly aided and encouraged by these people. But although the Vandals were feted and feasted to their hearts' content, it did not in all instances protect their property, and some fine houses of their friends were unceremoniously turned into quarters, their best horses taken upon pretences of carrying dispatches, and the beautiful trees of their parks and pleasure-grounds ruthlessly hewed down for fuel, that money would not procure from the incensed Americans. Indeed, so great was the destruction of property, and so wanton the devastation, that several gentlemen, becoming disgusted, at the evacuation of Newport halted, and refused to leave with the Tories, trusting rather to the mercies of the justly-incensed people, than to their conquerors. It would have been a great mercy to the place if all possessed of Tory principles had left; the remains of that leaven operated incalculable mischief throughout the war, by their constant aid to the enemy, for whom they acted as spies and informers to the last. But the day of their triumph was short. When the French army entered Newport, they were obliged to confine themselves to close quarters; for though no-

thing could exceed the politeness of that habitually polite people, yet their vigilance was unremitted.

The English had stabled their horses in one of the places of worship, and torn up the pews to make fire-wood of; and it was a common saying of the Tories, that "the French had repaired all the mischief the English had done." But although they were constrained to do them this justice, they were plotting in secret to do them all the injury possible.

There were many gentlemen in the French garrison of high rank, and of great personal worth, and several quite remarkable for personal beauty; and these, tradition says, "the Tory belles sought fruitlessly to influence by the magic of their charms." Among the most admired was the Count De Luzerne, a man of noble presence and elegant manners. We ourselves have heard in our childhood many a sigh from some of the aged spinsters to the fate of that captivating soldier, who afterward suffered decapitation in the Revolution in France, as the Duke D'Byron, to which title he succeeded his father a few years after leaving our shores. Several of these ancient dames had danced with him while in Rhode Island, and they would mourn with much feeling, "that he could not have renounced the dream of grandeur, and continued with us."

The review of the French troops at Newport by Washington, was one of the most splendid spectacles ever exhibited on this continent; and as history has not given a description of this pageant, we shall endeavor to do so. We received our information from a dying patriot, in 1839, who was present, and with this we will close our present sketch.

The narrator, the late Daniel Updike, Esq., of East Greenwich, observed that Washington never appeared to greater advantage than on this occasion, and that he preserved, through all the adulation he received, in the enthusiastic admiration of the French and the grateful Americans, the same placidity of countenance and equanimity of manner, that distinguished him on ordinary occasions. General Washington and suite went over from Connecticut, and was received at the head of Long Wharf by Count Rochambeau, at the head of seven thousand French, who lined the way from thence to the Court House. Mr. Updike said he never felt the solid earth tremble under him before; but

the firing from the French ships that filled the harbor was tremendous. Washington, who, it will be recollected, was a marshal of France (he could not command the French forces until invested with that title), wore on this occasion the insignia of his office, and was received with the honors due to one in that capacity. The staff of Count Rochambeau consisted of many of the flower of the French nobility; "and never," said the aged narrator, "will the scene be erased from my memory—the attitude of those nobles, the deep obeisance which they bowed before the republican hero, and the waving of caps and plumes, the long line of French soldiers, and the general disposition of their arms, unique to us.

"Separating to the right and left, the chief, with Count Rochambeau on the left, unbonnetted, walked through, the French nobles and officers, according to their grades, following in their wake." Count Rochambeau he described as a small, keen-looking man, not so handsome as his son, the Governor of Martinico. Count Noailles was a splendid figure, and made a most commanding appearance, as did also a Prussian baron and Polish count who walked next. But the resplendent beauty of the two Viosminils eclipsed all the others. One of these brothers, so celebrated for their personal beauty as well as bravery, was a general in the army, and bore the title of count. He must have been young to be invested with that office, for both the brothers were represented as being in the first bloom of manhood. "Many others of inferior grade, too, followed; but," said the narrator, "the populace only saw them; for the eye of every Frenchman was directed to Washington."

They proceeded to the Court House, and from thence to the lodgings of Count Rochambeau, down Spring street, preceded by the "Pioneers," a company armed only with axes, which they held straight before their faces, with the edge outward. It was amusing to see how far those fellows would roll their eyes to catch a glimpse of Washington; for they dared as well die as turn their heads. The roofs and windows of every building were filled with ladies, and the fluttering of handkerchiefs, and showering of favors, greeted them on every side.

This must have been a proud day for Newport; she that had sat for three long years at the feet of a ruthless conqueror—had

been laid bare and desolate, seen her fields laid waste, and her sons dragged into captivity; she that had drank at the hands of the Lord the cup of His fury, even the dregs of the cup of trembling, and wrung them out! "It was fitting this triumph should be hers."

CHRONOLOGY FOR APRIL, 1852.

NAVIGATION opened on our inland lakes on the 25th inst.; vessels left Erie, Dunkirk, Buffalo, and Ogdensburgh.

A great freshet occurred on our Western rivers on the 20th; the Ohio, at Pittsburg, was 34 feet above low water mark.

The Cincinnati (Ohio) House of Refuge, injured to the amount of $10,000 or $12,000, by a breach in the Miami Canal.

A storm raged throughout New England and New York from the 15th to the 20th, of great violence; snow fell two feet deep in New England, and the railroad trains were delayed by the drifts.

A steam boiler exploded in a sugar refinery in Duane Street, N. Y., on the 13th, which caused the death of two persons.

Forty buildings were destroyed by fire at Paducah, Ky., on the 3d inst., loss $100,000.

The steamer Pocahontas exploded on the Arkansas River on the 14th inst., scalding 18 persons, 8 of whom died the next day.

Great Fire at Savannah, Geo., 4000 to 5000 bales of cotton burned; loss $300,000.

At a meeting of the Temperance Alliance in New York, it was reported that 175,000 copies of their publications had been printed and gratuitously distributed.

The Erie Canal opened on the 20th inst.

Abraham Jackson, of Plymouth, Mass., has offered a $1200 lot in aid of the proposed monument on Plymouth Rock.

A considerable number of whales have lately appeared along the Southern coast—none caught.

A "Tree Society" is about being formed in East Boston, for the purpose of rapidly studding the principal public avenues on the island with ornamental trees.

Young potatoes and onions appeared in the New Orleans markets a week ago. Strawberries were also in abundance on the 25th ult.

In the north part of Herkimer county, N. Y., there was good sleighing on the 10th of November last, and it continued, without interruption, up to the 14th inst.—165 days!

The packet ship Henry Clay, on Friday night, after 7 o'clock, took in 6000 bushels of grain, 200 bales of cotton, and was under way Saturday morning for Liverpool before 8 o'clock.

Since October last the American Board of Foreign Missions, of this city, have sent out over forty missionaries, male and female. The laborers have gone to some 12 or 15 stations, which almost encircle the globe.

Double Rose

Morning Glory

HINTS TO YOUNG MEN; OR, THE LOST RECLAIMED.

BY G. S. SAVAGE.

MUCH has been said and written upon the temperance movement. It has met with many advocates, but none have exerted themselves in the great and good cause with more energy, zeal, and effect, than those angels of mercy (I mean the fair portion of creation), the soothers and refiners of man's rugged nature.

The hero of my tale was a young man, who entered life with bright and happy prospects. His name was Charles Montel. He left his mother's domicile (who resided in a beautiful part of the country, in a sequestered vale) on the 1st of May, and after bidding adieu to her, and his much-loved sisters, he took the stage that passed near their house, to proceed to the great metropolis of New York, the scene of many a joy and sorrow, where temptation raises her hydra head on every side—where, though shrouded in mystery, many an unsophisticated youth and innocent maid have been seduced from the paths of virtue. But this is a digression.

The young man's appearance was distinguished, and his countenance and air ENGAGE; ineffable sweetness dwelt upon his smile; his hair was of a raven black, his eyes of a mild and clear blue, and he was dressed with elegance and simplicity. His very first appearance in the public vehicle prepossessed his fellow-travelers in his favor, although in the first moments of sorrow on being separated from all he held most dear on earth, he felt, as it were, isolated and deserted, and the unwilling tears trembled upon his eyelids. The beautiful scenery they passed had no charms for him; he appeared insensible to the sweet songs of the birds, and the fragrant breath of the fresh fields. But observing, for the first time, the looks of curiosity directed toward him, he roused himself from his lethargy, and endeavored to make himself agreeable, particularly as he caught a quickly-withdrawn glance from his fair companion opposite. He gazed long and earnestly at her; she was a creature of nature's fairest mould; her hair, of a rich chestnut, fell in

luxuriant clusters upon a brow of snow, and cheeks of the modest hue of the rose of early spring; her eyes were of heaven's own blue, like the color of an Italian sky. She certainly appeared to Charles exceedingly beautiful. She was like the delicate, sensitive plant, for, on the impulse of the moment, on his lifting her handkerchief (like a snow flake), which she unconsciously dropped at her feet, she raised her long, fringed eyelids, and looked into his face, and immediately seemed to shrink within herself, and, like the chameleon, borrowing nature's tints, a blush of crimson overspread her lovely cheeks and such portion of her exquisitely arched neck as was visible; the few monosyllables he could extract from her, were in tones of sweetness and melody.

On nearing the city, while still in the suburbs, Charles was considerably surprised by being hailed EN PASSANT from the interior of a handsomely-appointed barouche. The features of the young man who saluted him appeared familiar, but he could not recall them to his remembrance. His beautiful VIS-A-VIS ventured to interchange a glance, while a deep sigh labored from her bosom. He was about to ask why that sigh, when the sudden stoppage of the coach in the city put an end to any further conversation. On assisting his fair unknown out, she gracefully and with much feeling thanked him for his attention, and before he had time to ask her name, an old gentleman of a benevolent countenance stepped out of a carriage in waiting, and handed her in; the door was immediately closed, and she vanished from his view. His heart beat tumultuously at the pressure of her hand and sweet tones of her musical voice. After soliloquizing for a moment as to who she could be, he proceeded to the nearest hotel, and feeling weary, he retired to his room, not to sleep, but to ponder over the occurrences of the day.

What a curious compound is man; the spirit and the body are continually at variance, and the activity of the one often renders the other inert. His fancy was busy, and it kept him waking, though fatigue and exhaustion imperatively counseled repose. I fear the bright vision of his fair traveler was the chief obstacle.

His first care the next morning was to call upon the merchant (an old friend of his father) to whom he had a strong letter of recommendation. The merchant received him with affability

and politeness, and after a careful perusal of the letter, and asking him many questions as to his family, capabilities, habits, etc., he desired him to call next day and he would give him an answer.

Having nothing to occupy him during the remainder of the day, he thought he would call upon a Mrs. Carden, a distant relative of his mother, who lived about three miles from the city. The omnibus set him down at the extreme end, and he walked the remainder. The good old lady being little prepared for such a visit, was somewhat EN DESHABILLE; however, she appeared happy to see the son of her old friend. After some uninteresting conversation, Charles took his leave of Mrs. Carden, who exacted a promise of him to call soon again. On returning, he diverged a little from his course to view a curious, old-fashioned building, which stood a short distance from the high road. A wall ran round on the right hand, while an avenue of noble beech trees skirted the left. He crossed a stone stile, and then descended a few hundred yards, into a little wooded dell with a murmuring brook running through it. A pathway through the copse brought him to an open space bosomed in the wood, where stood the house. It had a look of sober, solid grandeur, seeming to bid defiance to wind, and storm, and time. But he had no time for further observation, for on raising his eyes to the window, he started on beholding the beautiful being he had traveled in company with the previous day. He was transfixed where he stood, admiring the graceful character of her head, and the fine, undulating curve of her neck and shoulders. Although naturally timid, he summoned courage to approach the door, and a servant in plain gray livery answered his quiet knock; he sent in his card, and inquired if he could see the young lady; after a short delay, he was ushered into the room into which he had gazed with so much interest.

The lady was bending over a portfolio, while some beautiful flowers lay on an open book before her; in a wine-glass half filled with water were some of a more delicate kind, so arranged that every hue gained additional beauty from that with which it was contrasted. She was dressed in a simple morning gown of white muslin, half hidden beneath the folds of a superb shawl of Indian cashmere. The simple dress showed to more advan-

tage the exquisite symmetry of her form. She raised her head on his entrance, and a warm blush mantled her cheeks.

> "For man may be cold in love's disguise,
> And feel not half the flame he speaks;
> But woman's love is in her eyes,
> It glows upon her burning cheeks."

At the further end of the room there was seated in an arm-chair an elderly gentleman, with a book upon his knee, whom Charles immediately recognized. He rose from his chair and advanced to meet him with a courteous smile, and said, "Young man, I knew your mother in her youthful days, and your late father was one of my best friends. My name is Seldon. Clara, my love, let me introduce you to Mr. Montel; you might have heard me mention the name before. Mr. Montel, my niece." Charles bowed with some confusion, and the lady slightly inclined her head, her cheek first turning pale and then glowing warmly. The old gentleman had so many questions to ask that the time glided swiftly by, and on Charles rising to take leave, he shook him warmly by the hand, saying, "My house will ever be open to you whenever you can make it convenient to come out and dine with us, though we have but few inducements to offer, living, as we do, a quiet, secluded life." Charles looked at Clara, as much as to say, "I need no other than the one," and with a graceful bow he left the house madly in love.

When he arrived in the city, on passing the "Astor House," he heard his name called, and, turning round, felt his hand grasped by the young man who passed him on the road. "Why, Charles!"—"Why, Fred!"—were the first words interchanged.

They had been college companions, and even as boys were warmly attached; their greeting, therefore, was such as might be expected; but there was a wide difference in the characters of the two young men: Charles was unsuspicious, his manners gentle, and truth beamed from his eyes; for under that fair and elegant form there were many strong and generous impulses, firm and resolute purposes, and even a daring spirit mingled, strangely enough, with a tenderness and devotedness seldom found in the grown and experienced man; and a degree of simplicity not at all approaching weakness, but depending upon youth and inexperience. The other, Frederic Carlton, was artful and de-

signing, but possessing the dangerous talent of concealing his vices; every action with him was studied; whatever he did was done gracefully; he possessed most assimilating powers; sufficiently well-read to talk on any ordinary topic, and always ready-witted to seem more so. Frederic took Charles's arm, and they sauntered down Broadway.

After lounging in the Park, chatting over college days, and viewing the beauties that passed and repassed—though listlessly on Charles's part, being completely absorbed in his new passion—Carlton turned suddenly round and said, "I say, Charles, this dust is very incommoding: suppose we take a glass of something. I always do at this hour."

"Oh, no, Fred, I promised my dear mother not to drink any thing stronger than water."

"Pooh! pooh! nonsense man, as you have come to our glorious city, you must get over all that; we will just take ONE glass." (Ah! that first glass.)

Poor Charles was at last overpersuaded by HIS FRIEND, and early as it was, he partook of the poisonous cup, which partially overcame him, being wholly unused to any thing of the kind. His intellect and vision were confused. I will not attempt to enter into his feelings after his return home; shame and remorse stung him to the heart; he resolved never to touch the accursed liquid again.

The next morning he had another interview with Mr. Upton, the merchant, who brought him into his study, and addressing him said, "My young friend, for your own sake as well as that of your father's, I will take you into my counting-house at a liberal salary. Your appearance and manners please me, and if it be not your own fault, you may one day hold your head as high as any merchant in the city, for you appear, both by information and character, fitted to do justice to the trust I now repose in you." Charles thanked him sincerely for his good opinion. He continued steady and attentive to business, and was fast rising in the estimation and favor of his employer.

One evening, after a day of unusual labor at the desk, he was proceeding homeward, absorbed in thought, wrapt in a day-dream of future happiness (with Clara by his side), when he was overtaken by Carlton.

"Why, Charles, you must be a somnambulist; I called you three times by name, but I might as well have been talking to a post. There is only one subject which may occupy a man's thoughts on which he has any excuse for being absent; but more of that anon. Now, what say you to going to the theater to-night? the celebrated Miss —— is to sing. No excuses; besides, I want to introduce you to some particular friends of mine, who only arrived in the city to-day; they will join us."

Charles hesitated for a moment, but seeing no great impropriety in the proposed plan, he consented. At the appointed hour they all met, and Charles was introduced in due form. On entering the house, which was extremely crowded, he was absolutely overcome by the strength of the new impressions which such a scene created (this being the first time he ever was in a theater). Upon a mind tasteful by nature, and uncommonly susceptible, the charms of music were not lost. Miss —— was a new star that had just arisen upon the musical horizon, and he was enraptured with the gushing melody of her voice; he was entranced and absorbed in exquisite sensations.

After the performances were over, some one proposed a light supper; no one opposing, they adjourned to a hotel, where they had a private room. During the meal Charles was frequently appealed to for his opinion by a middle-aged man of fashionable exterior, whom the company addressed as Colonel Westwood. A considerable deal of deference was shown him; he talked and ate incessantly; he was decidedly handsome; his eyes were fine, but there was a sinister look in the expression; the brow large and fully developed, the nose inclining to aquiline, the under lip of a sensual character, and a mocking sneer curled his upper, as if he ridiculed religion, morality, men and things; the traces of violent passions were indelibly stamped upon every lineament of his countenance. After the supper was removed, and wine and other liquors introduced, he entered into conversation with Charles.

"Do you contemplate residing permanently in the city?"

"Why, that depends entirely upon circumstances."

"It is a splendid place for a man of the world to live in, full of interest and excitement."

"I have seen so little of it, that I am scarcely competent to give an opinion."

"It depends, of course, upon the circle one forms; one may be gay while living in a village, while another may feel as in a living desert even in the center of the metropolis itself; for my part, give me a few choice spirits, the SINE QUA NON, and I will try to live while I live, and gather honey from every flower in the garden of life."

Here the conversation became general, and laughter, songs, and stories of rich coloring followed, as the wine circulated through their veins. Up to this, Charles steadily refused the offered cup, till Carlton rose to propose a toast; each man stood with brimming glass. "Come, Montel, you cannot drink what I am about to propose, in water;" he suffered his glass to be filled, thinking a single glass would do him no harm. "Now, gentlemen, I will give you the health of C. S., the fairest of the fair." Charles started, while the blood rushed to his heart, and a cold perspiration stood like beads upon his forehead. He set his teeth hard, and looked full in the face of Carlton, but all was calm and unruffled there. As he was setting his glass down he caught the eye of Colonel Westwood, fixed upon him with a most singular expression; it was such as the tempter might have put on, when Eve plucked and ate of the forbidden fruit. He drained glass after glass in mad excitement, that surprised even Carlton. Cards were then called for, and although having but an imperfect knowledge of the game, he joined in, and played with reckless hand, till on rising from his seat to grasp a tumbler that stood somewhat out of his reach, he fell senseless on the carpet. He was carried to bed, and the next morning he was awoke from his death-like stupor by Carlton, who said, "Why, Charles, in the name of all that's mysterious, what came over you last night?"

"Mr. Carlton, leave me, I would be alone."

"MISTER CARLTON, hah! but, as you wish." A bitter smile played about his countenance as he spoke; on reaching the door he turned and said, "Well, AU REVOIR, not good-bye."

Charles proceeded to dress, and found, on examining his pockets, that he was minus all the money he had with him the previous day. He entered an omnibus, being unable to walk to his place of business, and before entering he was obliged to have recourse to a stimulant. He took his seat at the desk, and endeavored

to concentrate his mind to the work before him; but the letters became indistinct, and floated before his imagination as diamonds, clubs, and spades. The head clerk, who had been watching him for some time, drew near and laid his hand gently upon his arm, saying, "Mr. Montel, I fear you are not well; your face is flushed, and your hands are burning; you had better go home."

Poor Charles lifted his trembling hands to his throbbing temples, and mechanically taking down his hat, he slowly quitted the office without uttering a word, and on reaching his lodgings, he threw himself upon his bed, and fell into a profound slumber which lasted till long after noon. He awoke somewhat refreshed, and thinking a walk would further dissipate the tortures he was enduring both morally and physically, he strolled toward the Park; and when nearly opposite Murray Street, he met Carlton and Colonel Westwood, both exquisitely dressed, and looking as radiant as if no debauch had taken place the previous night. The former, he thought, looked coldly upon him, but the latter rattled on in his usual strain, till they arrived at a well-known restaurant, where they partook of more than one glass. On leaving the saloon with flushed cheek, to his utter dismay, the first person he met was Miss Seldon, leaning upon the arm of her uncle. Her eyes sought his, and a look, such as an angel might give to a fallen creature, was depicted upon her countenance, while almost at the same moment, a smile of unutterable contempt curled her lip on regarding his companions. An icy chill crept over his heart as she passed from his view.

After appointing a meeting for the next night, Carlton muttered something about having letters to write, and hurried away; the colonel pleaded an engagement, and Charles was once more alone. Who shall attempt to analyze his thoughts as he mingled with the living stream. He held on his way, unconscious of every thing that was passing around him, till he left the city far behind. The strength of corporeal as well as mental exertion seemed to have kept him up hitherto, but he was obliged at last to sit down from sheer exhaustion, and when he arose the shades of evening were beginning to come over the sky, a few drops of rain began to fall, and the clouds looked heavy and dark. He quickened his pace, and after half an hour's walking, the tall

trees of Beechwood Park (the residence of Mr. Seldon) appeared in the distance. His footsteps involuntarily turned toward the park. The beech trees were not perfectly straight, but, sweeping with a graceful curve, led down to the park gates and to the lodge. On passing the latter he thought he heard a faint scream; he stopped to listen, but all was still. Thinking it was the effect of his excited imagination, he passed on, but again another scream, more distinct, broke upon his ear. Though crushed with his own sorrows, his heart was ever alive to those of others; he scaled the wall, and heard the sound of voices proceeding from the lodge. "Then, by Heavens, you shall be mine!" were the only words he could catch. On coming nearer, he could just perceive a female figure in white struggling in the arms of a man. He hesitated not a moment, but seizing the ruffian in his arms, he flung him several yards from the spot, and flying to the lady, he supported her in his arms; and as her pale cheek rested upon his shoulder, her long, waving ringlets streaming loosely upon his face and bosom, what was his astonishment on beholding the features of Miss Seldon.

In the mean time, the man rose heavily from the earth, and concealing his features in his cloak, muttered the single word, "revenge," through his clenched teeth, and disappeared. The lady slowly recovered, and opening her eyes, exclaimed, "Is he gone?"

"Who, dearest Miss Seldon? Do you know him? Tell me instantly, that I may overtake and punish him as he deserves."

"Oh! no, no! do not ask me; nay, I beseech of you, promise me you will not seek or ask to know more of him; suffice it to say, he is a wretch unworthy of your notice."

They walked slowly toward the house, and Charles, turning abruptly toward his fair companion, said, "Miss Seldon, what must you have thought of me to-day—the disgraceful state you saw me in? I am lowered in my own eyes, and wholly unworthy either of your esteem or regard."

She sighed deeply, and said, "Ah! Mr. Montel, you are but commencing life, and know little of the snares and temptations that beset your path in yonder city. There are dangers on every side, which require no small share of fortitude and self-denial to avoid."

Charles took her hand and pressed it to his lips, murmuring, "I know not how to speak the true feelings of my heart with calmness and moderation, to tell you of the burning thoughts that glow within my soul for you. If I have found an interest in your heart, if you do not despise me, bid me hope."

"Yes," she answered, with her cheek glowing and her eyes full of tears, as they arrived at the porch. "Hope! ever, ever hope; let not the gratification of a groveling pleasure, of a base and degrading vice, prostrate a noble spirit and a generous heart."

"Bless you, Clara, dearest Clara; you are my guardian angel, and my whole existence shall be devoted to your happiness." Saying which, he strained her to his heart, and quitted the spot a happier, if not a better man.

On passing a fashionable saloon, he could not resist the temptation of entering, feeling that craving and faintness peculiar to the moderate, as well as the habitual drinker. As he was leaving the place, he heard some voices proceeding from a box near the door, which appeared familiar to him. A few words came distinctly to his ear. "He is very green, we must initiate him." Not taking any particular notice of them at the time, he returned home. Visions of Clara, and the consoling words, "Hope! ever, ever hope!" mingled in his dreams.

The next day, in contrasting the blissful moments he had passed in the society of Miss Seldon, with the sensual joys in the company of Carlton and Westwood, he would have given all he possessed to shake them off, and be once more free, as in the days of his innocence. He thought of home, his dear mother and sisters, and wept.

They met at the usual hour and place, and the same orgies were enacted over again, though not to the same extent, for Charles was resolved not to drink much. Alas! how evanescent are all such promises and resolves, an attempt to compromise with the father of lies.

Not having sufficient hands for cards, a walk was proposed, which Charles gladly consented to, being happy of any excuse to escape any further importunity to drink.

They left the fashionable part of the city, and passed through several mean streets, till they came to one more squalid than the rest, and Westwood, tapping at a low door of one of the houses

in a peculiar manner, they were admitted. But Charles was not prepared for the blaze of splendor that met his gaze. Massive chandeliers were suspended from the ceiling, giving out a light of dazzling brilliancy; rich carpets, costly mirrors, etc., while on a sideboard was displayed every thing to please the palate; decanters and bottles of every shape and size, filled with liquors of various colors, from humble port to imperial champaigne in their leaden cravats. In the center of the room stood a table laden with counters, notes, and gold, surrounded by a motley group, so deeply engaged in play, that not the slightest apparent notice was taken of their entrance. Carlton and Westwood advanced immediately to the table and began to play, saying to Charles, "You can look on till you sufficiently understand the game, when you can make a small stake if you wish." He accordingly took his station at the end of the table, watching the play, till he became excited at the increasing and diminishing of the piles of gold on every side. Carlton cast furtive glances at him from time to time, while a satanic sneer curled his lip.

"Now is your time, Charles, the bank is unfortunate." Charles staked a small sum, and won. (Here Carlton called for champaigne, which Charles also partook of, his throat and tongue feeling parched.) He doubled his stakes and won; he trebled them, and won again. He played for some time, and still was a winner. The luck then became changeable, but when they broke up, he found himself possessed of a large sum in gold.

He staggered home, overcome by the combined influence of wine and incipient mania for play. Every night found him at the gaming-table, and he felt miserable unless breathing the polluted atmosphere of that den of infamy, not inaptly called a hell. He now began to neglect his business, appeared late at the office; his attire was slovenly, and his manner uncertain, and absent when spoken to; and in his sunken eyes and worn cheeks, the traces of excess and debauchery were plainly read. The ravages of the passions were but too legible, and he seemed a wreck before his time. Mr. Upton, who had long suspected the degrading vice he indulged in, spoke mildly to him at first, but on discovering some serious errors he committed in his books, he called him into his private room and thus addressed him: "Young man, I loved your father, and was prepared to regard

you with the same affection, and assist you in your struggles with the world; but you are putting it out of my power. Beware! you are standing on a precipice—one step further, and you may plunge into that abyss from whence there is no return. Cast off your dissolute companions (if you have any), and follow virtue, for virtue's sake."

"Spare! oh, spare me!" cried Charles. "I have fallen sufficiently in my own esteem; let me not forfeit yours."

"That, Mr. Montel, depends upon your own conduct. Respect yourself, and the world (which, in general, is pretty correct) will respect you;" saying which, he left him to his own reflections, and bitter were those reflections. In the retrospect of the past, no drop of comfort mingled in his cup; he could not realize the visions of his early youth. Where was the purity of heart? where the honored name? the respect, the esteem which had once been his? where the peace of mind? Alas! all gone. He struck his hand against his forehead, and rushed from the house, and drowned his maddening thoughts in the accursed cup.

To be continued.

THRENODIA.

BY HORACE DRESSER, ESQ.

And hath he ceased his journeying,
  And to the Land of Spirits gone?
Alas! the day was lowering,
  Whose morning light so brightly shone-
Death racked his earthly tenement,
  And quenched the fires that warm the heart-
Though on destructive mission sent,
  It left unscathed the immortal part.

He sleeps—his couch an island grave—
  The Muses' call he hears no more:
Castalia's spring will no more lave
  His eager thirst for classic lore:
Ah! soon, too soon, was sealed this Fount,
  A fount imbibed unsparingly—
His course on Helicon's fair mount,
  Is o'er—hath ceased eternally.

On you a mournful badge I see,
  Ye mates!—it well becomes—'tis meet—
A true and gentle youth was he—
  Look round, behold his vacant seat!
Perchance ye find another there—
  Gone—gone; your search will be in vain—
His day is o'er—he'll no more share,
  With you in pleasure or in pain.

Go, science!—weep thy votary,
  And o'er his tomb profusely spread
The flowers of thy sweet rosary—
  Yes, weep, and there let tears be shed!
But chant not there a requiem—
  His soul hath rest and knows not pain—
Religion came and whispered him,
  "To live is Christ, to die is gain."

How strong the griefs and deep the woes,
  That in our aching bosoms rise,
When in the tomb loved ones repose,
  And Hope crushed down to earth, there dies—
What blighted hopes lie buried there,
  What sorrow—sadness—fill the breast,
As Memory brings the hours of care,
  We spent o'er those we loved—carest!

My classmate, friend, farewell—farewell!
  Thy memory lives and long will live;
It makes my throbbing heart-strings swell
  With pain that only such can give:
I yet retain thy cheerful looks,
  And parting words remember well,
When last I saw thee at thy books—
  Alas! alas! my friend, FAREWELL!

CATO, the censor, in distributing rich presents among his soldiers, observed, that it was much better for many of the Romans to return home with silver than a few with gold. So every enlightened philanthropist, looking upon all mankind as his brethren, will not, by an undue preference of a partial few, cut himself off from the power of doing good to many.

THE RETURN HOME.

BY MRS. P. W. LATHAM.

[With a Steel Engraving.]

THE brave Captain Wentworth stands by his own door; but what has come over the hardy sailor—he who has endured every clime, and stood unflinchingly in many a storm?

The strong man has suddenly become a child in weakness and indecision; or why does he essay to open the ever-welcome door, and then draw back, trembling, as if seized with a sudden ague?

But the captain has just returned from a long and perilous voyage—so long, indeed, that people had long since shaken their wise heads, and declared it exceedingly doubtful if the good ship Hermon would ever again come back.

And Captain Wentworth, for ten weary months, had heard no reliable tidings of wife or children. But he has returned at last; and the moment he could leave his charge he sprang into a carriage, and drove in hot haste to his cottage home—his real pole-star in every danger—the center of his hopes in every time of trial.

But now, during this brief ride, what a revulsion of feeling has come over him—what a world of hopes and fears!

His voyage has been long, very long; for it was full of strange incidents, and many fearful dangers; but he is here at last, and he has brought his hard-earned reward, in the shape of competence, for his faithful wife and his cherished little ones.

But what if sickness and disaster—what if Death himself has been there before him? What if his beautiful wife had forgotten her vows? Oh, no! he knew she would not do that; but it seemed to him there was a strange stillness about the place, and he almost feared to enter.

Yet, enter he did; and there he saw abundant indications of busy, happy childhood. And now his ear has caught the sound of merry voices in the garden. A moment more, and there he stands, contemplating a group which good angels might look upon and smile—a company of children at their frugal evening

meal, with their gentle mother in their midst. And so pure and serene she looked, in her matronly beauty, that, had it not been for certain traces of care, an undefined thoughtfulness on her brow, she would have looked but an elder sister.

Then there was a new claimant on his love—a little rosy fellow, with bright, silken ringlets, who seemed to hold a conspicuous place in the hearts of all the company; and that tall, elegant girl, looking so fondly up to her mother's face, is she his Flora? the little romp, grown almost into a woman. "I wish, mother, that father would come to-day," said Flora, "now that every thing looks so beautiful; and, mother, I have thought and dreamed of him so much of late, I cannot help fancying he will soon be here." But her mother turned to Bobby with a smile, which she meant should hide a tear, which, in spite of her efforts, swelled over and dropped from her eyelids. She had had many misgivings of late; but, woman still, she would not admit a doubt even to her inmost heart of the captain's safety.

And there stood that toil-worn man, unperceived by them all, pressing his hand to his mouth, as if he feared his very breathing would destroy the spell; for in his vigils on the lonely deep, similar visions had risen before him, only to vanish away.

But a half-stifled sob escapes him; the strong man is weeping like a very child. And now all is glad commotion, with the joyful shout of "Father is come!" and a general scramble for the first shake of the hand, the first kiss, the first clasp around the neck—all but Mrs. Wentworth. She does not rise to meet her husband; she has no words of joyous welcome for him who for long years has never been absent from her thoughts. One would think her suddenly transformed into marble, were it not for the quick, convulsive breathings, and the tight pressure of her hand on her bosom, as if the overcharged heart were about to break with its great and sudden happiness. So nearly do the extremes of joy and agony approach each other.

No sooner did Captain Wentworth perceive the condition of his wife, than he was himself at once, so habitual to him was self-possession in all times of danger. He spoke gayly to Lucy in his old familiar manner, and the tide that had rushed to her heart began to flow back in its wonted channels, and the long-suppressed fountains of her tears came to her relief.

It was a joyous place at the cottage that evening, and the news of the captain's return quickly spread, and neighbors came dropping in; and then he learned how for many months neither letter nor tidings had been received, and how many had already reckoned him among those who never return—how Lucy had refused to listen to any discouraging suggestions, bearing on in heroic hopefulness, and devoting herself to her children, who were both a joy and an honor to her.

Parson Edwards was among the first to welcome his old friend, and he spoke in warm commendation of Lucy's discretion, and the management of her children.

"My story is too long for recital at present," said the captain; "but I have had many perils and escapes. Twice I have come nigh to shipwreck. I have encountered terrible storms. I have had to put in for repairs amid a savage and treacherous people. I have lain ill for many weeks of the coast fever, yet in every danger I have thought of Lucy as my good angel, and one who would be a discreet and faithful guardian of my children, should I never more see them. And if, on my return, I had found the house filled with gay company, or the children turned over to some fawning Abigail for a roystering set, and their mother seeking recreation abroad, there would still have been excuse for her, inasmuch as many, with half her attractions, would not have buried themselves here in seclusion."

"But my children are never a burden," said Lucy.

"No," replied her husband, "not with your excellent management and example. But how many would have felt justified in a different course! And though on my return I could not have blamed you for mixing in society, yet nothing could so have soothed my feelings, harrassed and excited as I had been, as that sweet picture of home enjoyment I first looked upon."

"Whoso findeth a good wife, findeth a good thing," said Parson Edwards; "and truly you can say, 'Her children rise up and call her blessed, and the heart of her husband trusteth in her.' And now let us offer our thanks to the bountiful Giver of good, and we will leave you to much-needed repose."

It was a wise as well as Christian suggestion of Mr. Edwards, and full and grateful hearts bowed around that family altar, while he offered a fervent thanksgiving for them all, and a peti-

tion that, in the midst of so much joy, the hearts of all present might never cease to remember the bountiful hand from whence it came.

It was long before Captain Wentworth undertook another voyage, and never again one so long and full of danger. And many an evening, before the chilly winds of autumn came on, he had an eager company of listeners under the very trees where he first surprised them at their frugal repast. Even pussy and little Piny, though they looked shyly at the stranger at first, soon comprehended that no rough hand had come among them, and drew up as confidingly as ever.

Little Bobby had learned to say papa; but he looked timidly for a time toward the stranger; but he came in for his abundant share of admiration, and soon claimed his place on his father's knee, where we will leave him at present, though he is somewhat puzzled at his father's long stories, and why his little brother and sisters are so eager to hear them. But they all feel sure that mother looks happier than she did, and that even the youngest can feel and enjoy; for, after all, a mother's smile is the light of the household.

THE ROSE AND MORNING-GLORY.

BY J. B. HOAG.

[See Engraving.]

Rose.—Rosa Rubiginoso—Germ ovate; peduncles and petioles glandular hispid; petioles somewhat prickly; stem glabrous; prickles scattered, hooked, slender; leaflets ovate, serrate, sub-glandulous beneath.

Morning-Glory.—Convolvulus Purpureus—Pubescent; leaves cordate, entire; peduncles, two to five flowered; pedicils nodding, thickened; division of the calyx, lanceolate; capsules glabrous.

A distinguished writer has truly said, "God might have made the world, with all that is needful for man, and yet have made no flowers." The earth might have been made to yield all that absolute necessity demands for our sustenance, and yet have yielded nothing on which the sublime feelings and discriminating appreciation of beauty can feast; but it is one of the many evidences we have of the goodness of our beneficent Creator that it is not so; but while He has endowed us with capabilities of being gratified by exhibitions of the beautiful, the world abounds with objects to ravish the taste, delight the eye, and chasten the feelings.

Flowers occupy no insignificant place among the objects of beauty with which the earth is decorated.

The ROSE justly possesses the title of "the queen of flowers," from the beauty and elegance of its structure and sweetness of its perfume; and as it sits with unpretending beauty among the floral tribe, to the thoughtful mind it imparts a lesson of useful instruction.

The MORNING-GLORY may be ranked among the finest ornaments that can decorate the rural domicile. These flowers are, in some parts of the country, extensively cultivated by the lovers of the beautiful; and where we see one taught to climb by the sides of the window, unfolding its beauties at the first dawn of light; and the other, in its unpretending simplicity, decorating the garden or yard adjacent to human residences, we regard it as an indication that the inmates appreciate the beautiful in nature, and possess other corresponding qualities, which are calculated to impart to the character an influence which will not fail to be exhibited in such a way as to command our approbation.

YOUNG children are strongly affected by facial expression, and they learn the features of passion long before they learn any other part of its language. Their imitative faculties are so active, and their sympathies so acute, that they unconsciously assume the expression of face which they are accustomed to see and feel.

THE BLESSEDNESS OF FAITH.

BY MRS. WM. N. SCHALE.

FAITH is an all-sustaining, efficacious, and triumphant grace, worthy its divine origin. Faith is a free gift, bestowed upon wretched man by his beneficient benefactor. Amid all the vicissitudes of the Christian life it is exciting its hallowed influences. When the sky is overcast, and clouds and darkness encompass our path, faith—a ray of light from the effulgence above, glory above—dispels all gloom, and dissipates all fear. When the spirit is overburdened with sin, oppressed with worldy care, and fainting hope well-nigh expires, faith—the bright evidence of things unseen—unvails the celestial world, and points to the bliss and joy of heaven.

This grace is beautifully exemplified in the daily walk of the children of God, in every condition of life, and under all its varying circumstances. We see a striking illustration of the power of faith, in a female, young, gifted, and interesting, nursed in the lap of indulgence, and reared by the hand of plenty, consecrating herself to the service of the living God. She is united in marriage to a standard-bearer of the cross, who is destined to unfurl the gospel banner in heathen lands; she bids farewell to youthful scenes and pleasures, to friends truthful and dear; faith—that overcomes the world—enables her to grasp for the last time the hand of maternal love, to listen to the tremulous voice conveying a father's benediction, to soothe the wild throbbings of a sister's heart, and calm the anguish of a brother's soul. Amid prayers, tears, and blessings, she embarks for a foreign clime; wave after wave bears her farther from her native land; the dangers and privations of a long, tedious voyage are endured, the dark and benighted shore is welcomed, and she enters with assiduity upon the labors before her. Here, far away from the enlightened society and cultivated refinement of her western home, she toils on amid scenes of discouragement and perplexity, until, at last, careworn and weary, she sinks beneath

the stroke of some fell disease. She dreams, as the fever dries her parched lips, of her home, murmurs her mother's name, hears the rippling of the little brook, on whose banks she played in childhood's happy hours; she reaches her hand to lave her burning brow with its limpid water, but wakens in a darker valley, on the shore of a broader stream. Here, sustained by faith, she speaks of joy unutterable, of peace passing all understanding, of happiness beyond comparison, and there, from that heathen land, is borne to heaven, in a chariot of fire, one of the trophies of faith—victorious faith.

We see this inestimable grace exercised by the godly in all the social relations. The wife may have a strong arm to lean upon, may repose with reverance upon the superior judgment of her earthly guide, but she always feels the need of a higher protector, and exercising faith, draws from above the peculiar blessings it imparts. The mother, too, surrounded by her little ones, may be exquisitely happy in ministering to their wants, and loses, in forgetfulness, her toil and anxiety, as she witnesses the unalloyed felicity of her infantile treasures. But there is no being on earth who needs more than the mother the support, comfort, and consolation of faith. Sickness may enter, with its fearful consequences; the merry laugh of the light-hearted boy may suddenly be turned into the low moanings of pain and anguish; his face, so recently beaming with health and beauty, may now be wan and pale. Ah! when loved ones are suffering, are dying in our arms, what but faith can sustain us? What but faith bear up our drooping spirits?

In a darkened room, upon a little couch, lay a beautiful babe, white, cold, and pure as alabaster; his large dark eyes were closed forever, his sunny curls were carefully adjusted on his noble brow, and around his sweet mouth lingered a smile, such as we see when we dream of angels. At his side, mantled in grief, stood a widowed mother. Who would dare portray her sorrow? Who could compass the measure of her grief by meanless words? Where is the hand to stay the waves of anguish as they break heavily upon her? Lo! from the presence of the Eternal, where dwells the sanctified spirit of her child, a white-winged messenger descends, speaks sweet words of peace to the bereaved, pours in the troubled breast the oil of consolation, and

points to the land where sorrow never enters, and tears are wiped away. Ah! faith, thine is a glorious mission. To soothe the distressed, calm the mourner, bring light to the darkened, hope to the desponding, well behooves a vicegerent of the Most High. Spread wide thy wings, celestial bird, that we may gather beneath them, that we may imbibe thy spirit, and at last be borne by thee to the world above, and bow in grateful adoration before the Author and Finisher of our faith.

VISIONS OF TWILIGHT.

BY ELIZABETH M. ROBERTS.

When the dim twilight fades in the star-lighted sky,
And the silv'ry clouds float on their white pinions by;
When the low vesper sounds o'er the far-distant hill,
And the breeze in the valley of roses is still:
Then with the sweet evening, the starlight, and song,
With her fair golden locks on the evening breeze flung,
Comes a phantom of beauty; and on my tired ear,
Falls her voice's deep music, low, pensive, and clear.
It breathes o'er my wearied soul fragrance and balm,
And life's troubled billows receive and are calm.
Oh, visions of beauty, of starlight, and shade,
With twilight ye come, and with twilight ye fade!
When the flowers are withering in autumn's chill breath,
Then comes o'er my spirit a vision of death;
Of azure eyes closed, and of bright locks at rest,
And white fingers folded upon a hushed breast;
Of yellow leaves rustling a lonely grave o'er,
Of a voice that has been, and to me is no more.
When grief like a dark pall o'ershadows my heart,
And hope from my soul spreads her wings to depart,
Then the voice of an angel steals low on my ear,
And her starry wings hover my lone pathway near;
Her golden hair streams o'er her bosom of snow,
And a starry-gemmed crown shades her pale, lovely brow;
She stays her white fingers her harp chords among,
Points to heaven and smiles, and the vision is flown.

THE CHOICE OF A PURSUIT.

BY S. MARSHALL INGALLS, ESQ.

NATURE has endowed mankind with a diversity of talents and capacities. She has given one man creative power, and another pre-eminence in reason. She has lavished here the gift of eloquence, and there bestowed artistic skill. She has clothed this one with genius, and fashioned the mind of that in common mold. There is quite as much difference displayed in the degree and variety of mental qualities as there is in the size, proportions, and appearance of the bodily organs. A great majority of the human race possess no very marked superiority of intellect—a well-ordered provision in the economy of creation, for there is much greater need of ordinary than extra-ordinary men. We do not require Newtons or Bacons to feed our flocks or till the earth. It would—if I may venture the expression—be a waste of intellectual material. While the mass do not rank high in point of ability, each will be found to possess a "forte," or distinguishing excellence of some kind. A beneficent Creator has made these distinctions for the purpose of carrying on the complicated machinery of social intercourse more harmoniously, and evidently with the design that they should be observed and respected in the CHOICE of a PURSUIT for life. It may be safely prescribed for a general rule, "ceteris paribus," that, in the selection of a pursuit, NATURE should regulate the choice. The propriety of this rule, to a certain extent, must always be recognized. To attempt to disregard it altogether, would be the extreme of ridiculous absurdity! No one would wish to hazard his reputation for common sense by adopting painting as a pursuit, if he can neither imitate, design, nor discern primary colors; or attempt to earn a livelihood by his poetical effusions, if he is destitute of taste, imagination, sensibility, and language; or to become a disciple of Mozart or Beethoven, if he lacks the capacity to distinguish sounds, and to detect discord from harmony. It is unnecessary to multiply examples to illustrate a position clearly evident. Nature will assert her supremacy;

and while you labor in vain to supply original deficiencies by discipline and culture, genius defies all efforts to suppress it. A want of early advantages may dim, but cannot extinguish its fires. Circumstances, however unpropitious, cannot subdue it. The most adverse fortune, or lowly birth, cannot hide it. It bursts all barriers, triumphs over all obstacles, and is seen, and felt, and revered as an emanation from the mind of the Infinite! The lives of Franklin, Fulton, and others, attest abundantly the truth of this remark. The poor printer boy became the representative of material philosophy for the age in which he lived, and Fulton,

"Whose name is with his country's interwoven,"

in youth a jeweler's apprentice, has achieved for himself an imperishable renown. Burns was an ignorant country lad, and the immortal Shakspeare, who first saw light in an humble cottage on the banks of the Avon, is hailed as the greatest poet that ever lived in any age of the world. Now, while all are prepared to admit that there may be instances—extreme cases—where a peculiar mental organization, or uncommon ability of any kind, should indicate the pursuit, many think that lesser distinctions may be disregarded; but the reason of the rule we are attempting to establish applies, if not with equal force, certainly with equal propriety, in other cases. In the exact proportion to the prominency of the prevailing capacity is the necessity of adopting a congenial pursuit, though in the absence of decided ability of any kind the choice may assume a wider range. The advantage to be derived in the result would many times not be appreciable if either of several contemplated pursuits were chosen. Great care, however, should then be taken that the selection do not fall above the general range and strength of the understanding, for success cannot be attained without the acuteness and apprehension to seize and master principles, and judgment to meet the requirements of business. Just here lies one of the most dangerous quicksands in the waters of parental navigation. Parents are apt to aim too high for their children. Ignorance, or more commonly affection, renders them insensible to all imperfections and deficiencies. They feel perfectly satisfied that their children are as "smart" as those of other people; and

with their vanity flattered at the prospect of seeing their sons figure in a higher position, they are ushered into some situation for which they are not at all calculated. The consequence is such as might be anticipated—a want of adequate success. Parental hopes are blasted—the expectations of the youthful aspirant disappointed. To such an extent is this infatuation sometimes carried, that infants are deliberately doomed to some exalted destiny! The custom of assigning pursuits in infancy or childhood is specious folly; for it is impossible to ascertain with even tolerable certainty at an early age the general strength or cast of mind. Who that knew him most intimately, could have detected in the character of the boy Franklin, at the time of his departure for Philadelphia, indications of that greatness which afterward developed itself? Who could have foreseen in the ungainly person and listless bearing of the young Henry, with his gun or angle-rod, the orator whose eloquence was destined to hold listening multitudes captive by its magic spell? The practice to which we allude prevails to an alarming extent; thousands of young men, who might become an ornament in their proper sphere, are inconsiderately sacrificed on the altar of misguided parental zeal and affection. A proof of the magnitude of this evil is to be found in the fact, that a considerable portion of the pupils in our professional schools are boys, sent without previous discipline or acquirements, to obtain the knowledge necessary to enable them to enter the professions for which they have been predestined. This is additional error. The benefits of a thorough scholastic education should never be neglected—where the expense may be incurred—no matter what the pursuit or destination in life; the requisite professional information may then be acquired in the most convenient manner. In addition to the general utility of such a course, an important advantage is gained in the opportunity afforded of making a judicious selection of a pursuit. At the close of the academic or collegiate career, superior fitness for some vocation is manifest, and there is little danger that the choice will be amiss.

The crowded state of the learned professions furnishes a striking example of misdirected energy and exertion, and is to be attributed, in a great measure, to the cause above mentioned —parental weakness. Fathers, anxious to obtain for their sons

an honorable independence and a place in the estimation of community, think these ends most easily secured through the medium of professional life; they thus become too many times the unconscious instruments of evil and misery; for the consequences of this folly, usually exhibited in a disgust of the object for his vocation, and a want of success, do not always stop here. A failure to obtain employment is very naturally followed by idleness, and idleness leads, by insensible gradations, to vice and crime! The amount of effort unwisely squandered in the professions, would be richly rewarded if directed to the mechanical and manual pursuits. These branches of industry cannot be over-supplied; they afford a support for all who embrace them, and diligence and economy will insure a competence. Their exercise is conducive to health, and hence to happiness. Certainly no vocations are more intrinsically noble or honorable. If mechanics and farmers do not receive as much consideration in society as others, it is not because they are farmers or mechanics, but because they are often ignorant and uninformed. An educated farmer or mechanic is as highly respected by all whose opinions are entitled to credit as the pampered minion of wealth and aristocracy.

If the time once was when manual labor was considered degrading, that season is passed. The world begins to look upon men for their usefulness—their excellence in any calling, and not for the calling itself. This is owing, in a great degree, to the progress of the age in the useful arts and physical sciences. A new era has dawned for the youth of our country. There is now a prospect open before them of acquiring a fortune by their own healthful exertions, and at the same time of rising in the public estimation by their intellectual attainments.

There are flowers of Christian beauty which only open in the dark; there are fountains of consolation which are only heard in the night.

We must pass through a death of the passions before we can enter the mistaken and unclouded kingdom of truth.

"INDEPENDENCE NOW, AND INDEPENDENCE FOREVER."

BY MRS. J. H. HANAFORD.

"Go ring the bells and fire the guns,
And fling the starry banner out
Shout 'Freedom' till your lisping ones
Give back their cradle shout."—WHITTIER.

It was a festive day in the village of Omaro, and the glad children of the village school were released from their usual tasks, and might be seen, in their exuberant delight, gamboling upon the village green, or admiring and following hard after the procession of "children of a larger growth," which marched to the meeting-house, there to listen to an oration from the only lawyer which the village boasted.

"It is the Fourth of July!" exclaimed Charlie Dana; "'tis Independence Day, and I'm glad of it!" He had just returned from the procession, with his playmates, and the exhilarating influence of so much excitement as was displayed by both men and boys, together with the inspiration of martial music, led him to utter such an exclamation.

"Why does my nephew care?" said a gentle voice behind him; and, turning, Charlie saw his favorite uncle.

Charlie jumped into his arms, and answered, "Oh! because there is no school; I have no lessons to study; no tasks to recite; no danger of missing my lesson, and having to stay after school is out. I like the piece which the master read to us yesterday, because it says, 'Independence now, and independence forever.' Don't you like to be independent, uncle?"

"I like freedom, my dear boy," was the reply; "but restraint is sometimes good for us all. Perhaps, if you were always free from school-discipline, you might never learn, and would be almost certain to get into mischief. No, my lad; do not desire independence from wholesome restraint. Here is a Fourth of July present, which, I hope, will always remind you of what I have just said. May this book teach you how to be free indeed!"

Thus speaking, he reached Charlie a small, but prettily bound

pocket Bible. Charlie received it with much pleasure, and the glow of admiration on his cheek rivaled the red morocco of the acceptable present. His uncle was in haste to attend to some business with Charlie's father, and therefore left him without saying more, or stopping to hear any thing more from Charlie, than his hearty "Thank you, uncle! thank you!"

Charlie soon hastened away to the grove, where, as soon as the oration was ended, a collation was to be served to all the villagers, without distinction of fortune, age, or sex. Here he united with his schoolmates in singing the song commencing—

> "This day to greet, with joy we meet,
> Then banish care away;
> With festive cheer, come, hasten here,
> 'Tis Independence Day;"

and loud and long was the chorus, "'Tis Independence Day," echoed by the distant hills, as it was joyously shouted by the light-hearted children, to whom the festive occasion was ever a welcome jubilee. At last the sunset guns were fired, the bells were silent, and the fireworks from the hill behind the school-house had ascended, and been displayed to the wondering gaze of Charlie and others; and as Charlie laid his head once more upon his pillow, the moon peeped over the eastern hill, the stars twinkled above him, and all around there was a calmness, which contrasted remarkably with the noise and bustle of the village through the departed day. "Independence now, and independence forever," was on Charlie's lips even in his dreams that night; and when he arose on the following morning, he wrote the magic words in his little Fourth of July present, the Bible, that never left him for many, many long years, even when the visions of youth had been realized, or faded from his memory.

Another Fourth of July came, but it dawned upon Charles far out upon the ocean. He was no longer little curly-headed, chubby-cheeked "Charlie," but a young man. Charles had left his home a week before, choosing no longer to submit to parental restraint. He fancied that he should like the freedom of a sailor's life, better than the usual employments in which he engaged while an inmate of the vine-wreathed cottage where his parents dwelt. We cannot say that he was vicious, and thus sought to disobey his parents; but he was proud, high-spirited,

and possessing, as yet, a "carnal mind," which, we read, "is at enmity with God," and therefore the injunction, "Children, obey your parents," had little weight with him, when the strong current of youthful passion impelled him blindly on to a more congenial course, and the visions of illusive hope made such a course seem fairer and brighter than all others.

It was early morning. Charles was high up the swaying mast, with a comrade, engaged in some ship duty, when the following conversation took place:

"It's Fourth of July, to-day, Dana," said Charles's comrade. "What do you suppose our folks are doing at home? Firing guns?"

"Oh! they have finished the morning salute," answered Charles; "for, see, the sun is up over the fore-yard, and the guns are fired at sunrise."

"Would you not like to be there to-day?" asked the other.

"Yes, on some accounts, I would," replied Charles, "but for other reasons, I would not; and, Jackson, if you loved freedom as a true American ought, you would not wonder at my feelings. I wished to be in leading-strings no longer, and so I came away to find freedom on the ocean. 'Independence now, and independence forever,' I say."

"Well, Dana," answered Jackson, "you are much mistaken if you expect to find entire freedom here—such freedom as you seek. True, the winds blow, and the waves dash as they will, or, rather, as the Almighty bids them; but a sailor is under the control of his officers and captain, and must be obedient and tractable, or suffer evil consequences. You will find the discipline of a ship to be as irksome as your restraints at home, before you have been here long. I think I like the sentiment, 'Independence now, and independence forever,' as well as any one, and honor the memory of the man who spoke it; but independence is rarely found on earth. Our own beloved country approaches it, but even there we are dependent on each other for happiness. I cannot talk to you on this point as I would like to, Dana; but I have heard our old minister at home say, that no man was free until he was a Christian."

Duty then called the two sailors below, and the conversation was interrupted; but the idea dwelt upon Charles's mind, that

he had not sought freedom in the true way, after all. The memory of his good uncle's counsels came to his mind; and often, during that day, he pondered upon that uncle's words, while he remembered that the members of the family circle he had left for his long voyage, were probably engaging in the festivities of the nation's anniversary. Tender and pleasant thoughts of home arose in his mind, and he forgot the longing for freedom from wholesome restraints which led him to seek a mariner's life, while in fancy he was again beneath his father's roof, and receiving his parents' approbation. But the sad reality that he had left a comfortable home for a wild and stormy career, where danger and death were ever near him, and no kind voice consoled him in an hour of sickness and sorrow, soon led him to desire to be at home again. The privations and trials of a sea life and ship discipline, soon led him to think, also, upon the reason of his departure from his father's fireside, and he was led bitterly to mourn over his fancied independence, and wish himself back where the scepter wielded over his actions would be one of love. The officers with whom he now sailed, "clothed with a little brief authority," seemed to delight in displaying their power over him, till the use of the phrase, "Independence now, and independence forever," seemed to be the bitterest irony and sarcasm. But "a change came o'er the spirit of his dream," and at the close of a long voyage, he once more touched his native strand. The settlement of his voyage required his presence, for a few days, in the city where the ship was owned; but "his heart was with his early friends," and thus he wrote to them:

"I shall soon be with you, to receive, I trust, my mother's warm and welcome kiss, my father's blessing, and my sister's love; to enjoy the delightful society of my best earthly friends, and confess to you vocally, what I now write, that my dream is over, and my heart at rest. I shall roam no more in the vain search after freedom, more than can be found at my father's fireside, beneath the restraint of Christian principles and wholesome laws; but I will try to make your hearts glad by so conducting myself in all the future, that you will know of a surety that there is a 'liberty wherewith Christ makes His children free,' and that your Charles is now 'free indeed.' There is no greater tyrant than Sin, as I have learned by sad experience; and dwell where

we may, on the wide, green earth, or far out upon the pathless deep, there is no true freedom for the human soul, until it casts off the fetters of sin, and bursts the shackles of transgression. The thralldom in which the sinner dwells is far worse than any deprivation of freedom in any other way. A man may be free to go when and where he pleases, and in a manner, to do as he pleases; but if he remains under the dominion of his passions, he is still a slave, and an imprisoned Christian would not exchange his situation with that of such a bondman. John Bunyan, the author of the world-renowned and universal favorite, 'Pilgrim's Progress,' was happier far in his prison, after Christian love had rendered him free from the service of sin, than when in his youth, out of prison, he sinned as much as he pleased. I ever felt from childhood to exclaim with the recently deceased poet, Moore,

"'Better to dwell in Freedom's hall,
With a cold, damp floor and mouldering wall,
Than bow the head and bend the knee,
In the proudest palace of slaverie.'

But I feel still more, now, the blessedness of freedom, though it is a freedom from the prince of evil that I most desire. Now, I can quote Shelley's words, with my whole soul echoing them—

"'What art thou, Freedom? Oh! could slaves
Answer from their living graves
This demand, tyrants would flee
Like a dream's dim imagery!
Thou art Justice—ne'er for gold
May thy righteous laws be sold,
As laws are in England; thou
Shieldest alike high and low.
Thou art Peace—never by thee
Would blood and treasure wasted be,
As tyrants wasted them when all
Leagued to quench thy flame in Gaul!
Thou art Love: the rich have kiss'd
Thy feet, and like him following Christ,
Given their substance to be free,
And through the world have followed thee.'

Freedom to me now is the glorious privilege, and the ever-growing power to obey the injunction of Scripture, 'Do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with God.'

"The little Bible my uncle gave me, on one Fourth of July, years ago, is still kept, and more cherished than any other volume I ever possessed, not even excepting the enchanting tale of 'Robinson Crusoe,' over which I pored in early youth. Please tell my dear uncle from me, that his words in reference to true freedom, formed a part of that chain of causes which have led to the present result, namely, my enlistment under the banner of the 'Captain of our Salvation,' the Prince of Peace, Liberty, and Love. And please add this as my special message, that I have learned the true meaning of the noble sentiment, 'Independence now, and independence forever;' and henceforth it shall be my motto, while I endeavor daily to become free from the power of sin in my heart and life, and live as becomes a 'freeman in Christ Jesus.'"

CHRONOLOGY FOR MAY, 1852.

Madame Jenny Lind Goldschmidt gave her last concert in America at Castle Garden, New York, on the 24th, and sailed on the 29th, in the steamer Atlantic for Europe.

There arrived at New York, during the month of April, 29,147 emigrants, and during the last four months, 40,609.

There were 256 large dwelling-houses building on the 1st, in New York, above Houston Street.

A train of 59 cars, loaded with cattle, arrived at Albany, from Buffalo, on the 3d.

The village of Leavenworth, Indiana, was destroyed by a storm of wind on the 1st; 40 houses were blown down; the walls of some of the brick buildings were 14 inches in thickness.

The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, in session at Washington, visited President Fillmore at the White House on the 22d. Rev. Dr. Adams, of New York, delivered an eloquent address to the President, to which Mr. Fillmore appropriately responded. During their session the Assembly visited in a body the grave of Washington at Mt. Vernon.

George Howland (a member of the Society of Friends) died at his residence at New Bedford, Mass., on the 21st, and left a fortune of over half a million dollars.

The building of a railroad from Halifax to Quebec, Canada, has been abandoned; it will not pay. The travel by railroad to Montreal, from Halifax, will now pass through Portland, Me.

Two merchants recently reached St. Louis, from Chihuahua, with $80,000 in specie, to buy merchandise.

The Utica and Schenectady Railroad, in 14 years, has paid all expense

of constructing and running the road, besides 18¾ per cent. per annum paid in dividends.

An emigrant train of 31 cars, filled with emigrants, arrived from the east at Rochester, N. Y., on the 20th.

French's Hotel was damaged by fire to the extent of $40,000 on the 13th, and one man, a carpenter, belonging to the house, lost his life.

Isaac T. Hopper, of New York, the philanthropist, died at his residence on the 7th, aged 85 years.

The following religious and benevolent societies, at their recent anniversary in New York, report the following sums as received and expended during the year:

	Receipts.	Expenditures.
American Sunday School Union	$193,846 22	
Sunday School Union	140,000	
Christian Union	55,652 99	$54,644 18
American Bible Society	308,744 81	
" Colonization Society	100,000	
Central Board of Education	3,624 18	3,624 18

The American Temperance Union circulated, during the year, 175,000 copies of journals, 60,000 copies of Youth's Temperance Advocate, 10,000 pamphlets, and 800,000 pages of original tracts.

The N. Y. State Colonization Society received $21,033 41, and sent to Africa, during the year, 592 colored persons.

The pilot of the steamer Reindeer, on a recent trip on the Hudson, had the curiosity to count the number of vessels he met between Kingston and Albany, a distance of about 40 miles. They summed up as follows: sail vessels, 259; passage boats, 10; tows, 15; propellers, 3; total, 287. This will give some idea of the trade of the Hudson.

During the last year there were manufactured at the Springfield armory 21,000 muskets, at a cost of $8 75 for each musket. In 1839 they could not be made at less than $17 44.

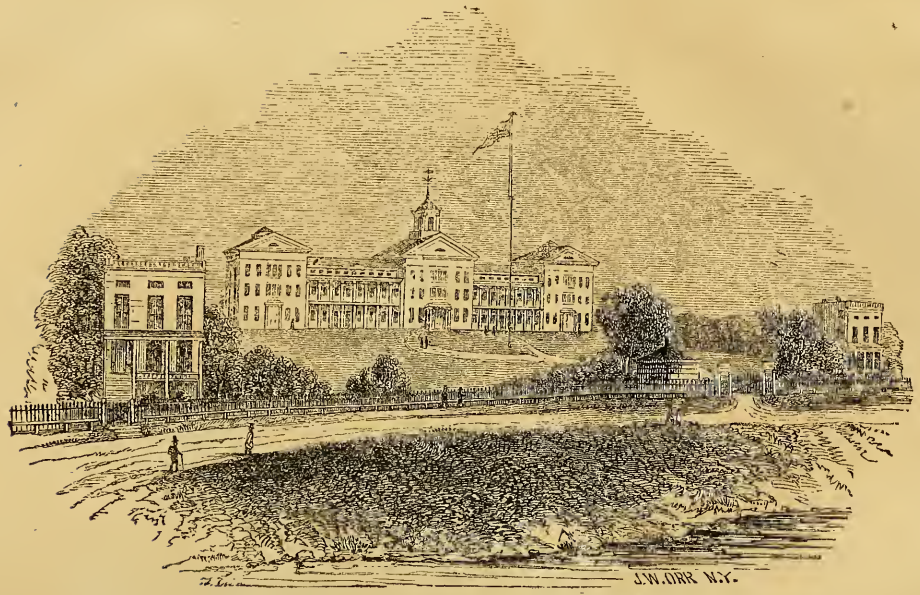
There are at present 171 stages licensed by the city of Brooklyn, 125 of which run on Fulton street, having their stand at the ferry; 27 from South Ferry, and 19 from Hamilton Avenue Ferry.

Discipline—the most potent thing known among men—enables three officers, at Bedloe's Island, N. Y., to govern, with easy and absolute sway, four hundred soldiers, most of whom are raw recruits.

The London Mail states that a large immigration of Chinese laborers into Havana has been resolved upon, and an English house is said to have contracted for the importation of 8,000 into the island, at a charge of $125 per head. The laborers are to be apprenticed for eight years, and are to receive $4 per month.

On the first day of the year the House of Correction in the city of Portland was without an occupant—an interesting fact in connection with the famous "Maine Law."

Governor Briggs, of Massachusetts, recently related the following incident: After reading with great interest the letters of John Quincy Adams' mother, he one day went over to his seat in Congress and said to him, "Mr. Adams, I have found out who made you." "What do you mean?" said he. "I have been reading the letters of your mother," was his reply. With a flashing eye and glowing face he started up, and in his peculiar and emphatic manner said, "Yes, Mr. Briggs, all that is good in me I owe to my mother."



SAILOR'S RETREAT, STATEN ISLAND, N. Y.

HINTS TO YOUNG MEN; OR, THE LOST RECLAIMED.

BY G. S. SAVAGE.

[Concluded from p. 164.]

TURN we now for a few moments to Beechwood, the abode of innocence and peace. The hour was noon. Miss Seldon was seated in the parlor, at a table covered with caps, linen, and other fabrics of homely texture, which she was cutting up and arranging into a variety of forms, for her poor PROTEGES of the parish. Her uncle was sitting in a favorite nook by the heavily-curtained window, jotting down remarks upon the margin of a ponderous volume that lay open before him, when a servant appeared with a letter, which he presented to his master. While perusing it, Clara raised her head for a moment from her work, and was shocked at the expression of his countenance, which became deadly pale. His hands trembled, and his whole manner was visibly affected. Rising precipitately from her seat, she approached him, and putting her arms round his neck said, "Dear uncle, what is the matter? have you heard any bad news?"

"Oh, no, my child, 'tis nothing. There, go to your work."

But love (such as she felt for him) was not so easily put off; she clung closer to him, and answered, "Ah! uncle, I know it must be something that could disturb you so. You know you once told me you would have no secrets from me."

"Well, well, my darling, here is the letter," putting it into her hand; "you must have known it sooner or later." Clara took the letter, and while reading, her bosom heaved, and a crimson flush of indignation mounted to her cheeks and forehead. She dashed it on the ground, and put her foot upon it, exclaiming, "Slanderous villain!" The letter was as follows:

"SIR,—Having a regard for your domestic happiness, and the peace of mind of the angelic being so nearly allied to you, I would guard you against an insidious wretch, whom YOU, in your unsuspecting confidence, have admitted to your house on terms of intimacy. Like the slimy, creeping serpent, he has wormed

himself into your affections, and, I fear, made a lodgment in the heart of your innocent niece. He possesses the tact of hiding his hellish purposes under the show of candor, and by his fascinating manners conceals the base motives for which he visits your house. He is a professed gambler, and bids fair to be a confirmed drunkard. Ere it is too late, cast him from you as you would a venemous reptile."

Here it abruptly broke off. There was no signature.

"Oh! uncle, you know the perfidy of the world; will you give credence to so vile a calumny? Can you believe Charles—I mean Mr. Montel—so lost to all sense of honor and virtue as to be guilty of the turpitude this infamous production attributes to him? Fallible he may be, but vicious, never! I would stake my life upon his integrity and natural goodness of heart. He may have erred, but more from the head than the heart, being led away by those false friends in whom he has trusted. Remember, he is young and inexperienced; easily led, but, I am sure, always preferring right to wrong. He wants some gentle, restraining hand to guide him, and supply the place of the parent he has lost."

"Well, my child, I am going into the city to-day, and I will make some inquiries as to the truth or falsehood of the statement contained in yonder letter, which, I perceive, you have crushed under your feet, as I verily believe you would the writer, if I may judge from the color of your cheeks and the flashing of your eyes; which at other times, in their clear-blue depths, abound with love and peace."

On his arrival in the city he called upon Mr. Upton, who, in answer to his interrogations, told him plainly he was obliged to dismiss Montel from his house that morning, having entered the office in a state of evident intoxication. Mr. Seldon shook his head and departed, murmuring to himself, "Alas! my poor, poor Clara."

The last tie was now broken with the unfortunate Montel. He plunged into such frightful excesses, that even the most abandoned shrunk from him in disgust. One night, inflamed with wine and brandy, he repaired to the gambling-house, where the usual set were assembled. After playing for some time with

adverse luck, Carlton made some sarcastic observation upon his appearance, which stung him to the quick. He retorted in bitter language: "Villain! who has made me thus, but you, and your vile associates?"

"Miserable wretch! and so YOU had the presumption to think of possessing the hand of the pure and spotless Clara—"

At that name he rushed upon Carlton, and a struggle commenced; Carlton, freeing his hand, struck Montel with all his force full in the face; the blood spouted from his mouth and nostrils. Maddened by the blow, and losing all command over himself, he plucked a dagger from his bosom and plunged it into the heart of Carlton till the hilt struck against his ribs. The wretched man staggered back—his life's blood bubbled to his lips, and fixing a ghastly, fiend-like scowl upon Montel, he fell back and expired.

Those that were grouped around stood for a moment, as it were, paralyzed; then execrations and loud cries of vengeance resounded on all sides. Montel stood stupefied till some unknown arm dragged him from the room and out of the house, while a voice whispered, "Conceal yourself for the night; in the morning disguise your person and fly for your life—"

But it was too late. He had not got through the first street when he felt his arms pinioned from behind, handcuffed, and thrust into a coach, which drove rapidly off. Not a word was spoken, though there were two individuals with him, one at either side. The coach stopped at a large stone building, the gates of which were unclosed. The single word "Murder!" was uttered by one of the men. He felt himself led by no gentle hand along a narrow passage, thrust into a cell in which was a straw pallet in one corner, upon which he sunk exhausted and overwhelmed both in mind and body

About half past eight o'clock the following morning Mr. Seldon and his niece were sitting at the breakfast-table. She had given her uncle his last cup of coffee, and, taking up the newspaper, glanced her eye over its columns, when a paragraph arrested her attention. She had scarcely finished it, when her cheek became pale as marble, her body rigid, and her eye fixed, as in a cataleptic state. Awaking from her momentary trance, she made one ineffectual attempt to clutch the table for support, and fell

back in a death-like swoon. Mr. Seldon let fall the cup which he was in the act of raising to his lips, and ran to her assistance, and lifting her in his arms, laid her on the sofa, while he rang the bell violently. Every means were used at first in vain to restore her. At last, heaving a deep sigh, she slowly opened her eyes, and made a mute inclination of her head toward the paper. Her uncle lifted it from the floor, where it had fallen, and turning to the passage, he trembled as he read, while the paper rustled in his fingers. Giving a deep groan, he sat down and gazed, without speaking a word, upon his beloved niece. The paragraph which had so harrowing an effect upon both ran thus:

"Horrible Murder.—It is our melancholy task to inform our readers, that a dreadful murder was committed late last night in a well-known gambling-house in this city. An altercation took place between two young men named Charles Montel and Frederic Carlton. We understand the former took offense at some insulting expressions the other used in reference to the lovely niece of a talented and highly respectable gentleman residing a short distance from the city, and approaching to chastise him for the unmerited insult, Carlton assaulted him in the most brutal manner. Montel, forgetting all save the honor of her whose name was thus so publicly used, roused to a pitch of ungovernable fury, plunged a knife into his adversary's breast. His victim never spoke a word after. The murderer has been arrested. N. B.—The coroner is now holding an inquest upon the body. Further particulars in our next."

Clara rose languidly from the sofa, and falling on her knees before her uncle, exclaimed, "Save! oh, save him!"

"Impossible, Clara! What! have my unsullied name coupled with a murderer—an abandoned wretch—never!"

"Listen to me, my kind, good uncle. Those are not the precepts of the forgiving Saviour, who prayed for His murderers. You know I am entitled to five thousand dollars left me by my aunt; take it all, and employ the first counsel in the city. If you would not see me dead at your feet, grant me my request."

"Indeed I cannot, will not, Clara;" and rising hastily from his chair, left the room, and shut himself up in his study, fearing the gentle voice and beseeching looks of his more than daughter would overcome his firm resolve.

Poor, heart-broken Clara arose from her recumbent posture, and with tottering steps sought her chamber, and, throwing herself upon the bed, buried her face in the pillow, while the pent-up feelings gave way, and a flood of tears came to her relief, and she sank into an uneasy slumber.

In about two hours after Mr. Seldon stole gently into her room, and contemplated the lovely being before him with moistened eyes. Her cheeks were still wet with tears, which glistened upon her long eyelashes like dew-drops, and a hectic spot glowed on either cheek. She moaned heavily in her sleep, while a few indistinct sounds came from her parted lips. Her uncle took her hand and pressed it gently within his own, when her eyes opened, and, looking up in his face with a mournful expression, seemed to search for something there.

"Forgive me, my beloved child; I parted from you in anger. I came to tell you that any thing consistent with my honor and your fair fame I will do, to rescue that unfortunate young man from his impending fate. Mr. Upton and I will consult together as to what is best to be done, and by our conjoint influence endeavor to save him from an untimely end."

"Bless you, my ever-kind uncle. I knew you would do any thing to spare your poor Clara from pain and misery," and putting her arms about his neck she kissed his cheek, while a faint smile of hope illumined her countenance.

She sat for some time at the window after he left the room, unoccupied apparently with any thing but thought. "I will save him yet," she murmurred. "I may still be the means of bringing him back to honor and virtue; and drawing a writing-desk toward her, indited the following note:

"Rev. Mr. Gibson:

"Dear Sir,—As a warm and sincere friend of my dear mother, and believing, from many little acts of kindness, that those affections springing from a benevolent heart have been transferred to the daughter, I take the liberty of imploring you to visit a young man now in jail, charged with the murder of a Mr. Carlton. As a true follower of the Saviour, I know that you alone are fitted to apply the balm to his wounded spirit, and pour the consoling words of religion into his ear. I hope

you will not consider that I overstep the bounds of modesty in thus addressing you, and that you will give me credit for higher motives than merely worldly considerations. Hoping to see you early to-morrow, I am, yours,

"CLARA SELDON."

Ringing a small bell, which was answered by her own maid, she desired the note to be sent immediately as addressed. Closing the door, she flung herself upon her knees, and prayed fervently to the God of mercy and love to bless the efforts of the minister in leading him to that source where peace alone can be found—the fount of living waters.

Poor Charles was sitting upon his wretched pallet, his head between his hands, the picture of abject despair. At one time the sweet, soothing voice of hope whispered in his ear, like the vampire's wing, lulling him to repose; but starting from his bed, he cried, "What have I to do with hope? there is none for me in heaven or earth. Shall I cling to life when happiness is fled? This will end it," seizing his penknife, which, by some unaccountable oversight, was left with him, he was about to plunge it into his heart, when the door opened, and a middle-aged gentleman of benign aspect entered, and sitting down beside him, he took his hand, and said: "My fellow-sinner, do not give way to despair. Your crime and sins are many and great, but there is hope, even for you. God, who is rich in mercy, hath given His Son to die for us, that the very chief of sinners, believing on Him, might be saved. Fear not, therefore, only believe; look up with confidence, and pray to Him, that He would give you true repentance, and His Holy Spirit." Charles joined him fervently in prayer, and when he rose from his knees, he felt a calm and peace of mind which he had not enjoyed for many months.

On leaving, Mr. Gibson (for it was he) laid his hand upon his shoulder, and said, "Be of good cheer, and all may yet be well." He then handed him a scrap of paper, and as soon as the door closed, he traced those few words, "Do not despair—hope on, and forever!—C. S." Those words rung long after in his ears, producing a balmy influence, soothing his perturbed spirit, wrapping his senses in pleasing dreams.

The inquest was held the day following the murder. Several witnesses were called; the principal one being Colonel Westwood, who, in his evidence, swore that his deceased friend had neither given nor intended any provocation to Montel, and that he several times observed the latter put his hand in his bosom and grasp a dagger which he intentionally brought with him that night, no such weapon having ever been seen with him before. The coroner addressed the jury in a somewhat lengthy speech, which our pages will scarcely permit us to introduce. The jury did not take long to deliberate. After a few words passed between them, a verdict was returned of manslaughter against Montel.

In the mean time Mr. Seldon and Mr. Upton were not idle. Sharkey, the latter's solicitor, advised them to secure Messrs. Avery and Tillotson, the two most eminent lawyers in the city. They were accordingly retained in a heavy fee.

The account of the murder was soon bruited abroad in every country paper. I will not attempt to describe the shock produced upon the minds of Charles's mother and sisters. His poor mother had been for some time bedridden; she could therefore only weep and pray for him, but his sisters, as soon as they learned the dreadful news, secured their seats in the daily coach, accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Talbot, who was going up on a visit to the city.

The meeting between Charles and his sisters was heart-rending. "Oh! Ida—oh! Emily, my sisters, I thought this, at least, would have been spared me; and you, that are pure and good, might have been kept in ignorance of the degradation of your lost brother, till the tomb had buried alike his crimes and sorrows. And my mother, too, how have I rent her already overcharged heart!" Ida, deeply affected, said, "Oh! my brother, griefs and trials, sin and sorrow, are more or less the portion of all, but as it is our duty to God to bear them with resignation when they do befall us, so it is our duty to ourselves not to hasten them by anticipation, nor increase them by apprehension. Do not give way, then, to gloomy forebodings; you have many friends working for you, and you have a good God watching over you." Here the jailor appeared, and after a long embrace, they departed.

Thursday, the day of trial, at last dawned, and the avenues to the court were crowded to excess, and every disposable seat

was quickly filled, except a few reserved ones for the ladies. Mr. Seldon and Mr. Upton had taken their seats opposite the bench, and paid the utmost attention to what was going forward. The awful moment was at length come, and the judge entered the tribunal and took his seat. The prisoner was then put to the bar. A murmur of sympathy and commiseration ran among the ladies at his appearance, so different from what they had expected. He was dressed in a plain frock coat; a simple black ribbon encircled his neck; the beautiful symmetry of his throat was displayed, white as marble; his forehead, broad and intellectual; his cheeks were worn and deadly pale, but his eyes shone with an unwonted luster; and raising them to gaze for a moment around the court, many a gentle bosom heaved, and many a tear was shed. But there was one whose tearless eyes were fixed immovable on his countenance; that one was Clara, who sat somewhat apart from where the ladies were. A nervous twitching about the lips was observed on his looking toward where his sisters were seated. He ventured to cast a glance at his judge after the arraignment was over, and he took encouragement from the expression he read there.

The case being opened, the witnesses were called, who gave their evidence clearly and distinctly. They deposed as to the origin of the quarrel, and having seen the blow struck, etc., but being cross-examined by Mr. Tillotson, the counsel for the defense, they contradicted themselves on several points. Colonel Westwood, the principal witness, was then called, and seemed, as on the inquest, to be actuated by vindictive motives. "You knew the deceased for some time?" asked the prosecuting counsel. "I did." "Was he of a quarrelsome disposition?" "Quite the contrary; he was mild and peaceable at all times." "You saw the blow struck which caused his death?" "I did." "Did any one interfere?" "There was no time for even the deceased to defend himself." The prosecution closed with this witness, and Westwood was about leaving the stand, when Mr. Tillotson said, "Stay, I have a few questions to put to you. Are you sure your name is Westwood?" The witness became confused, and his cheek paled, while answering in the affirmative. "Did you ever go by the name of Morris, or Brown?" "Maurice is my Christian name." "Were you ever arrested in Charleston

for horse-stealing?" He did not speak for a few moments, but his face assumed an expression of demoniacal ferocity. At last he answered, "I found a horse saddled, wandering on the road without a rider, and I was merely leading it to a livery stable till claimed." Here the counsel, looking at the jury, smiled significantly. "You may go down."

The counsel for the defense again rose and addressed the jury in a powerful speech, in the course of which he alluded to the witnesses as men of abandoned characters, without the pale of society, and that not the slightest credence could be given to their testimony even on oath. He dwelt upon the galling taunts, and murderous blow received by the prisoner from deceased, ere the committing of the deed. He appealed to his previous character as a refutation of such a charge as that of intentional murder; that a heart naturally good could not have been so altered and perverted as to become an assassin; and concluded by making a strong appeal to the wisdom and justice of the judge and jury. Witnesses as to character were then called. The Rev. Mr. Talbot appeared, who stated that he had known the prisoner since a child, and that he was ever of a mild and gentle disposition, and up to the time of his departure for the city had been a Sunday-school teacher. One of the heads of the college where he was educated came forward and stated, that the accused, while at the seminary, was of a studious turn of mind, and had received several honors in his collegiate course for superior attainments, and in his last year was presented with the silver medal for general good conduct.

The judge then proceeded to sum up, and in recapitulating the testimony of all the witnesses, alluded to the great provocation given to the prisoner before the fatal blow was struck; the previous good understanding existing between the parties, and the hitherto upright conduct of the prisoner; in short, all the circumstances which bore upon the case, enlarging and dilating most luminously as he went, and concluded a heart-stirring address to the jury in the following words: "It is for you, gentlemen of the jury, to consider all the facts before you, and to decide upon your verdict. Whether the prisoner entertained a premeditated design to kill his friend; whether the act was committed in a moment of hasty passion, or in self-defense." A

breathless silence pervaded the court while the jury were consulting for a few moments without leaving their seats. The foreman then came forward, while a voice below the bench demanded, "How say you, gentlemen, guilty, or not guilty?" "Not guilty."

A murmur ran through the court, which was with difficulty suppressed. When it had subsided, the judge, looking at the prisoner, addressed him in a feeling speech.

"Charles Montel, you have been tried by a jury of your countrymen, and acquitted. Let the past be a warning to you. You are young, and have tasted but of the world's first cup of pleasure, and found the draught bitter. Indulge no more in sensual pleasures, whose sting is mortal. Above all things, turn away from the inebriating cup as you would the plague. Choose your companions among the high and noble, and not from the base and profligate. You are blessed with every thing to make life happy; kind friends, an affectionate parent, beloved sisters, and, best of all, as I understand, the possession of the young heart's affections of a pure and innocent being, who would trust her all to your keeping, who clung to you in weal and woe when the world looked black and lowering. Rise superior to the groveling things of earth, and be what God intended you—a moral and holy being—and you will then begin to live, and peace shall be in your dwelling."

He was interrupted several times by the convulsive sobbing proceeding from a vailed figure partly hiddden in a recess in one corner of the court. Charles, divining well from whom the sounds proceeded, trembled violently, and hid his face in his hands, while the big tears rolled over his face and between his fingers. The judge, looking round upon the number of young men assembled, again spoke:

"My young friends, there are many of you now before me, who, I am sure, are setting out in life filled with bright hopes and eager expectations; whose cup of youth seems replete with pleasant drops of every kind, but little dream of the temptations and dangers that await you in your path. Oh, if you would be happy, and enjoy peace of mind in the society of the pure and good, avoid the intoxicating draught as you would poison, or the bite of the cobra capello. Go not into those saloons, more fetid than a charnel house; they may appear gorgeous and tempting

to the eye, but they are like painted sepulchers—fair without, but foul within. Be not persuaded by a mistaken friend, charm he ever so wisely, to partake of the poisoned chalice. Beware of the first glass, which leads to another, and another, till the habit has acquired strength, for it grows upon what it feeds, it nourishes every evil passion, and stimulates the unbridled appetites, and leaves the wretched votary at last a prey to horror and despair. Reflect upon the drunkard's doom, enduring the endless tortures of the worm that dieth not; for consider, this life is not all. There is another beyond this, to which the pains or pleasures of this life are mere nothing. Think of the future as well as the present. Remember, that all your actions here have a reference to an hereafter. Think of those things when I am gone, and remember it is an old man's advice."

He finished, and looking round upon the vast assemblage with a benign aspect, he bowed his head and retired. The court then began to clear, and Mr. Upton and Mr. Seldon were the first to congratulate Charles, whom they shook warmly by the hand; and getting with them into a coach, while seated beside Clara, he would not have exchanged his fortune for a kingdom. His sisters and Mr. Talbot followed in another, and when they arrived at Beechwood, and seated round the hospitable board, it was difficult to say who was the happiest.

Here Charles remained for some weeks, the world forgetting, and by the world forgot, tasting of those pure delights which the worldling knows not of, in the society of his beloved. At last the day arrived on which he was to accompany his sisters to his peaceful childhood's home; the traveling carriage was at the door; he sought for Clara, to bid her farewell, and found her in her favorite walk in the shrubbery; but there was no elasticity in her gait, she walked slowly and with downcast eyes. He took her cold and trembling hand in his, and said, "Clara, after all that has passed, can you trust your happiness with me?" His arm stole round her waist as he spoke, and looking into her dove-like eyes, he saw the light of love in them. Her head sunk upon his bosom, and she murmured, "Thine—ever thine." He pressed her to his bosom in one wild embrace, and was gone.

In the society of his mother and sisters, a healthy action soon sprung up in his heart, while the daily exercise upon his native

hills brought back the hue of health to his cheek. At the end of twelve months he was offered a situation in one of the first shipping houses in New Orleans, procured through the influence of Mr. Seldon.

Two years have passed. Years! what are they? Nothing; for to many they have no existence—mere spots in the wide ocean of eternity; while to others full of events, and feelings, and actions. In that time he had risen, step by step, by exemplary conduct and attention to business, to be a junior partner in the house. About this time he was sent by the firm to New York upon important business connected with the house, which he succeeded in effecting to their entire satisfaction.

It was a calm and beautiful evening in June as Charles directed his course to Beechwood, where he had passed so many blissful hours. He reached the little wood, and turning into the park, was rapidly approaching the house, when he caught sight of a female figure between the trees. His heart told him who it was, and quickening his pace, he softly pronounced her name. She turned her head and gave a faint scream, and obeying the impulses of her heart, threw herself into his arms, and wept with mingled joy and sorrow, while he held her to his breast. Charles lifted his eyes to heaven, and blessed God for his deliverance from disgrace and sorrow, and for his present happiness. They walked slowly toward the house, too happy to speak.

He was welcomed with a parental smile by his good old friend, Mr. Seldon. That evening Charles explained the wish nearest his heart to Mr. Seldon, who, being perfectly satisfied as to his subsequent life and thorough reformation, willingly gave his consent, and in a little more than three weeks after the papers announced the marriage of the lovely and accomplished daughter of Mr. Seldon, of New York, to Mr. Charles Montel, of the firm of Saurin, Prescott, Montel & Co., of New Orleans. And here we leave them, in the enjoyment of all that this checkered life can give. He was indeed the lost reclaimed. All the dark shadows were swept away in the intense joy of his union with her he loved.

THIS WORLD IS NOT OUR HOME.

BY ALBERT TODD.

WHAT a consolation to the disciple of Jesus, that this cold and selfish world is not the home of the Christian traveler! To the true believer the promise is vouchsafed, "In my Father's house are many mansions—I go to prepare a place for you." What an inducement to press forward and lay hold on eternal life, while it is yet day—"for the night cometh when no man can work!" With what different feelings can the Christian bid adieu to the world and his friends, when he has the assurance that the exchange of worlds will be to his everlasting gain! He has no fears of Jordan's swelling waves, for Christ and his holy angels stand ready to pilot him to the shores of the New Jerusalem. Peaceful and pleasant must be the departure of the individual whose hopes are stayed on the "Rock of Ages;" for he is ever ready to obey the summons of his Heavenly Redeemer, and join his friends in the "spirit world."

While yet a sojourner on this earthly footstool, the thought is ever fresh in the mind of the true believer, that although this earthly tabernacle be dissolved, there is "a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens," in which is reserved a place for him. However attached the Christian may be to his friends, and however desirous he may be to still keep them company in their earthly pilgrimage, he submits willingly to the decrees of Providence, and lays aside his habiliments of clay, and clothes himself with the robes of righteousness. The separation from those he holds dear, he knows will be of but short duration, for the time is hastening on when his friends who have led a Christian life, will meet him in his happy home beyond the confines of this life. What a source of real consolation and comfort to those who are bound together by the ties of consanguinity, that there will be a re-union in another world—that this is not our final home! Who will neglect to seek the "pearl of great price," and thus insure the happiness of spending a never-ending eternity in that celestial city, where will be found the redeemed of all nations, singing the "song of Moses and the Lamb?"

THE SAILOR'S RETREAT.

BY JOSEPH B. HOAG.

[See Engraving.]

To every benevolent mind—to those who feel a solicitude for the welfare of their fellow-men, and desire the happiness and well-being of those around them—every enterprise that has for its object, and from its nature and character is calculated to mitigate the sufferings of the afflicted, is fraught with deep and thrilling interest. His heart must be a stranger to the milk of human kindness, and destitute of the higher and nobler qualities which adorn and beautify the human character, who can look around him and see his fellow-creatures, possessing capabilities of enjoying happiness in common with himself, groaning beneath an accumulating load of suffering, without feeling a desire to exert himself to the utmost, for the purpose of mitigating their woes and enhancing their happiness.

The age in which we live may justly claim a proud pre-eminence over all that have preceded it, not only for the many and important discoveries in science and art that characterize it, and which are of incalculable value and benefit to the human race, but for the multiplied institutions that had their origin in the benevolence and philanthropy of those who founded them, and which are instrumental in accomplishing more than it is possible for us to conceive of, toward relieving the sufferings of the distressed, and wiping the scalding tear from the cheek of the afflicted.

Our glorious country, the refuge for the oppressed of all lands, is not behind others in this interesting particular, but within its limits are found asylums for the afflicted of every class and condition.

We would in this sketch call the attention of our readers to the Sailor's Retreat, an institution of this character, located on Staten Island, N. Y. This is a home for sick sailors, who contribute toward its support. Here the brave and hardy sons of the ocean find a home, where they are surrounded with every

thing requisite for their comfort and convenience during their sickness. On their return from foreign and distant voyages, after exposure to unhealthy atmospheres, and the toils and dangers incident to their arduous calling, it is no matter of wonder that they should be the victims of disease, and require the kind care and attention of those qualified to administer to their various necessities; and as a large proportion of this class of citizens have no home to call their own, and when they arrive at our port are far from their relatives, and all on whom they have more than the common claims of humanity, were it not for an institution of this kind, very many of those who brave the storms and meet the dangers of the raging ocean, and are tossed on the billows of the mighty deep, would, when afflicted with sickness, be forced to endure an incalculable amount of suffering, and end their days in vagrancy, want, and misery.

This institution was opened in October, 1831. The building was erected that year by funds previously collected from sailors, by a tax imposed on them by the State. A tax was levied upon sailors and passengers, to create a fund to defray the expenses of the sick who were treated during the four months designated as the Quarantine season, commencing with June of each year, and for the relief of one hundred sick sailors during the remainder of the year. The sailors petitioned the Legislature to separate the tax of the seamen from the passenger tax, which was done.

This institution is supported by a tax on a captain of one dollar and fifty cents, on a mate of one dollar, and on a common sailor of fifty cents, for each foreign voyage, and for a coastwise voyage of twenty cents each, which entitles them to treatment, and to find an asylum here when sick.

During the year 1851 there were under medical treatment in this institution THREE THOUSAND ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-EIGHT—of which two thousand four hundred were cured, two hundred and forty-eight relieved, ninety-two discharged by request, and one hundred and sixty-seven died.

The whole number treated here since the opening of this institution is THIRTY THOUSAND AND FORTY-FOUR. The building can accommodate three hundred at one time, and additional apartments are in the process of erection, to accommodate one

hundred more. The length of the building is two hundred and eighty-nine feet, and the width of the main building fifty feet. There are forty acres of land attached to the building, and most, if not all, of the produce consumed by the inmates is raised by men employed by the officers of the institution. The present officers are, Capt. James Hart, Superintendent; Rev. D. E. Frambes, Chaplain; James R. Boardman, M.D., Resident Physician; Thomas C. Moffatt, M.D., and J. H. Thompson, student, Assistant Physicians. Seven Trustees are appointed by the Governor, with the consent of the Senate; and the Mayor of the city of New York, the Health Officer of the Port of New York, the President of the Seaman's Bank, and the President of the Marine Society, are ex-officio trustees by virtue of their respective offices.

In October last a temperance society was formed, since which time temperance meetings have been held weekly, with the most flattering success, nearly five hundred having signed the pledge within six months.

These meetings are opened in due form, and the sailors give incidents in their past history bearing upon the subject; and some who have not sufficient assurance to address a public assemblage, write out their history, which is read before the meeting, and which, our informant remarked, are frequently fraught with deep and thrilling interest. The annual expense of the institution is $22,000. On Sunday evening of each week they have preaching by the chaplain, a prayer-meeting on Thursday evenings, and on Tuesday evenings temperance meetings, at each of which the chaplain officiates, and in his absence the superintendent performs his duties. There have during the past year been several hopeful conversions here, the subjects giving good evidence of its reality.

It is impossible for us to form any thing like an adequate conception of the great amount of good which an institution like this, judiciously conducted, is calculated to accomplish. Many, very many, will, by the influences here brought to bear upon them, be reclaimed from lives of vice; the dying pillow of many a one, who is called upon to exchange worlds, will be smoothed by the hand of kindness. Nor are the beneficial effects confined to those who become inmates of this institution alone, but will

be felt and manifested by those with whom they come in contact, both among those of their own calling and those in foreign lands, which will be productive of no small degree of good.

The officers are peculiarly fitted for their respective stations. Seldom is such a man found—one possessing such a rare combination of virtues and qualities, fitting him for the peculiar duties devolving on him—as Capt. James Hart, the Superintendent. He thoroughly understands the sailor's character, and is eminently calculated to benefit them temporally and spiritually.

The chaplain and physicians are men who fill their respective stations with credit to themselves and to the benefit of those around them.

LINES

TO ONE WHO WROTE ON THE "JOYS OF SINGLE-BLESSEDNESS."

BY MRS. R. M. CONKLIN.

Oh, fie! thou misanthrope unkind,
  Why wrote you such foolishness, pray?
Had your father, sir, been of your mind,
  You never had written that lay.
The wedding of true-hearted souls
  Is a foretaste of heaven below;
As onward the gliding year rolls,
  The wedded more happiness know.

If they're honest and truthfully joined,
  Each seeking the other in love,
I believe all the gold ever coined
  Could never their happiness move;
Nor e'er make their pleasure the less,
  Nor help them to taste more of joy;
And though trials should come and hard press,
  True love they can never destroy.

If a crust and a crumb be their lot,
  They will equally share the poor fare;
And though humble and lowly the cot,
  'Tis a palace when true love is there.

If the wife in the husband can trust,
And he knows the wife to be true,
Each treating each kindly and just,
They will neither the wedding-day rue

Then young men and maidens, hear me,
I have tried both, and know which is best
The unwedded truly are free,
But I will not acknowledge they're blest.
The bachelors all may get fat,
But the gout is a terrible curse,
And for rheumatics, aches, and all that,
A man is a miserable nurse.

As for happy old maids, why, good lack,
I never saw one in my life;
They will walk with an unbending back,
While each heart is a canker of strife.
Single-blessedness, true, is their boast,
But, between you and I, 'tis all trash;
Sour grapes! make an offer—the host
Are all up and off in a flash!

THE EARLY FRIEND: A STORY OF FACTS.

BY MRS. P. W. LATHAM.

[With Steel Engraving.]

In the place occupied by one of our most busy thoroughfares, but a few years ago, stood one of those aristocratic-looking old mansions then designated as country seats. The house and its surroundings had been planned with taste and skill, and the proprietor must have been the possessor of considerable wealth; but for several years he had lived in a manner so secluded that those in the neighborhood knew but little of him, save that he was a benevolent, venerable-looking old gentleman, and that his establishment consisted of two or three old negroes almost as ancient as himself. There were antique rooms whose shutters

were but seldom unclosed; there were gardens with high walls, but seldom entered, except by the owner or his servants; and the whole place was a mystery—a little world of wonders to the juveniles in the vicinity; and, indeed, many an older neighbor would have rejoiced in an opportunity to explore the unknown region.

It happened one afternoon a little party of young people stopped to enjoy the shade of some fine old trees by the garden wall, and their conversation very naturally turned upon the place and its occupant.

"I would like to explore that old house," said one, "and let daylight into those forsaken rooms."

"It would be like a visit to Herculaneum," said another; "you would stand amid the relics of a forgotten age."

"And I," said a third, "would like to hear the history of its inmates, for I suppose it has had its day. I will warrant there have been merry doings here, in the days of our grandfathers."

"And I," chimed in another, "would dispense with its moldy rooms and its prosy old history, so I could command the wealth of the owner."

"But for aught I can see," said the first speaker, "terra incognita it is likely to remain."

"That shall be as you please," said a silvery voice; and emerging from a little door in the wall, the old man stood among them. With dignified courtesy he spoke again:

"I was an accidental listener to your conversation, but since you express some curiosity, I shall feel happy to show you an old man's retreat, and his cherished objects of care."

There was something so winning in the voice and manner of the speaker, that his invitation was gracefully accepted by our little party, and almost with awe they entered the open gate.

"It is not often," said the venerable guide, "that young feet and merry voices are heard here; but it was not always so. I am one of the unenvied few, who have survived wife, children, and kindred. At this moment I stand alone, a stranger in the midst of a new generation. Perhaps, then, you will not think it strange, nor yet an unpardonable weakness, that I cherish these mute mementoes of younger and happier days."

They had by this time entered a pretty but old-fashioned par-

lor; a huge willow without threw its deep shadows into the room, but not so as to render objects obscure.

"Here," said the white-haired man, stopping before the portrait of a beautiful but fragile-looking woman, "here is the semblance of the wife of my youth, and here is the work-basket and the unfinished embroidery of forty years ago. I could not bear that rude hands should displace them; and I love to see them now. It will be but a little while—a little while"—he said, half to himself, "and I too shall have passed away. And these were my children; these, too, with their long silky curls, and their sweet dimpled faces, were my youngest—my darlings. They soon followed their mother; and I wept—oh! how I wept for them! but I could not keep them. But this, my brave, my eldest boy, remained to me. He was the light of my life, the prop of my age—God forgive me! he was my idol. See," he continued, leading the way to another room, "here was his home just as he left it, many years ago. And there was the writing-table and the unfinished manuscript; the laden book shelves; the dressing gown and slippers; and looking out from its frame on the wall, the serene, manly face, the high, thoughtful brow, just as it looked twenty years before"—the old man turned away, and his voice trembled—"*he* left me by no wasting disease; perhaps I could have borne it better if he had, when I knew I was childless. A few charred bones were all that remained of my noble boy, my last relative on the earth."

Much as the awe-struck listeners wished to know of his fate, they would not now press on the bleeding heart-strings so alive even yet to sorrow; so they passed in silence to another room. Here were many rare and curious objects, the selection of one highly endowed, and with them several superb paintings. Among these, there was the picture of a large dog in several attitudes: in one, he was rescuing a drowning child; in another, gamboling with a company of merry children; again, in another he was represented in fierce encounter with a large panther. The company looked inquiringly.

"Ah," said he, "I see you admire him—dear old Neptune, he was my early friend."

One of the company begged to hear his history.

"You shall be gratified," said the old gentleman; "but come,

sit down, for I am likely to become garrulous when I speak of HIM, my early, I had almost said my best, friend. Talk of dogs as unreasoning brutes—I always thought Neptune had a soul; I am sure he understood my words, and often read my thoughts. I may be thought fanciful," pursued he, "but if there was ever a self-denying, noble-reasoning creature, that dog was one. He became mine when I was a very little boy. His first master was a great brute of a fellow: he used to starve and beat him most cruelly. I saw and pitied him, and I persuaded my father to buy him. I am sure Neptune understood all, for from that day he seemed to love me, nay, worship me. He never willingly lost sight of me, and I think would have endured the most lingering torment for my sake. At one time I was sick, and Neptune never left me for the long weeks of my confinement to my room, unless he was forced away, and he would come and lay his great shaggy head on the bed close by me, and look so lovingly and so pityingly into my face, I could not bear him to be driven away.

"With returning health, Neptune shared all my pastimes; and as if he really knew my feeble strength, he would after a little time lie down on the grass and entice me to rest. Many were the sweet hours of sleep I have enjoyed with my dog for a pillow. One day, and I could not have been more than six or seven years old, I went to play on the river bank, with nurse and Neptune, as usual. After running about some time, I espied a tiny boat lodged among some aquatic plants growing near the shore. With the thoughtlessness of childhood I slid down the bank and endeavored to reach it, and fell into the water, which was deep in that place. I should probably have been drowned before the nurse could rescue me, had not Neptune, quick as thought, plunged in and brought me to the shore. You may well suppose, after this, he became a sort of hero in my father's family, and that in all my boyish rambles my parents thought me quite safe with Neptune. Years passed on; the little child was growing into manhood, and the dog showed some signs of old age; he had grown sedate and dignified, but he abated nothing of his love and watchfulness for his master; and I am sure that the master will be forgiven if of all his early friends and companions Neptune holds so distinguished a place.

But," and here the venerable narrator paused, "my recollections of him, like all of the bygone of my life, are mingled with bitterness."

His auditors looked eagerly for him to conclude his history, but seemed to dread forcing another sad reminiscence upon him.

"I comprehend you," said he; and the rest of his history is soon told. "I had attained my twentieth year, when I went to visit some friends in what was then considered the far West, though now a thriving city of our own State has risen in the same place, and seems now almost a near neighbor. The settlement to which I refer was new, and I performed much of my journey on horseback, with no other companions than Neptune and a colored servant, the same you saw with me now.

"I need not tell you how much there was to attract and to be enjoyed on such a journey, by one of romantic temperament, in the first flush of early manhood. What a contrast to my former life was all I saw! and how beautiful looked Nature in every form, even her wildest aspects! One day I had wandered far away from the little clearing occupied by my friends into the still depths of a grand old forest, now attracted by the gay plumage of a bird, then by some new and singular form of vegetation. At length I espied a little playful animal, almost like a kitten; it came caressingly around me, and I was delighted with it, and stooping, took it in my arms. A moment's reflection would have shown me I was in a dangerous proximity, and I should have made a speedy retreat. No sooner had I taken the little creature in my arms than a terrible shriek rung in my ears. I was conscious of a severe blow, like a heavy object falling on my shoulders, and the teeth and claws of some animal were buried deep in my flesh. The next moment I fell to the ground, my head struck some hard substance, and I became insensible. How long I lay I know not; but when I awoke to consciousness, Cato was pouring water in my face from his hat, and the shadows were all in another direction. Neptune was not there, but the leaves and soil were torn up all around me, as if in mortal combat. We followed the signs of battle till we reached a projecting ledge of rock, beyond which was a frightful precipice; looking down deep in the ravine below lay the body of poor Neptune, and not far off the form of a huge panther. Both

were terribly lacerated and bloody. They had drawn nearer and nearer the abyss, and the fall had ended the contest, in the death of both. Need I tell you, hurt as I was, I forgot my own injury in my grief for my poor friend, who a second time had saved my life, though at the expense of his own. He was duly mourned and honorably buried. I afterwards caused a plain monument to be erected, commemorative of his virtues and his heroism. And though I have since had many joys and many sorrows; though now, as you see I am a stricken and childless old man, waiting only for death to reunite me to the loved and lost, can you wonder I pay this tribute to the memory, or that I shall carry to my deathbed so deep an affection for my 'Early Friend?' "

The venerable man then invited his guests into his garden, regaled them with fruit and flowers, and dismissed them with the courtesy of a finished gentleman.

The lesson was not lost upon our young friends. They perceived a man may live secluded without being a churl, and the possessor of wealth and not an object of envy. They passed by his mansion with hushed voices—almost with reverence. But the old man was soon gathered to his kindred, and his home has disappeared amid the bustle of a rapidly increasing city.

"THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL."

BY DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

"In Babylon the great,"—
Where midnight orgies mingled oft with wail
And groan and muffled sigh of bondmen lone,
Or incense rose from altar fires, which burned
To unknown gods,—Belshazzar sat, adorned
In royal robe and glittering gems. In pride
He gazed on splendid hall and graceful arch,
And lofty temple, in whose murky cells
The pagan breathed his vow. The massive walls
Rose high and often mocked the foeman's shaft,
While huge and brazen gates, with gold-crowned spires,
Reflected floods of gorgeous beams as o'er

These ramparts high the morning sun slow climbed,
And gazed on busy, thoughtless blinded ones,
In pomp and pride.

Amid these costly piles
A stricken band of Hebrew slaves had sat
In other days, in grief and gloom bent low,
While silent harps each ranged on willow boughs,
Which once in sweetest notes had gayly pealed.
Their native songs they could not sing, nor smile
In joy, as round them gathered giddy throngs,
Intent on music's soothing spell. In tears
They bowed,—saddened strains arose their wails,
Which neared the listening ear of Him who guards
With watchful care His trusting, faithful ones.
Those sighs and woe-breathed moans the palace shook,
And sealed the doom of him who sat in pomp,
A tyrant king.

In depths of festive hall,
All decked in gay attire, a "thousand lords"
Had gathered round the royal board, while joy
Seemed throned on every brow. The ribald song
Of passers-by, as on they rushed through streets
Illumined, and crowded throngs with wanton ones,
Oft fell in stunning strains, and harshly pealed
Through palace halls, like thunder-sounds in dell
And deep ravine borne on. Within was ranged
A princely throng, in regal garb, while wine
Was borne till reason reeled, and passions rose
In tumult wild, and raged like tempests dire,
Inflaming all.

Enchanting music moved
In soft, voluptuous swells, and round that board
Each frenzied bosom stirred with wilder notes,
And louder, louder still arose the din
Of soulless mirth, as harsh it rang along
The corridors and gorgeous hall and arch,
O'erhung with glittering gems. The lewd and base
Were there, and joined in song of revelry;
From burning censers rose a darkening cloud,
Encircling brows suffused by fires within.
And there was heard from giddy, angry ones,—
"Bring forth the gold from Hebrew temples torn,
And fill each goblet high and sip in joy,
In praise of gods of silver, brass, and stone,
And mock their God."

As loudest rang their songs
Obsceno, and fiercest glowed those passion-fires,
Upon the wall, by mystic fingers traced,
The "*Mene, mene, tekel peres*" glowed
In fearful, vivid lines, while still the hand
Was there, as if to fix the wandering gaze.
In palsied fright that wanton monarch stood,
And paler grew than marble columns there,
While trembling weakness seized his haggard form.
Each mouth was sealed, each tongue was held by bands
That closer drew, and every eye was fixed,
As closed in death.
Those glowing, heaven-traced words
A fearful doom bespoke—a kingdom rent,
A prince dethroned, and sceptered sway and crown
Forever lost. Scarce closed that gay repast,
Ere mingling voices rang and echoed there
In direful strains and clash of arms and shout,
Far in the halls resounded dread, where still,
In deep suspense, that trembling tyrant stood.
"To arms! To arms!" along was swiftly borne,
While trumpets pealed and banners waved on high,
And sabers clashed as on the Persian foemen sped.
The serried ranks at every step grew fierce,
Still thundering on, remorseless still, and neared
The palace gate. * * * * *
The crimson flood along
The spacious streets deep flowed at midnight hour,
And weltering, corse-low crushed 'neath heavy tread—
The horse and rider, lord and slave laid low,
All wrapt in sanguine robes. The golden gates
Were burst, the victor-host—mid groan, and shriek,
And loud huzzas—the brilliant palace pressed,
And coped with soldier-guards and trembling lords.
Belshazzar fell; and flowing goblets, filled
By merry feasters, still untouched, were quaffed
By thirsting spoilers o'er his bleeding form.
While "Babylon the great" was sacked, her hosts
On funeral pyre were laid, all smouldering there,
In kindred blood.

VICE can never know itself and virtue; but virtue knows both itself and vice.

THE MORAL CHARACTER OF THE PRESENT DAY.

BY G. L. CRANMER.

The times of superstition, ignorance, and fanaticism have passed away most probably forever, and the real, and not the ideal, now claims the energies and requires the efforts of mankind. The present is emphatically a period in which a man's worth and merit are measured by his capability and action in wielding with success such means as will secure his own ends and purposes. The effect of this is to blunt the moral susceptibilities of his nature—to weaken the ties of brotherhood, which should bind him to his fellows, and to depreciate the nobler and more generous attributes of his character.

The monarch-tyrant sways not with half so potent a power as does the ubiquitous dollar, its selfish subjects. In the crowded city, and in the lonely wilderness, men measure the value of an act, or estimate the worth of an effort, by pecuniary amount. In the festive hall, and in the chamber of mourning, its penetrating voice is heard, it may be in more subdued tones, yet in such as are not to be misunderstood. Visit whatever place we may, under all circumstances and at all times we shall behold pecuniary matters and pecuniary considerations influencing too often the young and the old alike. Benevolence, too, has dwindled into a pigmy, and her kindly offices have been prostituted by the god of gain.

There was a time when acts of kindness and deeds of benevolence were counted worthy of a man—when disinterestedness brought with it its own reward, and the man was stamped a noble by his deeds, and this too in an age when the spirit of progress was almost an unfledged bird, and had hardly dared essay to try itself in lofty flight.

Again, simplicity of taste and habits in dress, eating, and living has become altogether unpopular, and is to some extent looked upon as mean. The manners and customs of our forefathers have become too antiquated and old-fashioned for their modernized descendants, and this has produced effeminacy and

weakness to such an extent as to lead their degenerate descendants into all manner of vicious indulgence and base luxury. And this has become so prevalent, as to seriously affect not only the outward man but also the inward—to deprive him of purity of motive, benevolence of feeling, and honesty of purpose. To be sure it is not universally true, but the exceptions only confirm the generality of the rule.

Another serious calamity of the present day, is the hundreds of thousands of illustrated, painted covered, and weakly conceived novels and romances, so styled, which are issued in swarms from the periodical press of our country. Indeed, to so great an extent does this evil prevail, of writing those things which purport to be books for the million, that a worthy author must either condescend to the same task, or if he should have the temerity to publish any thing sensible, to find it thrown out of the market altogether.

It is a fact that three-fourths of the publications of the present day are fit only for wrapping paper, and barely fit for that, because of the flimsy texture of the fabric. Yet, as long as this morbid state of feeling exists in the community, so long will the press continue to spread this swelling tide of corruption and demoralization over the whole face of the country. Were the consequences of this to be felt in the present alone, so much danger would not be apprehended; but it is to be felt in the future; hundreds and thousands of the young are now forming characters for all time to come. It is essential that such books should be placed in their hands as will tend to develop the nobler and better parts of their natures, and arouse within them such incentives as will conduce to this end. But instead of this, they see scattered around them in every place, and on all occasions, this vile taste, and the consequence is, they greedily devour them, and thus receive impressions which time nor change can obliterate.

The foregoing are a few only of the pernicious influences which are openly at work in our day, and which are sowing broadcast the seeds of vice and iniquity. It is a question, then, which the Christian and the patriot should seriously ponder—whether a change cannot be effected for the better? If these things continue, the day cannot be far distant when vice will be tri-

umphant in our midst, and the boasted liberties of our country will vanish away even as a meteor, "which, ere we've said 'how beautiful!' is past and gone."

NOTHING IS LOST.

The drop that mingles with the flood, the sands dropped on the sea-shore, the word you have spoken, will not be lost. Each will have its influence, and be felt when time will be no more. Have you ever thought of the effect that may be produced by a single word? Drop it pleasantly among a group, and it will make a dozen happy, to return to their homes and produce the same effect on many others. A bad word may arouse the indignation of a whole neighborhood; it may spread like wild-fire, to produce the most disastrous effects. As no word is lost, be careful how you speak; speak rightly, speak kindly. The influence you may exert by a life of kindness—by a gentle, loving spirit, is incalculable. It will exert its power when our bodies shall lie in the grave, and be felt wider and still wider, as year after year rolls away.

Beautiful Extract.—One fountain there is whose deep-lying vein has only just begun to throw up its silver drops among mankind—a fountain which will allay the thirst of millions, and will give to those who drink from it, peace and joy. It is knowledge—the fountain of intellectual cultivation—which gives health to mankind; makes clear the vision; brings joys to his life, and breathes over his soul's destiny a deep repose. Go and drink therefrom, thou whom fortune has not favored, and thou will soon find thyself rich. Thou mayest go forth into the world and find thyself everywhere at home; thou canst enjoy thyself in thy own little chamber; thy friends are everywhere around thee; nature, antiquity, heaven, are accessible to thee!

Frederika Bremer.

CHRONOLOGY FOR JUNE, 1852.

The Albany Iron-works, located between Albany and Troy, N. Y., were destroyed by fire on the 26th inst.; loss $150,000. Sixteen families were deprived of their dwellings by the fire, and 250 persons thrown out of employment.

A fiend in human shape, by breaking a lock and altering a switch on the Michigan Southern Railroad, caused the cars to run into a sand-bank, on the 12th inst., about twelve miles east of Cold Water, causing the death of two persons and severely injuring a number of others. Not a single passenger out of 275 was injured.

The steamboat Jacob Hinds recently towed four canal boats loaded with 360 tons of freight through the Erie Canal to Lockport, N. Y., proving that steam can be successfully used in towing on that canal.

The air globe attached to the iron-works at Hudson, N. Y., exploded on the 20th inst.; loss $20,000.

Mr. Wm. Leach, of Wolcottville, Ct., was instantly killed by lightning during a severe storm in that place on the 22d.

Mr. J. E. Mathews, of Cahawba, Ala., has just completed an artesian well, 735 feet deep, which sends forth 1200 gallons of water per minute.

The original commission of General George Washington, as Commander of the Continental Army, is now in existence, and was exhibited on a recent visit of the Jersy City Continentals to Boston.

A cotton factory has just been put in operation at Van Buren, Ark., capable of working 2000 spindles.

It is now seven years since Professor Morse constructed the first telegraph in this country, from this city to Washington, D. C. We now have 14,000 miles in operation.

On the 14th inst. 2000 citizens of Dunkirk, N. Y., captured Henry Tiles (who is in the custody of the public authorities), of that place, and burned his house. Tiles accused Isaac Smith, his neighbor, of improper conduct with his wife, to extort money. Smith was arrested and tried on the false testimony of Tiles's wife, but acquitted. Smith took the matter to heart and committed suicide. Tiles's wife then confessed her perjury, hence the movement on the part of the people.

Kossuth delivered an address at the Tabernacle, New York, before 3000 or 4000 persons. Subject: "The Future of Nations." Published and for sale by Fowlers and Wells, New York. The proceeds of which are devoted to assisting his mother and sisters in establishing a school and settling in this country.

A land-slide took place early on the morning of the 29th May, at Stillwater, Minnesota. Some ten or twelve acres of land moved into Lake St. Croix, crushing a number of buildings and forming an excellent steamboat landing.

Mr. Isaac Hunt, an old resident of Ogdensburgh, N. Y., recently died, aged 92 years. He removed to Ogdensburgh in 1809, was engaged in the Revolution and also in the War of 1812.

The Methodist Episcopal General Conference adjourned on the 1st inst., at Boston, after a session of twenty-seven days, to meet at Indianopolis, Ind., in 1856.

The National Democratic Convention met at Baltimore on the 3d inst.,

and nominated Franklin Pierce, of New Hampshire, for President, and R. King, of Alabama, for Vice-President.

Dr. Hanes, the notorious swindler and bigamist, ran away from New Orleans on the 19th February last, and in twenty-five days married two wives, traveled 1500 miles, told 4000 lies, and in twenty days more was arrested, tried, convicted, and lodged in the States Prison.

The Whig National Convention met at Baltimore, Md., on the 18th inst., and nominated General Winfield Scott, of New Jersey, for President, and W. A. Graham, of North Carolina, for Vice-President.

Four thousand dollars worth of liquor was recently seized at St. Paul's, Minnesota, under the new Maine Law lately passed in that State.

A company of real Gipseys, with their horses and dogs, are encamped in the woods near the city of Buffalo, N. Y.

Five thousand temperance delegates assembled lately at Concord, N. Y., all in favor of adopting the Maine Law; they carried in procession a petition with 71,574 signatures, 23,840 of which were legal voters—that will tell.

Postmaster General Hall laid before the Senate the information called for with regard to the number of letters, cost of transportation, and the amount of postage collected in each State for the fiscal year, ending June 30th, 1852.

It appears that the whole number of paid and unpaid letters passing through the Post Office in that period is 71,185,285, of which 50,707,786 were unpaid, 19,207,471 paid, 1,270,088 paid by stamps, 3,646,016 free, 715,428 drop letters. This was exclusive of the number of California, foreign, and dead letters. Letters carried by European steamers 3,909,186, by Havana steamers 56,903, by California steamers 1,323,667; dead letters 2,416,250. The total amount, adding dead letters and letters carried by ocean steamers, is 82,252,735 as the total number passing through the U. S. Post Office within the year. The total printed matter, newspapers, pamphlets, etc., chargeable was 82,695,872, free printed matter 3,460,050, exchange newspapers and "franked" matter 5,000,000—total 91,155,922.

There were collected during the year the following sums for postage, in the following-named offices: New York, $531,830 89; Philadelphia, $197,019 08; Boston, $176,756 63; New Orleans, $181,786 85; Baltimore, $99,670 87; Cincinnati, $82,333 16; St. Louis, $53,062 81.

Facts for the Curious.—The dead exceed five-fold the minutes since the creation.

Texas derives its name from an Indian word, signifying beautiful.

The people of London annually drink about 9000 tons of chalk.

Milk, so nutritious when taken as food, if injected in the veins, acts as a deadly poison.

In Hindostan, unmarried females, more than sixteen years of age, are regarded as infamous.

Deborah, from the Hebrew, means a bee; Rachel, a sheep; Sarah, a princess; and Hannah, the gracious.

In Chaucer's work there are at least thirty thousand verses which may be said to be dedicated to love.

There is a plant growing in the springs of Iceland, which not only flowers, but bears seeds in water hot enough to boil an egg.

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THE

FAMILY CIRCLE,

AND

PARLOR ANNUAL.

SAN FRANCISCO.

BY REV. ISAAC M. SHERMAN, D.D.

With a Steel Engraving.

In the year of grace, one thousand eight hundred and forty-three, on the twenty-fifth of August, the bark Diamond, Captain Fowler, of Scarborough, dropped anchor in the harbor of San Francisco, having on board two missionary families, returning, with broken health, from several years of severe toil in the then wilderness of Oregon.

One of them, Rev. J. A. Frost, of New York, thus writes in his journal: "This is an extensive bay and a most splendid harbor, and the surrounding country is well adapted to grazing, and much of it to the growing of wheat and other grains; but the country never will prosper until it has a very different government from the present."

A lady of the same party subsequently remarked, in speaking of this place: "I was wearied with the monotony of a sea voyage, and when we landed and ascended one of the hills commanding a fine view, I thought I had never seen any thing so lovely. It seemed to me, here was one spot on the globe unmarred by sin, and fresh as it came from the hand of its Creator. It was just such a scene of unbroken tranquillity, just such a mingling of green hills, and smiling valleys, of the deep, heaving sea, and the soft, blue summer skies, as I had dreamed of in my days of early romance.

And here I stood, after having looked long upon the disgusting abominations of Paganism, and the worse enormities of those bearing the name of Christian, and I said to myself, how gladly I would spend the remainder of my days on this quiet spot." Such was San Francisco in 1843.

Little, indeed, did our pious friends imagine, that in less than six years the government *would* be changed, and that on that solitary strand an immense city should stretch her arms to every corner of the globe; that streets, and wharves, and long lines of substantial storehouses, should rise with a rapidity which should outdo all the palace-building genii of Eastern story; that long streets should swarm with busy multitudes, still augmented by coming thousands; that the voice of music and revelry should ring out from her spacious palaces, and that she should pour her millions of treasures into the lap of nations.

At a period little more than eight years, that is, in May, 1852, one of the many San Francisco papers discourses thus: "Our population, drawn from every quarter of the globe, and made up of every race, continues to increase with astonishing rapidity. The number of passengers landing at San Francisco, during the month of May, is as follows." Then comes a list of arrivals from twelve different governments, making the sum of *eleven thousand;* and after various details, adds: "We may safely estimate the permanent increase of our population at *one hundred thousand* during the present year."

The same paper makes mention of $5,000,000 in gold dust, shipped for the single port of New York, during the same month. So history writes proudly, with her pen of iron, and the nations clap their hands, and cry, "Wonderful!" and our patriots, great and small, throw up their caps, and cry, "We are a glorious nation! We are a great people!"

But the tragic muse, with heaving breast, writes other histories on the tablets of thousands of bleeding hearts. She tells, in plaintive words, of whole rivers of tears, not the less bitter because unseen and unavailing. She tells of gray-haired fathers, who, led on by an insane thirst for gold, left their families with diminished means of subsistence, and

rushed to toil and die on a far-off shore, untended and unknown; of husbands who lie in unhonored graves; of brothers who forsook their pleasant homes; and of lovers who forgot their vows, to die far away, and leave their bones to bleach under burning suns and on a strange soil.

Who among us does not know of some fair friend, whose cheek daily grows whiter, and whose frame is growing more and more attenuated? She utters no lamentation; she breathes no complaint; but we all know her heart is breaking, and that one image is ever before her, and that is of one who died alone by the knife of the assassin. Who can not point to some sorrowing widow, who, after struggling on in poverty and loneliness for many, many weary months, just as she expected to welcome back her husband, enriched by the fruits of honest toil, she hears his corpse was buried in the deep sea; and of his dearly-won gold, there is none to give account. How many families around us are bereaved of some dearly-loved member, who, smitten with the desire of sudden riches, went away and died? Who has not heard of little infants, fatherless and motherless, cast on the freezing charities of the votaries of Mammon, and of fair young girls, left to grow into womanhood among unprincipled men, and with none to counsel them? And we are forced to remember the wailing of despair mingles with the shouts of exultation.

And comedy, too, could excite the merry laughter, if we *could* laugh at the follies of our kind. She would tell of the strange vagaries of some who, finding themselves suddenly rich, try to be suddenly great; of would-be ladies, who, while their husbands are toiling in the mines, spend their remittances in a premature attempt at fashionable extravagance, and then sink into poverty deeper than before; and of newly-fledged gentlemen and ladies overacting their parts, to the infinite merriment of the lookers-on.

And yet, after all that can be said, California offers great inducements to the hardy adventurer, and many have returned not only rich, but capable of making a judicious use of their wealth.

San Francisco, the commercial emporium of Western

America, on account of its position and natural advantages, seems destined to rise to a degree of wealth and importance beyond human power to estimate at present. It is situated on what is called the Inner Bay, extending from the shore along the base, and up the gently-sloping sides of a mountain; and being in latitude 38 degrees north, is said to enjoy one of the finest and healthiest climates in the world. A more charming site could scarcely be imagined—overlooking, as it does, its capacious and picturesque harbor. The bay, almost encircled by mountains, and containing in its center an island of indescribable beauty. The entrance to the bay is by a strait, varying not much from a mile in width, flowing between two bold capes, or, rather, promontories, appropriately named the Golden Gates.

Not the least exciting feature in this glorious picture is the immense fleet of vessels, of every description, and of almost every nation, constantly to be seen here. Formerly, they cast anchor nearly a mile from the shore, and discharged their cargoes by means of "lighters;" but ample docks and wharves now obviate that inconvenience.

The city has had several very destructive fires, but each time it has been rebuilt with astonishing rapidity, and new improvements added; so that the confusion and irregularity prevailing at first is giving place to wide, well-built streets, and the frail wood and canvas buildings to others more elegant and substantial. Of course, a population so made up must present a great diversity of character, habits, and modes of living; but society is gradually shaping itself into form and order. Churches of different denominations have been erected, and are liberally sustained and attended. Excellent academies and public schools have been organized, and are well supported. Law and order are taking the place of anarchy and misrule, and the stranger now finds himself not only among a polished but a Christian community.

Of the amount of population it is difficult to give a correct statement, owing to the constant influx of emigrants and the unstable condition of many of the inhabitants. Such is San Francisco at the present time.

THE FLORAL FESTIVAL.

BY MRS. P. W. LATHAM.

With a Colored Steel Engraving.

THE FORGET-ME-NOT.

"How do we all delight to dwell
On the fond hope, that those we leave
Will linger o'er our last farewell,
And for our absence fondly grieve;
How each loved spot, and bush, and flow'r,
Will witness, at the accustomed hour,
The sighs of those who used to share
The pleasures now but shadowed there."

Once, and it was a memorable time to many, we had a Floral Festival. For, besides the College, our town boasted of a female seminary of deserved celebrity; and, in a spirit of good-natured rivalry, since the students had their commencement, why should not the young ladies make a grand closing of our summer term? So, after many consultations, and much contriving and planning, a grand festival was decided upon, and each young lady was to impersonate some flower, which she most liked, or which she was supposed to resemble.

If the concert was not original, it was at least pretty; and then came the selection of characters. We had little difficulty in disposing of these, so that we had soon a good floral representation—some of them so appropriately chosen that a looker-on might be pardoned for supposing that a spirit of keen satire had been at work, and persuaded some of our number into an exhibition of real character widely different to that intended. For instance, a tall, dashing girl appeared as the Tulip, because its elegance and grace well became her; but those who knew her intimately, felt, that though she was a brilliant parlor ornament, and would look well in a vase of gilded china, yet her beauty of form and color was all she possessed. She had no intrinsic excellence, and would not be the sort of flower one would gather and wear in his bosom for the sweetness of its perfume.

Then there was Miss Thistle; she was a queenly-looking flower, and the heiress expectant of considerable wealth.

She said, "Wealth and beauty could not be too closely guarded." But some of us shrewdly suspected that Julia Smith, an arch, fun-loving girl, was at the bottom, and meant to show the Thistle in her true character. We had all felt her prickles too often, for none knew better than she how to lacerate in a quiet kind of way.

Then we had troops of Daisies, and Heart's-ease, and Violets, and Morning-glories, with a host of others, fit emblems of wearers who would nestle in some rural cottage, making glad by their beauty, and cheering many a home by their unpretending excellence. Thus, when each maiden had made her selection, there was an inquiry of "Who shall be Forget-me-not?"

> "That flower that owes so much of fame
> To the sweet magic of a name."

"That shall be my flower," said a fair, mild-looking creature, who, in the excitement of the occasion, had been overlooked. "While the rest of you challenge admiration, I would at least be remembered," said she.

"O yes, Alice Grey! Alice Grey!" echoed from all quarters. "Who will ever forget sweet Alice Grey?"

The day came—the day so full of expectation and anticipated enjoyment to many youthful and happy hearts. A pleasant grove had been selected for the occasion, awnings put up, seats provided, tables spread; and a multitude of lamps disposed among the trees, as the daylight faded away, gave a fairy-like radiance to the scene. And there they were, those bright and living blossoms, and their frail and fragrant emblems, in some cases scarcely more evanescent than themselves; and proud fathers and mothers were there, with their chaplets of oak and evergreens, fit types of strength and endurance.

There was sweet music warbling among those giant old trees, the flashing of bright eyes, and the light, ringing laughter upspringing from merry hearts—hearts that had known life only in its first freshness, and had never yet tasted of its bitter waters.

Altogether, the party was a pleasant one, and calculated

to leave a cheerful remembrance with many now about to return to their homes, and bid a final adieu to school days and school companions. Many of our young friends still retained among us the epithets they assumed on that occasion, either as a favorite or befitting one, especially sweet Alice Grey, with her kind heart and her gentle manners. Every one loved the Forget-me-not, and yet if you inquired why, they would look up in wonder, as if every one must love sweet Alice Gray. We had many *more brilliant* ones among us—many who would sooner arrest the gaze of a stranger. The fact was, she never thought of attracting attention. Apparently, she never thought of herself at all; but she cared for every one else. Was there to be any little enjoyment—a ride, a visit, an excursion—where only a limited number could go, Alice always thought of "Jane, and Mary, and Caroline—all her friends—how *they would* enjoy it; but never mind me." Once we were to go on a sailing excursion. How we planned and anticipated! What a charming change from those dull rooms to the bright sunshine, and the free, bracing air! The sail, the whortleberry picking, the soft, green landscape—all were duly talked over; the intervening hours counted, the weather foretold and watched; and none were more enthusiastic than Alice, no one remembered so many pleasant things to enjoy as she. But, alas! many a bright anticipation is doomed to disappointment, and so was sweet Alice Grey's. Would that every one could bear disappointment with so good a grace.

On the appointed morning, one of the young ladies was found with a sprained ankle, and in spite of bathing, and rubbing, and bandaging, in spite of her protestations, "That it was nothing," the swollen limb refused to do its office, and it was plain she could not go.

What was to be done? Should the excursion be postponed? That was met with loud and decided disapprobation. "She is a heedless girl," said some, "and always running into some trouble or other." "She need not be so selfish as to disappoint us also," said others, wholly unconscious they were equally selfish. "Never mind," said Alice, gayly; "I will stay with her; and at night, poor weary ones,

it shall be *who* has had most enjoyment." Ah! dear girl, how much of her enjoyment sprung from her generous self-denial. "You, Alice! you who only last night was anticipating so much," said half a dozen voices. "Well, I have taken a girl's privilege to change my mind."

And so that gay party went, seeking each her own gratification, while the unselfish girl staid with her peevish and disappointed school-fellow; and she found out so many sources of amusement that the two were very happy—much happier, no doubt, with her innocent heart and her noble spirit of self-denial, than those who, bent on their own enjoyment alone, could so unfeelingly leave their companions behind; and, especially, as the same selfish spirit continually interposed little vexations to mar their enjoyments.

And so it was ever; when sorrow, or disappointment, or sickness came, then was sure to come Alice, with her soft, quiet step, and her tearful eyes, and you felt you had her sympathy, if she could do no more. It is no wonder the Forget-me-not was thought a fitting emblem of one who never seemed to think of herself.

But of the Festival of Flora. There was the rustling of gay silks, the flaunting of gayer flowers, the hum of many cheerful voices, when a soft, sweet strain came floating on the breeze, like the voice of some fairy in the wood; and instantly every other sound was hushed, for leaning against a tree stood Alice Grey, dressed in white muslin, so pure, one almost fancied a drift of melting snow-flakes, and decked with wreaths and garlands of her favorite "Forget-me-not." How it harmonized with her clear complexion and her soft, loving blue eyes! And thus she continued her song:

> "Whatever fate may have in store—
> Be mine a proud or humble lot—
> Content I ask, or wish no more,
> If those I love forget me not."

"How beautiful!" exclaimed many. "How exquisitely lovely," thought one, who did not say it—a tall, intellectual looking young man, but modest and sensitive, even to awkwardness. He was a student about to graduate, it was said, with uncommon credit; but he mixed little with society, and

then his shy, reserved manners often subjected him to ridicule.

"He was just the one for Alice to patronize," the girls said; "she had such a droll fancy. If there was ever one in the room particularly awkward, or ignorant, or ill-dressed, Allie always takes a strange fancy, and devotes her time to them;" and so no one thought it strange she should sit by the side of Alfred Douglas, and, in her kind, truthful, winning way, draw him into conversation, until he was quite at ease with himself and pleased with every one else. And he looked so handsome and so happy when Alice took his offered arm, and pointed out the various attractions of the place; he had never been so happy before. But the brightest day has an end; and after a time the butterflies closed their wings, and the flowers folded their petals, and went to sleep, "perchance to dream."

Days and weeks passed on; many of our young friends had returned to their far-off homes; but the bashful Alfred Douglas had become quite a beau. At church, in our walks, at our little social parties, we used to meet him, and he was modest and reserved still, but if you had watched him you would see his eye, ever restless, turn to the door, until Alice came.

But people then, as now, thought most of themselves. The Tulip, and the Dahlia, and the Hollyhock all secretly fancied themselves the objects of his admiration, and nodded their heads in triumphant vanity.

Commencement-day arrived, and among many hard-working students, Alfred Douglas carried the palm. He graduated with distinguished honor, and returned to his native place. But there was a tender leave-taking, witnessed only by the silent stars; and a little cluster of pale-blue blossoms nestles close by his large, manly heart, a talisman in every temptation, a silent prompter in every discouragement, 'till he wins for himself fame and position, and a high standing in society. Wealth he had; but the deference paid to mere gold and silver could not satisfy a mind such as his.

Next day, when the steamer that bore him homeward passed a little shady point of land, some of the passengers

observed a young girl on the shore wreathed in flowers, and waving a bunch of them toward the boat. The salutation was returned by one who seemed looking for it—perhaps it was her brother—and half an hour after all on board but one had forgotten it.

Time flew by in our town, as he does by every other, bringing on his wings new events, and shadowing in obscurity those of the past. Miss Tulip was transplanted, nothing loth, to a gayer scene; the gay flowers of every hue found hands to gather or to crush them; the Daisies, the Mallows, and the Woodbines were duly honored, loved, and sheltered, but the little Forget-me-not blossomed still on the parent stem. She did not lack admirers, but she shunned them all, being quite happy, she said, in her native soil.

And true to her character, Alice Grey, in her quiet, unobtrusive way, was a source of gladness to many hearts. I think we could have spared any one better than Alice. Was there any thing new about to take place, she was always the first to advise with. Was any one in trouble, she seemed to know it by instinct, and always said and did the very things that ought to be said and done. Were there any little jealousies or disagreements, Alice was always sure the parties did not say or mean quite so bad as was represented. She could always remember some kind or pleasant thing she had heard the absent one speak of the other. She was sure they did not mean unkindly, or if they did, they were heartily sorry. Thus many a little spark, which might have been fanned into a wide-spreading and destroying flame, was quenched by a few judicious words—a very little of human kindness. In the chamber of sickness and destitution she was no stranger; often and often the first gray dawn of the morning lighted Alice's fair face as she hovered around the couch of pain, like an angel of mercy and peace. The old blessed the "kind and modest" maiden, and the little children ran joyfully to meet her. Even the old house-dogs of her neighbors used to look lovingly up in her face when she passed, and walk up to meet her, sure of a kind notice and a gentle pat on the head; and the postman came often to her door, and he, too, had a smirk and a merry twinkle of the

eye, for Alice's letters were directed in a fine, bold, masculine hand, yet she had no brother.

And where was Alfred Douglas? He came sometimes to see his old friends, but we saw but little of him. Sometimes we heard he was a rising man, but we wondered if the Alfred Douglas of the newspapers could be the one we had seen! Could it be that that retiring, bashful man could charm the attention of grave senators for hours and be the idol of millions?

"I think," said Squire Deane's wife one day, "it reflects little credit on the taste of our young men that the best girl among us should be overlooked and settle down into a little old maid."

"Phoo!" said the squire. "'Still waters run deep.' By-the-by, who do you think I saw to-day but Alfred Douglas, with carriage and servants and baggage, stopping at the hotel! I think the carriage was his, for there was a Forget-me-not painted on the door. Who knows what is about to happen?"

The next day, which was Sunday, a paper was handed to our minister to read. He looked at it very earnestly—wiped his spectacles—looked again—smiled—bit his lip, and read as follows:

"Marriage is intended between Mr. Alfred Douglas and Miss Alice Grey."

It was a short announcement; but was there not an opening of eyes, and a rustling of silks, and a low murmur of many voices?

And so they were married with all due honor; and the Honorable Alfred Douglas, of Douglas Dale, bore away to his home our sweetest and best—his own "Forget-me-not."

The Gospel as an Element of Progress.—The sons of Chinese peasants could read and write when the princes of England were ignorant of both. China has since made no advance; while England has reached a height of civilization that no one at that time could have formed any idea of. Englaud has had the gospel, China has been without it. This accounts for their relative change of position.

SUMMER SKETCH.

BY HORACE DRESSER, LL.D.

The sultry air scarce moves the summer leaves;
The clouds piled up on high, in rugged range
And blackened front, wall up the western sky;
The fields athirst, and parched with intense heat
That long since drank the rivulet all dry,
Look dead, and make the husbandman feel sad;
The Indian corn rolls up its spires to die,
And drooping hangs its tapering tassels low;
The herds have huddled close beneath the shade
Of tower or tree, or fence or craggy cliff;
And man, with thirst that spurns to be allayed,
Finds not a nook for wonted rest and ease.
The night comes on, and darkness thickens round—
A time when torrid sunbeams cease to dart,
And make the fainting plants and flowers to curl,
And wither on the arid tracts of earth.
The heated atmosphere begins to move—
The clouds, upheaved, in dark disorder roll
Athwart the heaven—presage of coming shower:
But see—the zigzag lightning's lurid flash
Gleams forth and shines along the dark expanse,
Still streaked and tinged with sunset's golden light.
The wild winds bustle round, and rage and roar,
While on their wings the storm-cloud comes apace,
And curtains all things o'er with veil of night.
Now hark! a sound is heard among the clouds
Surcharged with fire, the awful thunder's voice,
Reverberating through their changeful forms—
The rain hath come! I hear the rattling drops
As on my roof they fall, and down the eaves
Descend in torrent flow—a gladsome sound!
Mark how the flash lights up the darkened air,
And brings to view the fields, the scattered trees,
And all that in the open day appears.
How sudden Night's obscuring veil again
Enwraps and hides the landscape from my sight,
In thicker darkness, till another gleam
Bursts forth, illuming but a moment's time.
The rain is o'er; the pluvial visitant
Hath sped away on errand merciful,

To water and refresh the lands abroad.
A bland and cooling breeze hath risen up,
That gently fans and soothes my fevered brow—
The sky all studded thick with stars appears—
The pathway of the Storm-Cloud's dreadful power,
And seat of gods, as olden fable tells.

FRIENDLY SUGGESTIONS.

BY DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

EXERCISE.

Our benevolent Creator has placed us in a beautiful world, surrounded by whatever would legitimately conduce to our highest good. Our relations to the external world are such as Infinite Wisdom saw fit to bestow. A love for the beautiful, the grand, and sublime exists, and the material world furnishes an abundance to gratify every aspiration of this character. All nature teems with life, vivacity, and joyousness. Every tree, and shrub, and flower, every atom in the wide universe has its design, either for practical utility or adornment.

In the economy of nature, *woman* occupies a prominent position. Her influence is *felt* to a far greater extent than is ordinarily supposed. She should not only know her duty, the relation which she sustains to the world, the nature of those relations, but have energy and power, as well as the disposition to fulfill the designs of her creation. She need not possess tho firmness of muscle, the power of endurance, and the physical development which are requisite for the *drudgery* and more laborious offices of busy life, yet she *may* and *ought* to possess sufficient stamina to enable her to be useful, and enjoy a far greater amount of health and happiness than usually falls to her lot in society, as now constituted. Like every other sentient being, *she* is made for *action*, made capable of it, and so constituted that her happiness is dependent upon it. She may transmit to posterity, through her offspring, unnumbered ills, or health and vigor may be their inheritance; she may bless or curse the world.

The knowledge of the laws of her being—ever within her reach—may be made available for good, or a puny, deformed, diseased, and miserable offspring may remind her of her remissness in duty, or curse her for their being.

The conditions of health are various, as various as our organization is complicated, and wisely adapted to the multiform offices of human life. Among these laws, all of which are important, proper exercise of *all* the powers of the human system stands preëminent. It is not enough to exercise the *mind*—its physical organ, its "clayey tenement," prefers its claims. Nor is it sufficient to bring these powers into action at long intervals; continued activity, with due regard to rest, is the law of development.

The employments of females in this country are far too sedentary. It is not those only who toil in dark and dreary garrets, that but seldom enjoy the blessed light and pure air of heaven; it is not such only who pine in languor and pain from a want of a proper enjoyment of blessings which a bountiful Father has bestowed upon us. Thousands, whose circumstances do not demand it, are immured in parlors or drawing-rooms, almost *hermetically sealed*, while the thought of the gentle breezes of heaven might almost produce hysteria. Fortunately this class is far from constituting the majority. It can not be denied, however, that by far the greater portion have too little regard to the development of body, especially when the intimate connection and mutual dependence of the mind and body are taken into account. There is a constant sympathy, one with the other, so great that one *can not suffer alone*. The results of this intimate relationship, and a disregard or ignorance of organic laws, are seen in the usual walks of life, in characters which can not be mistaken. Pain and sickness are all around us. We literally *groan* under a weight of sorrows, most of which are induced or aggravated by our own acts. Joint-torturing pains, burning fevers, and throbbing inflammations often remind us of our deviations from the path of rectitude. Such is not the design of an ever-watchful Providence. He created us capable of a happier destiny, a more harmonious existence.

Let such, therefore, who would avoid many of the "ills which flesh is heir to," emancipate themselves from the bondage of constraint, and develop every power of the body and mind. Let them stroll among the beauties of nature, over hills and mountains, if they wish, through groves and woodlands, where the music of nature is heard in its native purity, across the verdant vales and meadows, and pluck the flowers that sweetly sparkle there. Let them—following the example of the English aristocracy or nobility, who do not hesitate to mingle in the chase, or walk several miles each day—spend some hours each day in the open air, taking deep draughts of joy-giving air, inflating the lungs to their utmost capacity. Let them resort to *vigorous* exercise, should circumstances demand such, and be able to boast of well-developed muscles, free and easy carriage, and a glow of health upon the cheek. Let them seek the *light* and *warmth* of the sun; and should a slight tinge from Sol's laboratory deck the brow, it would be preferable—when judged by a correct standard of beauty—to the sallow or wan complexion which disease produces. In fine, let them remember that air and light are important hygienic agents, which can not be enjoyed in their *purity* within their dwellings, and that a necessary regard to these laws of health will do much to diminish the sum of human suffering.

Number One.—One hour lost in the morning, by lying in bed, will put back all the business of the day.

One hour gained by rising early, is worth one month in a year.

One hole in the fence will cost ten times as much as it will to fix it at once.

One unruly animal will teach all others in company bad tricks; and the Bible says, "One sinner destroyeth much good."

One drunkard will keep a family poor, and make them miserable.

WONDERS OF THE MICROSCOPE.

BY C. WINGATE.

"If," says a quaint writer, "the Author of Nature is great in *great things*, yet is he exceedingly great in *small ones*;" and in nothing is this more evident than in those wonderful discoveries revealed to us by the microscope. While the telescope unfolds to the astonished gaze of the astronomer millions of starry worlds, so far removed from us that the light that renders them visible requires thousands of years to reach us, and may continue to reach us thousands of years after the stars themselves have been struck from existence; the microscope, on the other hand, reveals to us a world of minute organic life equally beyond the powers of the human intellect to enumerate or comprehend. In every drop of water, on every leaf of the forest, there may be thousands of living beings, perfect in all their parts, possessing bones, muscles, nerves, and all the organization of the largest animals, while they themselves are invisible to the unaided eye, and thousands of them can lie on the point of one's finger, and an egg-shell contains more of them than the entire human population of the globe. Not only does the minuteness of these microscopic animals fill the mind with astonishment, but their immense number are equally difficult to conceive of. Thousands of square miles of the earth's surface consist almost entirely of the stony skeletons of these minute animals; and the limestone rocks, of which a great part of our planet's crust is composed, as well as the coral islands which dot the whole extent of the Southern and Pacific oceans, are almost entirely the product of little atomies, which would perish by hundreds under the foot-tread of a man.

Science is hourly instructing us in the lesson that the microscopic life which teems in the ocean, on the land, and in the air, plays a far higher and more important part in the economy of nature than has hitherto been assigned to it; that those things which seem great and wonderful to us in the operations of nature, are immeasurably surpassed in

force and extent by those beings which, without the microscope, can not be seen at all.

The invention of the microscope has been attributed to various individuals. By some, the famous Roger Bacon, to whom are attributed many discoveries affecting the present position of science and the welfare of mankind, is regarded as the inventor of this important and useful instrument. By others it is attributed to Janson, a Dutch spectacle-maker, who, if not the original inventor, is generally regarded as the one who perfected the instrument and brought it into use during the reign of James II., about the year 1680. The celebrated Isaac Newton, Hooke, and other learned persons of that period, gave much attention to the improvement of the microscope.

In 1738, Dr. Nathaniel Lieberkuhn, of Berlin, invented the solar microscope, an instrument by which the magnified image of an object was projected on a screen, hung up in a darkened room, by which means a large number of persons could examine an object at the same time.

The objection to this instrument is, that it only gives the *shadow* of the object to be viewed, and though this may be magnified several million times, thus forming an image of enormous proportions, yet it fails to give *any color*, or even any thing except the outline of the object examined. In consequence of this defect, the compound microscope has in a great degree superseded the solar microscope; and by the aid of complicated arrangements, based upon scientific principles and executed with consummate skill, this instrument has attained to a high degree of perfection. Without diagrams it is very difficult to give any clear idea of its construction, and we shall only attempt to give a general idea of its principles:

The object to be examined is placed on a small table or support, and strongly illuminated by a concave mirror. The light is reflected through a prism so placed that *all* the light falling on it shall be reflected on an object-glass placed just over it; and the magnified image thus produced is viewed through a compound eye-piece. The magnifying power of the instrument is found by multiplying the power of the

object-glass by the power of the eye-glass. Thus, if each glass magnifies 20 times, the two will magnify $20 \times 20 = 400$, and the image thus formed will be 400 times longer and 400 times broader than the object; and its surface will be $400 \times 400 = 16{,}000$ greater; while its cubical bulk must, of course, be $160{,}000 \times 400 = 64{,}000{,}000$ times larger. By having different sets of glasses of various powers, this wonderful instrument can be adapted to a great variety of uses, and has been the means of shedding great light on many subjects which had hitherto defied all the powers of man to explain, and given us new and wondrous views of the power and wisdom of the Great Creator.

An object can be seen with perfect distinctness when magnified 500 times in linear dimensions, or 250,000 times in surface; but when powers of 1,000 or 2,000 are used, the outlines of the images become dim and confused. In actual practice, however, there is seldom any occasion to use so high powers, as an image sufficiently large *to cover a dime* can be produced from an object the thousandth part of an inch in diameter, and requiring one thousand million of them to fill a cubic inch.

But as an object the *hundredth part of an inch* is distinctly visible to the naked eye, it follows that the microscope will render visible any object which is not less than one fifty thousandth part of an inch in length and breadth, and of which it would require ($50{,}000^3$) 125,000,000,000,000 to fill a cubic inch; a number as unmeasurable beyond the comprehension of the human mind as eternity itself. Yet we have every reason to suppose that if this instrument could be increased in power to an indefinite extent, we should still find no limits to the decreasing series of animal life. As the astronomer, sweeping the heavens with his telescope, discovers new systems of worlds in the dim regions of space, and every additional power given to his instrument only renders visible still greater numbers of rolling worlds, so it is but the sober dictate of reason to infer, that if our vision could be rendered more and more piercing, and progressively advance from the minutely visible, through the successive realms of the invisible, exploring onward toward the

inner shrine of nature, that new scenes of beauty would be continually unfolded, and new fields of Omniscient display would be constantly revealing, that God was still before us in His creative energy—that we saw "but the hidings of His power." And as we traced our steps backward to the visible through all the glorious realms that had been brought to light, we should feel the truth that this outer world is but the casket in which the riches of creation are enshrined.

Guided by this wonderful instrument, the student of nature learns that what he has looked upon as mere masses of stone and sand, are in reality but the congregated skeletons of animals too minute for the unaided eye to discover; and that the largest mountains are composed of the strong shells of insects, so small that millions may be contained in a cubic inch—that even the depths of the mighty ocean have been filled with them; and vast islands have been reared from immeasurable depths by the combined labors of little atomies too minute to be seen, and compared with whose labors the mightiest efforts of human skill shrink into insignificance. The celebrated Dr. Ehrenberg, who devoted a large part of his life to the investigation of this subject, and who has done more to elucidate it than any other person, has ascertained that no less than *five kinds* of rocks are made up wholly or in part of the fossil shells of animalcules, and that *three* other kinds have probably the same origin. Bog-iron ore, a substance constantly *forming* in low, marshy ground, and the origin of which has long puzzled naturalists, has been found to consist of *microscopic shells;* while the vast beds of chalk, forming immense strata, hundreds of miles in extent, and in some instances a thousand or more feet in thickness, and in many places rising up into vast mountain ranges, are so filled with the remains of these shells, that they are detected in the smallest portion of chalk that can be taken up on the point of a knife.

As limestone, in all its various forms, is of the same nature as chalk, it is but reasonable to refer it to the same origin; and yet one-twentieth part of all the strata of the earth is supposed to consist of limestone. The nodules of flint found imbedded in chalk strata, and yet so entirely un-

like chalk in every respect, that it was for a long time very difficult to account for their origin, consist almost entirely of the shells of animalcules, mingled with the scales of fishes, zoophytes, and the remains of minute animals. In a single chip of flint, not exceeding the twelfth of an inch in diameter, more than twenty of these shells have been detected, some of them not more than one five-hundredth of an inch in diameter. In the northern parts of Germany are found large deposits of a substance known as tripoli, and extensively used as a polishing material, many tons of which are annually used for this purpose. The microscope reveals to us the wonderful fact, that this substance is almost entirely composed of the fossil remains of animalcules, so extremely small, that a single cubic inch is estimated to contain forty thousand millions, and that one hundred and eighty-seven millions are required to weigh a single grain. To many, this statement will appear incredible, but a moment's consideration will show that, incredible as it may seem, it is based on a solid foundation. The magnifying power of a microscope is capable of mathematical demonstration; and the image formed by it can be measured with perfect exactness. For example, it is known that the magnifying power is *one thousand*, and the image produced by the object under examination, is *one-fourth of an inch* long; a fact that can be ascertained as easily as one could measure the length of a sheet of paper or any other substance. It then necessarily follows that the object must be one *four-thousandth* of an inch in *length;* and from this, the number contained in any given space can be easily found by a simple arithmetical process. If such are the numbers of beings living in so minute a space, what must be the numbers contained in the vast beds of chalk and limestone, covering thousands of square miles, and in the immense deposits of marl to be found in all parts of the continent? Truly may the poet say,

> "All that tread
> The globe are but a handful to the tribes
> That slumber in its bosom."

But not only do we find vast beds of the flinty remains of

animalcules, and huge mountain ranges built almost entirely of their fossil skeletons, but the waters of the ocean abound with them in an equal degree. Navigators have frequently noticed, in all parts of the ocean, that extensive tracts of water are frequently discolored at a great distance from land. Mr. Scoresby relates, that one-fourth of the Greenland Sea, comprising an area of 20,000 miles, is colored a deep olive green. The cause of this singular appearance was for a long time unknown, but the microscope has at length revealed the secret. *Millions of minute animals, so small as to be invisible to the naked eye, swarm in these waters, and give it their own color.* In some instances they are green, in others yellow; giving the water the appearance of having been sprinkled with sulphur; while in other places the sea has appeared a dark red, as though discolored with blood. So exceedingly minute are these animals, that a single drop of water, and that not the most discolored, was found to contain more than twenty-six thousand animalcules; and Mr. Scoresby has computed that in a tumbler of water *one hundred and fifty millions of these animalcules would find ample room.* And yet we find them equally abundant over many thousand square miles of the ocean, where it is a thousand or more feet in depth. What countless millions must be contained in a single cubic foot of water! how infinite the multitude that swarm the ocean!

The phosphorescence of the sea is another example of the solution of a problem, by the aid of the microscope, which had long remained a mystery, and probably without its assistance would never have been solved. This strange and interesting phenomenon, which has so often excited the wonder and admiration of the mariner, is now clearly shown to depend upon the presence of vast multitudes of animalcules, with which the sea at times is filled, and which emit a bright phosphoric light when the water is agitated. Though some few of these animals are quite large, yet the most of them are exceedingly minute, varying from the one-hundredth to the one-thousandth of an inch in length. The phosphoric light emitted by these creatures is regarded by naturalists as the effect of vital action; it appears as a single spark, like

that of the fire-fly, and can be repeated in a similar manner at short intervals.

By the united action of these countless millions of animals is produced that brilliant glow which, in the tropics particularly, gives to the inexperienced traveler the impression that he is sailing over a sea of liquid fire.

Time and space would fail me in the attempt to describe all the uses of this wondrous instrument; or even to enumerate the many contributions to scientific knowledge made through its agency. While the telescope unfolds to our astonished gaze millions upon millions of worlds, rolling in the dim regions of measureless space, compared with which our own planet is but a grain of sand; while it tells us that even the faint patches of flickering light scarcely visible in the heavens consist of mighty suns, whose times and measure the mind of man can form no conception of; the microscope, on the other hand, shows us a *descending series* of animal life, reaching down to depths equally beyond our comprehension, and teaching us that in wisdom, as well as in power and majesty, the paths of the Most High are indeed past finding out.

TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

BY J. B. HOAG.

I LOVE the twilight's gentle hour,
'Tis then wild fancy loves to stray,
And yield to calm reflection's power,
And watch the light's departing ray.

How sweet to bid dull care be gone,
And lift our hearts to things above,
And think of days forever flown,
Of friends that we most dearly love!

The scenes of childhood to review,
When care was stranger to our breast,
And rankling sorrows were but few,
But all conspired to make us blest.

To those glad scenes where youth was passed,
In this sweet hour will memory stray,
Those happy scenes, too bright to last,
And much-loved friends now far away.

Some now have gone to distant climes,
And some beneath the valley's sod,
Beyond the bounds of life and time,
Rejoicing with their Maker, God.

Life's frailty to such lessons teach,
And bid us with most earnest care,
While life is spared, that all and each
For that blest home in heaven prepare.

O sweet this lovely, pensive hour,
For pure and holy thought 'tis given,
That we may feel reflection's power,
And raise our thoughts from earth to heaven.

TO THE AMBITIOUS.

BY J. B. HOAG.

The star of fame has more attractions for many than any other in Nature's horizon; and many there are who, when they set sail on the ocean of life, attracted by the brilliancy of its rays, in their desire to come under their genial influence, lose sight of what should be the beacon to guide them across life's uncertain sea, and ere they are aware, they find themselves shipwrecked on the dreary shoals and quicksands of unwelcome disappointment.

Could the aspirants to fame but become acquainted with the history of those who have placed their names high on the pinnacle of fame, and the means they have employed to accomplish their desired end, and the results of these means, so far as others were concerned, methinks that so far from its inspiring in them a disposition to imitate their example, it must fill them with horror and disgust. But we are too apt to allow ourselves to be dazzled with the splendor of their great achievements, and the luster of the high posi-

tion they occupy, while we lose sight of the facts connected with their history, which are revolting in the extreme, and shock every feeling of sensibility and humanity.

Even now I fancy I can see the deserted homes, the cheer less firesides, and hear the wails of hopeless widows and orphans, who have been made such by the mad votaries of ambition. There is nothing incompatible with the most rigid standard of right in the desire to maintain an unblemished reputation, and meriting the approbation of those around us; but so far from it, this desire springs from the possession of one of the most important traits of character, and they are not far from ruin who can unblushingly declare themselves indifferent to the opinion of others; but it is sacrificing other higher and nobler faculties to this, and exercising this at the expense of those with which we are endowed for the most high and noble purposes, that we condemn.

The pathway to earthly glory is marked with blood, and sighs and groans fan the wreath that decks the brow of those who have attained a high position of earthly honor. When we take a retrospective view of the world, and look through the vista of the past, we find that high positions of earthly aggrandizement have ordinarily been obtained at the expense of the happiness and well-being of the multitude. The history of the great of earth is but a dark recital of aggression and wrong. How much more to be coveted is the position of those who, influenced by a desire to benefit their fellow-men, have done what lay in their power to enhance the happiness, mitigate the woes, and lessen the sorrows of those around them; whose disinterested acts of benevolence have called forth spontaneous bursts of applause from those whom they have relieved, and generations, then unborn, have been induced to lisp their praises and bless their names. Dearer, far dearer to me, is the heartfelt acknowledgment of favors received, from those whose necessities I have been instrumental in relieving, than all the demonstrations of applause the thoughtless multitude could bestow; and rather would I have the satisfaction of the reflection that I had been the

instrument in the hand of Heaven of mitigating the woes of my fellow-men, than possess the brightest gem that ever decked the brow of the monarch.

It is instructive to analyze the faculties that compose the human mind, and make ourselves acquainted with the nature of each and every component of the character of man, and see how plainly shines forth the goodness and wisdom of our beneficent Creator in endowing us with faculties which qualify us for the discharge of the duties that devolve on us in the different relations of life we are called upon to sustain. There are no faculties that we possess that tend more to the elevation of the human character, that assimilate us to the character of those angelic beings that throng the world above, or render us more like Him who left His Father's bright abode to benefit an apostate world, than those faculties which induce us to weep with those who weep, and sympathize with those who are the subjects of affliction. These are the most godlike in their character, and it is when we act under the influence of these that we come nearest toward fulfilling our high and exalted destiny. Strike these from the character of man, and he would be better fitted for the society of fiends in the world of darkness below, than for the companionship of intelligent beings in a world like this, marred by the traces of sin, where suffering and sorrow are so prevalent. If this be true, then how much more detestable is he who, being endowed by his Creator with these high and noble qualities of mind, will not allow himself to be influenced by them, but turns a deaf ear to all the cries of misery that assail him! He who possesses a desire to benefit his fellow-men, can easily find opportunities to put his benevolent desires into practice. We are surrounded on every hand by those whose hapless condition calls loudly upon us for friendly interference in their behalf, and if so disposed, we can act the part of the good Samaritan constantly.

He who makes a profession of attachment to the cause of his Redeemer, and yet has no heart to sympathize with the afflicted of his race, no disposition to reach forth the helping hand, and lighten the load of suffering that crushes his

brother to earth, has good reason to be distrustful of the truth and genuineness of that attachment.

The history of the world furnishes us with the example of many who have nobly devoted the energies of their nature, and the bounties of a kind Providence, to ameliorating the condition of those around them. Of these, prominently stand the names of Howard, of early times, and Gurney and Hopper of our own age. The acts of disinterested benevolence which characterized the lives of these men, stand as a lasting monument to their memory, and have woven for them a brighter garland than was ever worn by the most successful conqueror the world ever saw. O! if selfishness could but be overcome, and the benign principles of the gospel be the rule of action for the children of men, it would go far toward changing this world from a scene of wo to a paradise of bliss.

LEARN TO SING.

BY REV. W. C. WHITCOMB.

So deeply impressed was one celebrated man of the immense importance and influence of music, that he is said to have exclaimed, "Let who will make the laws of the people; but let me make their songs."

Music is one of the best promoters of domestic happiness. As an awakener of sympathies and a uniter of hearts, there is no agent more efficient, next to the religion of the gospel. It humanizes and elevates the depraved soul, enlivens hospitality, and excludes the demons of discord from the home circle. 'Tis ofttimes as necessary to soothe the otherwise ruffled spirit, as was David's harp to calm the turbulent breast of Saul. It lightens care, heightens joy, and increases conjugal, parental, filial, and fraternal affection. Hence, in all families where there are individuals who can sing with the voice, or play on instruments, there should be *a good deal of music.* I would that there were more pianos, and melodeons, and parlor organs in the habitations of the people, and also more of vocal music among husbands and

wives, fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters. But especially, I would to God there were singing and the voice of melody and praise around every *family altar*, where, night and morn, the members of pious households take delight in assembling, to pay their vows unto the Most High.

Let parents cultivate the power to sing, not only the infant's soothing lullaby, but hymns fraught with truthful, religious sentiments, for the benefit, present and everlasting, of their little ones. The words of a song will not unfrequently outlive the most eloquent of sermons in the memory of the young. How important, therefore, that memories which commence life be favored with songs worthy of *lasting* till life's close, and of influencing the soul while ages on ages roll their unceasing rounds in the endless day of heaven. When the glorious truths of Inspiration are breathed forth in expressive melody, they are clothed with the power of a diviner eloquence than the pulpit of the preacher or the platform of the orator can boast of. O ye, upon whom is imposed the responsibility of imparting instruction to children,

> "Teach them some melodious measure,
> Sung by raptured tongues above,
> Fill their souls with sacred pleasure,
> While they sing Redeeming love."

Many of the ancients, and one modern infidel writer, considered music as an accidental discovery of the Egyptians, while listening to the whistling of the wind through the reeds on the banks of the river Nile. But, methinks, could they enter some of our common schools, and Sabbath schools, or could they attend one of our juvenile concerts, and *surround the fireside* of many of our families, they would be convinced of the fallacy of their theory. Plainly would they perceive that music is one of the earliest developments of infancy, the most pleasing charmer of the child; and that man, defined as he may be, is naturally musical, with some rare exceptions; in other words, that *music is one of the very elements of the soul and the voice*, implanted there by an all-wise Creator; and that these latent powers, these germs, which are a part and parcel of the nature which God hath

given us, need only to be cultivated in order to send out upon an atmosphere exactly adapted thereto a combination of the sweetest notes of song. As the poet has it—

> "There is in souls a sympathy with sounds;
> Some chord, in unison with what we hear,
> Is touched within us, and the heart replies."

What is it that solaces while it saddens the lonely exile in a distant land of strangers? 'Tis the song of "HOME, SWEET HOME." What occasions the tear-drops to start warm to his eyelids, the palpitations of his heart to quicken, and recollections of olden time to pass before his mental vision? Hark, ye, and listen to those snatches of some domestic tune or national air, by a careless passer-by. The deepest fountains of his soul are stirred within him, and he involuntarily turns his wishful gaze toward his native land. How impressibly dear, amid all the toils of maturer years, and the cares which crowd, and throng, and press upon us in life's meridian, are the remembrances of those songs from a fond mother's lips, or a loved sister's voice, or a visitor from abroad, which were music to our ears and hearts in tender infancy or childhood's sunny days.

The most of those families who are unable, for want of pecuniary means, to attend public concerts, can, if they desire it, have excellent *concerts at home*, preparatory to entering upon the everlasting concert of the redeemed, in the mansions of glory, whither Christ, our forerunner, hath gone to provide accommodations for all His chosen followers. Would we feel at home amid the choirs of angelic and ransomed ones above, we must imbibe a taste for similar employments here on earth. "And I heard a voice from heaven, as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of a great thunder; and I heard the voice of harpers harping with their harps; and they sung, as it were, a new song before the throne."

GOOD temper is like a sunny day; it sheds a brightness over every thing.

TEMPERANCE.

BY W. B. HOVEY.

PEACEFUL harbinger of mercy!
  Swiftly speed upon thy way;
Gather souls from sure destruction,
  Guide them to eternal day.

Let naught thy glorious flight impede,
  O'er this gloomy world of pain;
'Till all are in thy bosom gathered,
  From the tempting cup refrain.

Yes! blest messenger of Heaven,
  Still pursue thine onward flight;
Guide us by thine own sweet presence
  To that world of pure delight.

CULTIVATION OF TASTE.

BY MRS. A. E. GILLETT.

TASTE, the peculiar attribute of man, the faculty that imparts to him his extreme sensibility to order, harmony, and congruity, is one of the purest and most delicate of the intellectual faculties, and is susceptible of the most refined culture. It endures, not only while opinions vary, and the unsubstantial pageants of the world vanish, but while generations themselves appear and pass away. It assures us, that what first awakened emotions of beauty and sublimity, will continue to cause vibrations in our hearts as long as life shall endure. It is not like the more highly-prized faculty, Genius, limited to the chosen few, but it is the common property of the whole human race. The meanest, and most ungifted, have their innate perceptions of beauty, which contribute much to their innocent enjoyments. The truly beautiful and sublime, in the works of nature or of art, require no recondite learning, no high-reaching imagination, to enable us to appreciate and feel them.

"Ask the swain
Who journies homeward, from a summer day's
Long labor, why, forgetful of his toils,
And due repose, he loiters to behold
The sunshine, gleaming, as through amber clouds,
O'er all the western sky? Full soon, I ween,
His rude expression, and untutored air,
Beyond the power of language, will unfold
The form of Beauty smiling at his heart.
How lovely, how commanding!"

If to the uncultivated taste the lawn, the grove, the mountain, the firmament, and the ocean, afford unceasing and unsated pleasures, what exquisite gratification will they impart to it when, by refinement and cultivation, it is enabled to detect the secret analogies of beauty, and bring kindred graces from all parts of nature, to heighten the images which they reveal. To a person of such a taste, the lowliest flower that "blushes unseen, and wastes its sweetness on the desert air," discloses the loveliest tints, and the most attractive sweetness, while, to him of uncultivated taste, nothing is perceived but mere form and color; who, while he passes it by with stoical indifferance, deprives himself of a highly refined source of delightful amusement. From a pure and polished taste, the lively and vivid pleasures of the imagination are almost entirely derived; to it, the elegant arts owe their choicest beauties; and without it, poetry would be divested of all her imagery and embellishment, and her magic power to charm would rest in unbroken slumber. Niceness and accuracy of taste produce amiability of manners and true politeness; which, by calling forth the sensibilites of our nature render us tenderly awake to all the sympathetic virtues that adorn and grace the human character.

In this age of caprice and extravagance nothing can contribute more to keep us within the bounds of moderation and good sense, than a careful cultivation of the taste. The love of ornament is progressive, and insensibly steals upon us in the progress of society, till our distempered taste leads us to prefer gorgeous and profuse decorations, to elegant refinement, simplicity, and the truly sublime. By cultivating our

taste, we shall be enabled to correct this wrong bias. A pure and refined taste will produce such a nice harmony between the fancy and the judgment, that the former will never give a preferance to what the latter condemns. It will correct, refine, and polish the understanding. It will add grace and dignity to manners, and give to its possessor that influence which vanity and ambition covet.

If the faculty of taste holds that rank in the intellectual system which has been ascribed to it, it will certainly be unnecessary to urge further motives, to provide suitable and appropriate means for its cultivation. Every one will readily admit that it merits distinguished attention; that it should be refined and improved with unremitted labor; that it should be cultivated with assiduous care. The most effectual means for doing this, seems to be the spread of science and learning, together with the exercise of moral and religious influence. The friendly influence of these over the faculty of taste, will not be questioned by any who have enjoyed their advantages themselves, or witnessed their general effect upon the minds of others. Of a person who is fully imbued with them, it may be justly said:

> "That the meanest flowret of the vale,
> The simplest note that swells the gale,
> The common sun, the air, the skies,
> To him are opening paradise."

THE EOLIAN HARP.

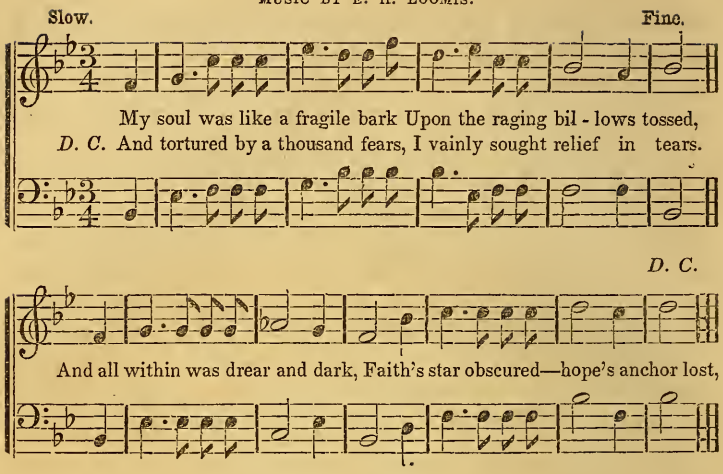
BY M. A. A. PHINNEY.

Thou hast sweet music, thou wind-harp, low,
A sweetest lay, in thy plaintive flow,
And thy chords are touched by fairy hands,
As they gather round thee in unseen bands.

Thou bringest fond recollections back,
As they linger still, on mem'ry's track;
Thou bringest thought of those harps above,
Whose chords are touched by the saints of love.

THE POWER OF PRAYER.

MUSIC BY E. H. LOOMIS.



1.

My soul was like a fragile bark
Upon the raging billows tossed,
And all within was drear and dark—
Faith's star obscured—hope's anchor lost—
And tortured by a thousand fears,
I vainly sought relief in tears.

2.

I wept, but still the shadow lay
Upon my heart in deepest gloom;
There seemed for me no cheering ray
To light my pathway to the tomb:
But ere I yielded to despair,
I feebly raised my thoughts in prayer

3.

I prayed—and oh! what heavenly peace
Came softly floating o'er my soul;
Christ bade the storm of sorrow cease,
I felt my Savior's sweet control;
And once again faith's holy ray
Illumed my lonely pilgrim way.

4.

And oh! whene'er dark sorrow's wing
Sweeps every gleam of hope away,
And life seems but a weary thing,
I'll ne'er forget to meekly pray:
For every shade of gloom and care
Will flee before the fervent prayer!

MATERNAL INFLUENCE.

BY J. B. HOAG.

With a Steel Engraving.

It is universally conceded, that early impressions are the most abiding, and best calculated to exert an influence on our after life and character. No one capable of making correct observations on the developments of the character of the different classes of men will be diposed to doubt this, or deny that, of all the agencies employed in the formation of character, maternal influence is not the least inconsiderable or important. The mother occupies a position at once fraught with interest and responsibility. It is her's to implant in the young and tender minds of her offspring those sentiments of piety and principles of rectitude which are to govern their future career in this world, and perhaps fix their eternal destiny in a position of happiness in a future state of existence. The mother who fails to do this is guilty of a flagrant omission of most apparent duty, and may reap the reward of her neglect in witnessing in her children the growth and exhibition of pernicious principles, and unchecked and unrestrained passions—to prove the bane of her life, and plant thorns in her dying pillow. We can scarcely conceive of a more afflicting circumstance, or one more calculated to pierce the heart of a mother with the sharpest pangs of remorse, than to have her remonstrances with a wayward child, verging to man or womanhood, met by an accusation of neglect of duty, and feel, but too late, that it is, alas! too true.

The wisest and best men that ever lived, and whose lives may be regarded as beacons for those who follow them in the great drama of life, have most cordially attributed to the fidelity and judicious training exercised over them by their mothers, all they have ever been, or achieved, that was praiseworthy or beneficial to others. Such a tribute the justly celebrated John Quincy Adams, in his last days, after a long

and brilliant career, when standing on the borders of the grave, while looking back on a life spent in usefulness, and with his name stamped high on the pinnacle of renown, paid to the fidelity and watchfulness of his venerated mother. And the immortal Washington, too, gave her who had watched over his infantile moments, and guided his early feet in the ways of virtue, the praise of all that was great and glorious in his life and character.

The means which may be employed by a judicious mother to implant in the minds of her offspring the seeds of virtue and piety, are too numerous to admit of detail in this brief sketch; but we regard one as of most essential benefit, and best calculated to be productive of happy effect—which is, teaching children at an early age the duty of prayer. We can conceive of no sublimer sight in nature, nor one which the bright, angelic beings who inhabit the world of light above would be likely to regard with more pleasing emotions, if they in their habitation of glorious felicity are permitted to take cognizance of what transpires on this sin-stricken earth, and feel an interest in what is calculated to eventuate in the welfare of the human race, and the glory of the supreme Ruler of the universe, than a mother teaching her infant child, yet uncontaminated with the baneful influences that surround us in this world, to lisp the praises of its great Creator, and implore His fatherly care and protection.

Turn now to the engraving, and see how vivid the representation which the artist has given of such a scene. Seated on his couch, ere he retires to rest for the night, the mother folds her child to her bosom, and with his little hands clasped and raised to heaven, he repeats after her his evening prayer, while innocence and devotion beam from every lineament of his countenance. In future life, when far distant from the home of his childhood, when engaged in the busy scenes of life, will memory revert to that hour, and the impressions then received will never, never be erased, amid the hurry, and bustle, and conflicts of the world, but be to him like a guardian angel, to keep him from deviating from the path of right, or gently admonishing to retrace his steps,

if he has already deviated from wisdom's pleasant ways. Be assured, that she who devoutly does this, is securing for her child the greatest possible good. What though in maturer years it may seem to be ineffectual and abortive; what though her child may be guilty of great and fearful wanderings from the path of rectitude, the early prayer, the pious counsel, taught and imparted by the careful mother, will be like bread cast upon the waters, which shall return after many days.

The history of the world is replete with instances of this character, which stand before the world as so many monuments to maternal fidelity, and should have the effect to stimulate mothers to renewed zeal and increasing fidelity in this important duty.

From the many facts of this nature, which happily illustrate the beneficent effects which we might furnish, we have selected the following truthful incident. In the quiet and retired village of S., in the State of Vermont, lived Mrs. Shelton, a lady of talents and eminent piety, beloved and respected by all who knew her. She had but one son, her darling Alfred, on whom she bestowed all the tenderness and religious instruction which it was possible for her to bestow. As soon as his opening intellect was capable of understanding her words, she sought to impress him with his duty to his heavenly Father, and ere he was capable of speaking plain, he was taught to lisp his infantile prayer. Her husband was a man of the world, and totally neglected the religious education of his boy—though it would be doing him a glaring injustice to say that he was not an affectionate father; but how could he impart what he did not possess? While he sought to place within the reach of his son all the means of securing a competence, and occupying an honorable and desirable position in life, so far as earthly good and literary accomplishments were concerned, he never seemed to realize that, in omitting to turn his early feet into the paths of virtue and religion, he was neglecting to confer on him the greatest possible good.

At the age of fifteen, Alfred followed his mother to her final resting-place. Bitter, indeed, were the tears he shed,

but it was impossible for him to fully appreciate the loss he had sustained.

Soon after his mother's demise, his father sent him to a wealthy relative in the city of New York, where he became associated with many who lived only for pleasure, and almost unconsciously to himself, by imperceptible degrees, became contaminated by the baneful influences with which he was surrounded. He forgot, alas! the teachings, the counsels, the admonitions of his sainted mother, and in a few months after taking up his abode in that great emporium, he who had been most carefully taught to shun even the least appearance of evil, could unblushingly mingle with the profane, the intemperate, and the vile, and with them participate in their unhallowed doings. He was attentive to business, and thus won and retained the esteem of his employer; but there was at the core of his heart a moral canker that destroyed his peace of mind, and transformed the exemplary youth to an open violator of plain requisitions of morality and religion. Though educated to reverence and love the Sabbath and its ordinances, he had learned to scoff at religion, and absent himself from the house of God, and spent his evenings with the votaries of pleasure, apparently forgetful of moral obligations that rested upon him.

Thus years passed on. His course was still downward; he stilled the ever faithful monitions of conscience, and still pursued his fearful career, regardless of the certain penalty of doing wrong. Any one who knew him once and knew him now, could hardly have believed it possible for so great a change to have been effected in any one.

Five years after his arrival in the city, as he was returning one evening to his lodgings, he passed a door that stood ajar; his attention was arrested by a soft voice, and, turning his eyes in that direction, he saw a child kneeling by the side of his mother, with her hand placed upon his head, while he repeated his prayer after her. The sight carried an arrow of conviction to his guilty soul. His thoughts reverted to the time when, like the innocent child before him, he lisped his infantile petitions after his mother, who was now a glorified saint in heaven. He retired to his own

apartments, and reflected on his present degraded, sinful condition in contrast with his former days of comparative innocence. He seemed to hear the soft, gentle voice of his mother whispering words of warning in his ear. He thought, if she were now living, and knew of his dissolute habits and abandoned character, how it would grieve her; and, resting his head upon his hands, he wept aloud. "My mother! Oh, my mother," he cried, "can thy gentle spirit look down upon thy wretched son!" For a time he yielded himself to the paroxysms of grief. At last he threw himself upon his bed, but not to sleep. He turned his thoughts to the future, and saw a fearful abyss before him.

He resolved to make one more effort to escape the threatened destiny, and when the glorious sun arose, it shone upon Alfred Shelton a reformed man. He had tasted enough of the wormwood and the gall to induce him to adhere to his resolutions to reform, and in vain did his former associates seek to induce him to join them again in their unhallowed vocations. He became an exemplary Christian; and when speaking of his Christian experience, always attributed his redemption from the consequence of a fearful departure from right, to the early counsels, pious instruction, and prayers taught him by his mother. Facts like these should stimulate Christian mothers in the discharge of their duty toward their children: and let them remember, that the time will come when it will be demanded of them what they have done with the children committed to their charge.

Nothing is less sincere than our manner of asking and of giving advice. He who asks advice would seem to have a respectful deference for the opinion of his friend, while yet he only aims at getting his own approved of, and making that friend responsible for his conduct. On the other hand, he who gives advice repays the confidence supposed to be placed in him by a seemingly disinterested zeal, while he seldom means more than his own interest or reputation.

THE FLORAL FESTIVAL.

BY MRS. P. W. LATHAM.

With a Colored Steel Engraving.

FLAX.

"I came to thee in working dress,
And hair but plainly kempt;
For life is not all holyday,
From toil and care exempt.

"With household look, and household words,
And frank as maiden's greet;
I dared with words of homely truth,
Thy manliness to meet."

Just at the moment when the votaries of Flora were in the height of their enjoyment, two lovely maidens issued from a little copse of hazel, and came forward. They looked so fresh and lovely, and withal so modest and unpretending, that all eyes were bent in admiration on the newcomers. One represented her favorite emblem, the wild rose, and the other was simply decorated with the useful and time-honored flax, and bearing gracefully in her hands the distaff and spindle. The Dahlia, who was flirting with a whole coterie of beaux as empty as herself, met the newcomers with a stare meant to be very lofty, and the Tulip gave a scornful toss of her pretty head, saying, in an under tone, "The little frights." In an instant, however, Arthur Sherwood was by their side, and offering an arm to each, he presented them to the assembled group we have just mentioned, and entering gayly into the spirit of the occasion, demanded of the Wild Rose, why she, a "hedge-bred miss, dared to enter the company of the high-born ladies around her."

"I do not come," sweetly replied little Eglantine, "on the plea of high birth, though I sprung from an ancient and royal race, as my stately cousin yonder will aver; but I claim no immunities from my birth, nor yet from the merit of others, for I am content to spend my fragrance by the wayside, cheering the traveler on his journey, and smiling on the laborer at his toil. Little children on their way to school shout with delight when they look on my clustering

blossoms, and the milkmaid ceases her song to inhale my fragrance. I come in company with my blue-eyed neighbor, whose modest worth and the excellence of whose character is well known."

"But have you no merit to plead but beauty and sentiment?"

"I would not speak of my charities, but when the cold wind whistles, and summer friends have disappeared, I shelter the shivering birds from harm and feed them on my bounty. I send medicine to the sick, and many a cluster of my scarlet berries I present to my young friends, whose hearts are yearning for the tardy spring. My gentle friend, Flax, and I often exchange friendly greetings, for we both prefer the quiet vale before the haunts of fashion, and the singing of birds and the ripple of water to the loud-mouthed music of lordly halls. When the dew is on the flowers, and many a sunshine-beauty closes her petals in alarm, then I scatter my sweetness in prodigal abundance, and the belated wanderer pauses in his weariness and blesses me."

"Welcome, sweet Eglantine, thou hast well sustained thy charm," said many voices, and the Queen Rose beckoned her to her side.

"But, you little rustic beauty," said Arthur, "you old-fashioned, unpretending Flax, with your queer name and your home-spun garment, I fear neither you nor your spindle will find much favor now-a-days. Can you play on the harp? Have you attended any of our popular lectures, miss? Do you speak French and Italian? Or have you learned any of the hundred 'ologies now quite needful to a fashionable lady's education; nay, can you perform a single waltz?"

"Enough, enough," said Miss Flax, reddening. "My mother taught me many useful things, but I perceive my ac complishments are old-fashioned and of little value, except in the cottage home, and yet I came of an ancient and honorable family. My ancestors were the inmates of many a royal palace, and the chosen companions of queens and princesses. Talk of family! Mine was time-honored in the days of the Pharaohs. From Egypt, that nursery of nations, they went into Greece, and thence into youthful Rome, and

so they were invited into every polished nation. Nay more, they dwelt with the kings and nobles of Assyria, and one was so enamored of my grand ancestress, that he forsook the triumphs of war and the excitements of the chase for her society, preferring her simple charms to them all."

"You seem to have been a proud as well as an ancient race," said Arthur, gayly.

"If my ancestors were welcome in the abodes of the great," responded Flax, "they disdained not the hovels of the most lowly. The humblest dame that spread her tent in the palm tree's shade, received their benefits as freely as the wife of an emperor."

"Well, we admit your claims as to family; but what of your personal accomplishments?"

"I play on a stringed instrument, but the music is low and monotonous, and harmonizes best with the waving of trees and the tinkling of rills. It has a soothing charm in the domestic circle, and falls on the ear of returning fathers, and husbands, and brothers with a familiar and cheering sound of welcome. Health, and cheerfulness, and content are my companions, and industry was the nurse and protector of us all. We usually dwell together, and thrifty toil is our hardy companion. If our joys are simple, so, also, our sorrows are few. Want seldom intrudes among us, *ennui* is unknown in our dwelling, and the gossip and tale-bearer find little favor among us, and if in these degenerate days we are despised among the great, it is because a host of idle and dangerous sycophants have usurped our places."

A burst of applause here silenced the speaker, and bending gracefully, she mingled with the happy multitude. But a pale Japonica, who had scarcely breathed out of the artificial warmth of the conservatory, pouted her pretty lip in derision, and a flaunting Hollyhock, who had scarcely in her life been out of the shadow of the farm-house, pronounced her "horridly vulgar." But there were not a few who regarded Flax and her companion with sincere admiration, inasmuch as usefulness and good sense, when combined with grace and elegance, must ever win approval. Wherever Eglantine and Flax bent their steps, a circle of admir-

ers followed, no less charmed with their sprightliness and wit than their beauty and simplicity.

"Will you go and grace my ancestral palace, little Eglantine?" said a manly voice.

"I should wither in thy stately halls, and should pine and die, away from the cool free air of my native dell," said Eglantine, and she disappeared in the moving throng.

"Do you weave the web of destiny?" said another, as little Flax twirled her distaff.

"I form the destiny of many a maiden," said Flax, archly, "and many a youth has been entangled in my web, but not to his destruction; I have led him to prosperity and happiness."

And so, amid jest and gay rejoinder, many saw only graceful forms and good acting; but others, who knew the parties well, were aware that their assumed characters were in good taste, and that if cheerful, persevering industry had ever a living type, it was in Mary Woodford, the Flax of the evening. It was not that nature had endowed her with unusual talents, that Mary always took the lead in all our studies; not that her perceptions were quicker or her memory better, but she looked every difficulty in the face, and set herself resolutely to overcome it, and above all, she never *put off* any thing that ought to be done *now*. In our school days the bright morning sun but seldom looked on Mary's slumbers, for he not often looked on a more radiant face, ever ready to greet his coming; and while her companions indulged in their morning slumbers, Mary, with a serene brow and cheerful step, was climbing the hill of science. And she who caught her in a ragged stocking or an untidy garment, must rise early indeed.

And then that cheerful, earnest face. It came ever like a sunbeam, bringing gladness with it; a sort of contagious joy. It was strange how soon *ennui*, and gloomy looks, and envious feelings, fled away when she came among us; she, who ever dwelt amid smiles and kind endearments. Our young hearts were not over-addicted to reasoning, but we all loved Mary, and felt happy in her companionship. Some of us learned, in later life, that the secret of much of Mary's cheerfulness lay in her active employment.

And what thought Arthur Sherwood? Under that careless, mirthful manner, would you have thought lay concealed a heart of deep and refined feeling; a longing for the more quiet pleasures of the domestic circle, and a capacity to appreciate the gentle ministrations of one who would share in the privacy of his home, and mingle in the same refined pursuits. But he had regarded a home of his own as an expensive luxury beyond his means, and when the thought of married life suggested itself, at the same time would rise before him, visions of costly establishments, expensive furniture, housekeeper's bills, servants' wages, etc., in contrast with his limited income, and he remained bachelor still. Nay, start not, my sentimental friend, if I suggest that love and reason may go hand in hand—even that deep, abiding, truthful love, that lasts a lifetime, shedding a halo of brightness over its most rugged paths, while unbridled passion, though it steals the gentle name of love, is more like a dazzling sunbeam that bursts through the storm, and closes in darkness deeper and more gloomy than before.

And so thought Arthur; but the more he conversed with our little impersonation of the household virtues, the more he fancied with such a careful stewardess of his moderate gains, that they would amply suffice. As for Mary, the careful, prudent, thoughtful Mary, she would scarcely be happy were she placed in a position where every want was supplied before it was felt, and where obsequious dependents left her little to do but fold her hands and be "pretty."

And so it happened one bright summer morning, Mary found herself the mistress of a neat and simply furnished cottage, with only Arthur for a companion. There were roses and honeysuckles, but they sadly wanted training, and flowers in plenty, but the weeds were getting the mastery. So, in the long hours when her husband was away to his business, Mary, instead of looking at her watch and sighing and growing very unhappy, set herself cheerfully to work in improving and embellishing her home—Arthur's home. How her flowers grew and blossomed—what gorgeous festoons and garlands clambered and clustered about her doors and windows, while her cheek grew more rosy, and the eye

that watched her improvements sparkled with happiness. Every thing in Arthur's cottage was so tidy, so neatly arranged, and Mary had so contrived little embellishments of her own here and there, that you forgot the absence of those costly and luxurious appliances so often deemed indispensable. Who can doubt that after the day's weariness Arthur came home with a light and cheerful step, sure of a smiling welcome and a haven of repose. The income more than sufficed, and Arthur was becoming a man of substance.

And so the brilliant, lively, poetic young man is content at last to plod through life with a little managing rustic, sunk in obscurity, and living only to get and save money!

And pray who told you that Mary was a rustic, or that Arthur had fallen into obscurity?

Few possess a mind of higher scope and cultivation than Mrs. Sherwood. Few, manners so gentle and ladylike. Had she been otherwise, she could not have long retained that hold on her husband's love and devotion that she did. Had Arthur become a mere common-place votary of Mammon, he could not have satisfied the aspirations of his wife. As it was, each exercised an ennobling influence on the other. When Arthur brought home an old friend, he always presented his wife with pride, for he was sure she would exercise an elegant and cheerful hospitality, while at the same time she was a pleasant auxiliary to the social circle.

Years have rolled by, and Arthur Sherwood is a prominent and useful man; he is surrounded by a charming and intellectual family. How could we expect less under the guidance of such parents? Time, while he has given more dignity, has robbed neither of that nameless power of attraction which ever drew and held friends around them. You spend an hour in that pleasant household, you look at your watch, and wonder where it has gone, and only remember after you have left them that you have not heard a word of Mr. Smith's grand party or Mrs. Bennett's new piano—that no allusion was made to bad neighbors nor to dull times, and yet you were pleased, instructed, and left them, wondering you do not meet more like the Sherwoods.

A SEA VOYAGE.

BY D. S. M.

O, I have climbed the mountain pile
  Whose towering summits reached the sky,
And wandered many a weary mile
  Through the vast wilds that westward lie;
And coursed along the billowy deep,
  Through those broad inland oceans, all,
And erst beheld Niagara sweep
  In awful grandeur down his fall,
Deep in that dreadful gulf below,
While o'er him hung that radiant bow.

But I have seen—yes, I have seen
  Far richer sights than all of these,
That broad expanse, th' acknowledged queen,
  The mistress of the briny seas;
She soars aloft as mountains high,
  Or sinks in one vast liquid plain;
Above, there's nought but sun and sky,
  Below, the watery world amain,
Her voice exceeds Niagara's roar,
A thousand thousand times, or more.

That little bark—though small it be
  Beneath our feet—in which we sail,
Is our LIFE BOAT—our ALL at sea—
  Our ALL is lost if she but fail;
With her we climb the mountain's height,
  Then down again securely glide,
Swift through the wave she speeds her flight,
  Her motions rapid as the tide;
There's nought so grand, or so sublime,
As this upon the shores of time.

Apart from all the world below,
  Afar from home—remote from shore—
We upward look, and seek to know
  What arm controls the ocean's roar.
We ask the billows, who is He,
  The tempest, lightning, and the storm,
That lifts aloft the raging sea,
  Or smooths the ocean's angry form?
We ask—and oft repeat it too—
But echo only answers—who?

SKETCHES OF NEWPORT.—No. V.

BY MRS. WILLIAMS.

THE WOMEN OF NEWPORT—MARY READ.

Mary Sherman, a poor but very beautiful girl, and from an honest and respectable family, was married, when about sixteen, to Captain Oliver Read, of Newport, about 1770, and went to reside at a small house on the hill fronting the beach, near the windmills, which, with the house, had formerly been in the possession of Captain Read's father. Here they lived five years in quiet, until the breaking out of the war. It is known that the squadron under the command of Wallace, was lying off Newport before the commencement of hostilities, and immediately commenced harassing the inhabitants of the island.

The residence of Mrs. Read was peculiarly exposed, on a lonely street in the neighborhood of the beach, with no male in her family but an aged relative of her husband, Rosanna Hicks, another heroine, and three little children, besides the widowed mother of her husband, Captain Read, who was then at sea, and for whom his wife felt the greatest anxiety, supposing he would inevitably be captured on his return, for, as he was expected in hourly, with a valuable cargo, the enemy were on the watch for him. Meantime, favored by the treacherous Tories, frequent atrocities were committed on the island, commencing with robbing barns and henroosts, and ending by openly insulting their owners and plundering their houses, whenever chance favored them. The friends of Mrs. Reid strenuously advised her removal from such an exposed situation, advice which Mrs. Read, being a woman of singular courage, rejected with scorn, saying, "She was prepared to defend their little property, and she should do so;" and so well known was her determined spirit and fearless disposition, that among all the petty robberies in the outskirts of Newport, her property remained safe.

Expecting an early descent upon the island, the shipowners of Newport tried to convey intelligence to Captain Read, but without success, to land the cargo at another

place, and not venture into Newport. However, with an intuitive perception of what would be prudent, which never seemed to desert this remarkable man, he managed, by a series of maneuvers, to escape the squadron of Wallace, and run the ship up Narraganset Bay to Providence, about the time that Commodore Whipple, Captain Ezek Hopkins, and John Paul Jones performed the same exploit. Having discharged his cargo, and finding the Americans were assembling at Roxbury, Captain Read got discharged from his ship, and returned to Newport on a flying visit to his family, previous to entering the army. The burning of Cannonticut, directly opposite Newport, and the atrocities at Prudence Island, the fires of which had been distinctly seen, he supposed might have alarmed the family, and he might find them ready for a removal; but no such thing. Mary Read still maintained her ground, and, enthusiastic in her patriotism, hastened her husband to the service of the distressed Americans, where he arrived just in time to give his assistance as a volunteer in the battle of Bunker Hill.

At this time families were continually flocking up the river to Providence, and a sister of Captain Read, becoming much alarmed for his family, made several unsuccessful attempts to get them off the island, as Wallace grew very loth to give passports, and had at length utterly refused to sign any more. In this dilemma, her husband absent, and having no male friend to send, Rosanna Hicks, who was a cousin of Captain Read's, and had resided many years in the family, offered to go in a row-galley, commanded by Captain Eleazer Hill, of Greenwich, which, at great risk, was about to attempt a communication with the island. Nothing could dissuade her, although her friends endeavored to arouse her fears by prognosticating "they would all be blown to the bottom." They proceeded to Greenwich to take in their complement of men, as, after touching at the island in the night, they were to privately pass out of the harbor and put to sea. They had not proceeded many miles from Greenwich, however, before a vessel of superior force hove in sight, which Captain Hill pronounced English, and a hasty council was called to decide on what to do. "Fight

her! fight her!" was the cry on every side, and the decks were immediately cleared for action. Rosanna entreated the captain to "let her do something," and finally she was placed at the head of the companion-way, to hand cartridges, etc., to the gunners.

The vessel still neared them with the English flag flying, and was about to receive a broadside, when she hauled down her colors, and announced herself a prize, going to Providence. The galley then fired a salute, and the prize-master, a Mr. Lancher, who was a relative of Rosanna, was much diverted when he descried Rosanna standing between two guns, clapping her hands, and joining the cheers of the crew. Favored by the increasing darkness, they managed to reach the island at the place of assignation, where, landing Rosanna, and taking off a number of men, they got out of the harbor undiscovered, while the fearless woman proceeded to cross the island alone in the night, to get to the beach; this she accomplished safely by daybreak, and the rising sun saw her an inmate of their dwelling. Here she found Captain Read, on a furlough, come to remove his family; but Mrs. Read would not abandon the house, but advised the removal of the old lady his mother, and their eldest child, a daughter, and insisted upon accompanying them to see them safe up. Captain Read procured a passport to carry them to Taunton, for a feint, for Wallace would permit no communication with Providence. In a small open sail-boat, with only one (the captain) to manage, these fearless women embarked, Mrs. Read, Rosanna, the aged grandmother, and one child, for a voyage of thirty miles, through rough waters; and going round Coarse Harbor, they passed one of the English ships of war, which stopped them to examine their passport, saying, "If they had been going to Providence he would have sunk them."

They proceeded to a rocky shore, called Coddington Cove, on the north side of the island, where, secreted in one of the caverns worn into the rock by the action of the tide, they had directed two American officers, who were trying to get away, to await them; they stopped and took them in, and then making a feint for Taunton, for some little distance, sud-

denly altered their course, and steered for Providence. They had not proceeded many miles, when they found themselves chased by a cutter. Captain Read feared all was lost, as he had no doubt it belonged to the enemy, and saw no way of escape; but his courageous helpmate entreated him to crowd all sail, while she, putting the officers in the bottom of the boat, covered them with the cloaks, and shawls, and baggage they had with them. The tide was against them, and their bowsprit, part of the time, under water; they were completely drenched by the spray, and had once or twice came near upsetting by a flaw of wind. Captain Read protested he would proceed no longer at such a rate, at the manifest danger of their lives; and, to the regret of the fearless Rosanna and his wife, slackened sail, and permitted the cutter to come up, when it proved to belong to an American vessel. There was much merriment about concealing the officers, who were dragged out amid the shouts, and jokes, and hearty cheers of the cutter. They arrived safely about eight o'clock that evening, and after an hour or two spent on shore, Captain Read and wife departed for Newport, where they arrived next morning and found all safe.

With some misgivings about the safety of his family, Captain Read rejoined the army next day, his wife refusing to flee; for well did she suppose that the property of such a known patriot as her husband would not be safe. She was in the habit of frequently reconnoitering the entrance to the harbor with a spy-glass, and it was said was the first person who saw the dispatch sent to demand the surrender of the town. By the articles of capitulation, the enemy were not to land their troops in the harbor, or on the seaward side of the island, but on the north side, at a place called "Brown's Shore;" and Mrs. Read, to the surprise of her neighbors, took her children some distance from home, to the top of Tamminy Hill, to witness the debarkation. Her object, it seems, was to point out to them the uniform of the foes of their country, and to impress on their infant minds the object of their unwelcome visit—something that they never afterward forgot.

The next day the troops entered the town, and the desire

to see every thing new, as well as to pillage, soon drove them in every direction. Mrs. Read soon found her habitation beset by strolling parties of English and Hessian soldiers, who, though they dared not offer her any real injury, would often call, asking for a glass of water, and tell Mrs. Read how handsome she was, much to her annoyance; in particular, a German officer, whose glances had the honor of frightening one whose courage had been hitherto deemed invincible. As the soldiers were all beat to quarters at an early hour, no fears were entertained after dark, and the family reposed at that season in perfect security. It was therefore without any apprehension that she opened the door one evening, to the tap of what she supposed was some neighbor, and to her great terror discovered the German officer, who, without any ceremony, walked in, and took a seat beside the fire, next to the old man, who had fallen asleep. Mrs. Read placed herself in the opposite corner, making herself busy with the fire, while she politely inquired his business. "Had he got lost? could she direct him the nearest way to quarters?" All this time the fellow sat with his eyes fastened on her, without uttering a word. But the time had sufficed for her purpose; she had heated the poker red hot, and springing fiercely at him, attempted to beat him out of the house. He caught at the iron, and burned his hand badly. While in the contest, he naturally retreated toward the door, which, opening on the outside, gave way as he staggered against it, and she succeeded in pushing him out, and fastening the door. He made no attempt to force an entrance; had he done so, she would probably have shot him, as she was well acquainted with the use of arms, and fearless to use them. However, he went off, swearing vengeance as hard as the English swore in Flanders.

The next day, several of the gentlemen of the place waited on the general, complaining of the unofficer-like conduct of the German, and soliciting a passport to convey Mrs. Read and children off the island. This the general would not grant, saying, "He should not let the wife of such a notorious enemy to the government escape; besides, he would

keep her there to catch her husband." He, however, agreed to provide for her safety by stationing a sentry near her house. But Mrs. Read, whose health began to fail, now judged it best to remove, and sent again a formal request for a passport. It was positively refused. When once convinced of the propriety of any measure, she was not a person to give it up, and she then decided to apply in person, accepting of the offer of a gentleman well known as one of the most influential and respectable in the place, to drive her to the general's quarters.

She wisely took the happiest period of the general's life—the hour succeeding dinner—to call on him. The general and his suite were yet at their wine when the lady was announced, and they doubtless expected some sport in admitting her; but the wassail roar was hushed at her entrance, and they involuntarily rose and presented her a chair, which she accepted, and modestly stated her request for a passport, on account of the defenseless state of her family, and the lawlessness of the times. The general (Prescott) repeated his objection: "He should keep her there until he caught her husband," and retreated to the other side of the room. "That you will not do; I shall take care he does not come here on my account," said the fearless wife, rising, and walking up to the general. It seems as though we now beheld her. We have many reasons to remember her, one of which is, she was our maternal grandmother; and though the stately form and perfect features have long since moldered into dust, yet is every lineament deeply engraven on the tablet of memory. Her figure was somewhat above the middling height, and of faultless proportions; her raven locks shaded a forehead of dazzling whiteness, finely contrasted by the beautiful bloom of her complexion. Even at the age of forty-eight, when we can recollect her, her beauty was striking; she had a remarkably handsome mouth, and regular teeth, and her fine black eyes, when cast down, had an expression of much sweetness, but when raised in anger, there was a look so stern as to awe the boldest. There was a dignity in her deportment which would not disgrace an empress, and we have no doubt her request had more the

air of a command; but she obtained the passport, the general observing, "If you go to Providence to get out of my way, Mrs. Read, you will lose your labor, as I shall be there almost as soon as you are." Memorable words!

He did not then expect to be carried there a prisoner, in a few short months, instead of marching at the head of a victorious army. Mrs. R. left in high spirits, but they were soon lowered by the difficulty of getting away; there was no family coming; all that proposed leaving, had left. The general had grudgingly bestowed the passport, but he had provided no facility for her conveyance, and none could be procured. All day her friends were busy, on the one succeeding the interview with the general, and night closed in without a ray of hope. It was not until midnight that she retired to snatch a few moments' rest with her sleeping babes, and with a depression of spirits she had never felt before, when suddenly she was startled by a rap at the door; it was repeated; and on demanding who was there, the well-known accents of Rosanna Hicks answered, "It is I, Mary, come for you;" and in a moment she was folded in the arms of that faithful and courageous woman, who, having learned accidentally of her perilous situation, had again ventured in an open boat with a company of strange men to reach the island, where it was bound, to carry supplies to the quarters of Colonel Barton (the one who captured Prescott a few months after). She was out all night, and arrived just as they were breakfasting next morning, when Rosanna was compelled to breakfast with them, and, receiving every kindness and attention, the gentlemen fitted her out with a chaise and attendant. Their passport extended only to the lines, and they could only obtain one through Newport on condition the man should put her down at the house of Mrs. Read, and return immediately, General Prescott meaning, doubtless, to prevent Mrs. Read's departure by such a manenver. But the indefatigable Rosanna was not to be baffled: she procured a guide and conveyance of a neighboring farmer before light; having the watchword of the night, she passed and repassed without difficulty. The journey of twelve miles to Tiverton Ferry was soon accomplished; but

alas! the boat on which they relied had been obliged to return with dispatches, and they were without means to reach Providence until another should arrive. They took shelter in the house of a poor widow, named Thankful Irish, who, with her three children, occupied one room of a miserable cottage near the fort. The boat did not return under three days; and here Oliver Read, second son and fourth child of Captain Read, was born on the third day of their arrival; and here the heroic matron, worn out with toil, anxiety, and excitement, came near losing her life. Although nothing could exceed the kind attentions of the neighboring matrons, and of their humble hostess, she was near death's door when her husband, at the summons of Colonel Barton, came on a furlough to remove her. They procured passage on a small Greenwich sloop, and into the confined hole of a cabin Mrs. Read was conveyed on her bed; and after being out all night in a storm, arrived at Pawtucket on the day her son was a fortnight old. There was not a carriage in the place, and she had to be removed to the house of Benoni Lockwood, a cousin of Captain Read's, in an ox wagon. Here she remained until the re-establishment of her health, her husband being obliged to return to the army. Rosanna had been sent away with the children before they left the island; she was out all day and night, and the next day at night they arrived at Providence, having been obliged to skulk, to keep clear of the British cruisers. At Providence, Mrs. Read once more embraced her children and mother-in-law; and here they resided until the evacuation of Newport, when Captain Read, having quit the army to follow the sea, went out in command of a privateer.

Two more great trials awaited her ere the close of the war, and two in which her courage was severely tried. On one occasion the alarm-guns were fired, and there was great commotion on account of a privateer being chased into the harbor by three English ships. The fight was seen distinctly from the hill and the different eminences at the south part of the town. Two of the English ships had become crippled, and the third was maneuvering to intercept the entrance of the privateer, which was soon recognized as the

"Rochambeau." Signals were made for men, which was proof there had been great slaughter on board. What were the feelings of Mrs. Read, who knew the danger, and felt the awful responsibility of her husband's position, we know not; but they must have been keen. It was some hours before the whale-boats, loaded with men, were fitted out, and new assistance began to pour from all quarters, that the harbor was alive. Bristol heard the alarm almost as soon as Newport, though fifteen miles distant, and sent several hundred men: the Legislature being in session there, dispatched them, breaking up in haste, and many of their members embarking in the cause. The English ship was obliged to shift her ground, when Captain Read managed to tack and enter the harbor, when the Englishmen made all sail and bore off. Never has more tumultuous applause greeted the arrival of a vessel in port; she came off victorious, indeed, but with great slaughter, and there was much mourning, with great rejoicing.

The visits of Captain Read at his home were very short, often returning but to convoy a prize into port, and off again. Several of the owners resided in Boston, and the valuable property often brought into port, was usually conveyed there. Mrs. Read had been often warned of the danger of treasure in her house, but as there was then no suitable places of deposit, it was frequently left in her care for a day or two. On one occasion a very valuable box of specie, mostly in gold, was left in her care, and having from some circumstance been led to fear an attempt at robbery, she took unusual precautions in fastening her house, and having left a lamp on the table, with a drawn sword beside it, without undressing, threw herself upon the bed. She had just fallen asleep, when her little daughter, who slept in the room above her, touched her shoulder, saying, "Mother, somebody is trying to get in the back window; he is prying the shutter open." Mrs. Read sprang upon her feet, seized the lamp in one hand and the sword in the other, and gliding down the stairs, arrived just as the robber had thrust his head and shoulders into the window. She stabbed him, but she never knew where. There was a terrible scampering,

and before she could secure the window and alarm the neighbors, he was off, although the blood showed the sword had done execution.

Peace at length gave rest to the harassed inhabitants of Newport, and Mary Read lived many years to enjoy the prosperity of her husband; but the effect of her overtaxed energies was apparent in the decay of mind several years before her death, which domestic afflictions hastened. The death of three of her children preceded her own, and lastly, of her renowned husband. Captain Oliver Read died at Point Petre, Guadaloupe, in 1803. He was then in command of a fine ship, belonging to the once celebrated firm of Murray & Mumford, of New York, in whose employ he had sailed many years. He died at the age of sixty. Mary Read lived to about the year 1810, and Rosanna, for many years the respected widow of Thomas Eddy, of Johnston, R. I., died in 1827. The whole life of Mary Read was one of active benevolence; amid trials which one would suppose must have engrossed her every thought, she had yet time for the exercise of her charities, and many were the suffering families that her bounty relieved. Her confiding husband trusted entirely to her management in his absence, and never found fault with her liberality to the poor. Her greatest enjoyment, indeed, appeared to consist in acts of beneficence. A large field opened on her return to the desolated hearths of Newport; the number of impoverished families was terrible, and to them Mary Read was a ministering angel. Nor was she brave or good alone; the history of the patriotic women of Newport, during the "time that tried men's souls," would be a proud one if it could all be written. (The life of Captain Oliver Read, my brave and lamented grandfather, has once been published in a series of Revolutionary Tales, and more recently by Henry Bull, Esq., of Newport, in his History of Rhode Island.)

Mary Read left no descendants, except the family of Captain Thomas Wilcox, of Rhode Island, and of Captain Alfred Arnold, who married her two eldest daughters. Of the latter family, the writer of this sketch is the only survivor.

EVENTIDE.

BY HORACE DRESSER, ESQ., LL.D.

The day's bright orb but just in sight remains
Above the hills that seem to meet and prop
The clear and dazzling Occidental skies.
The trees and towering spires that glitter in
The sun's last parting rays now cast their shades
At greatest length. A beam yet lingers here,
And shines upon the ceiling of my room—
An emanation from the setting sun,
Now bearing on his light to other lands;
This moment he has disappeared and gone!
Those cheering beams that lightly played and shone
Across the hillock's gently sloping side,
And run in zigzag courses o'er the snow,
Bright gleaming with the clearest, purest white—
Have fled, and dusky shades their places take.
The vale that winds along the woody ridge,
That intercepts the closing light of day,
Puts on the darksome cast of coming night—

* * * * * *

The woodlands, fields, and all are now obscured—
Umbrageous Night involves the whole in dark,
And ends the tiresome labor of the day!
Seeks man a time for calling up his thoughts—
A time for self-abstraction from the world?
Such time he finds in evening's silent hours,
When noisy tumults of the day have ceased,
And stillness seems to hallow every thought,
And elevate the soul above the earth.
With peaceful minds its calmness well accords,
And gives to them a turn to ruminate
On life thick set with trouble, cares, and pains.
Asks he a time to view the twinkling stars,
And wisdom learn from those far distant spheres,
That bright illume the welkin's spacious bounds?
The tranquil evening hours present this time.
Let him now cast his eyes around on heaven,
And watch the starry hosts that sparkle there—
A latent awe he feels his soul pervade,
And owns that chance could ne'er direct their course.

At this calm hour his impotence he learns,
And cries as he of olden time once cried,
LORD, WHAT IS MAN THAT THOU DOST VISIT HIM?
How dull and undevout must be the man,
Who learns not that there is a Great First Cause!

GEORGE SINCLAIR; OR, THE STUDENT'S NOBLE RESOLVE.

BY MRS. J. H. HANAFORD.

"FATHER, George has arrived," said a young girl in a subdued tone, to a noble-looking elderly gentleman, who opened the chamber door at which she had lightly knocked, "and he is now in the parlor, waiting anxiously to be admitted."

"I will go to him immediately," replied her father, in the same low tone, "and he can return with me. You may remain, Sarah, but be careful not to disturb her slumbers."

The daughter stepped to the bedside, and gazed upon the sleeping one. "Mother, dear mother," she murmured, as she looked upon the beloved features of the sick one, who bore that relation to her, and her tears fell fast as she thought of what would be her brother's emotions on beholding her whom he left in health and strength, so changed.

The door opened, and her father entered, with the young man whom she had left in the parlor. They approached the bedside, and the trio stood silently gazing on the sleeping mother. The frame of the young man shook convulsively, and the tears coursed down his cheeks, while it was with violent effort that he refrained from sobbing audibly, as he looked upon the pale, thin features of his beloved mother, and remembered how well she was when he was with her in the recent vacation. He had hastened from college to his home, immediately on receiving intelligence of her sickness, fearing, all the way, that he should not arrive in time to receive her last advice.

In a few moments after his entrance, the mother moved, and with a low moan awoke. As she opened her eyes and saw her husband and daughter (for George had stepped

aside, fearing the effect of a surprise in her present weakness), she beckoned to Sarah, and, in a feeble voice, asked if George had arrived.

"He is here, mother," said Sarah, "will you see him now?"

"Oh, yes! thank God, my son has come!"

George approached, and the eye of the mother lighted up, as he bent over her couch to imprint a kiss upon her now flushed cheek, though his tears fell fast upon her pillow.

"Weep not, dear George, weep not, my son; do not repine at God's will. Remember 'whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth,'" said the mother.

George sat down by her bedside, and in a low tone conversed with her, now and then weeping, while again the eyes of both would brighten, as they spoke of the better land, where there is no sorrow, nor sighing, nor any pain. Soon the physician entered, and as he prohibited conversation for the rest of the night, which was fast approaching, George retired to his chamber, fatigued both in body and mind, by his long journey, and his deep anxiety.

The morning again dawned, and the mother still continued to grow worse, till, on the evening of the fourth day after George's arrival, she revived, and hopes were once more entertained of her recovery. As George had been by her side almost constantly for the preceding day and night, it was thought best that he should retire to his chamber and endeavor to obtain some repose, which he did, having received from his father a promise that he should be immediately called if his mother should become worse.

He slept for several hours, and busy fancy pictured to him in dreams, his early days, and again he listened to his kind mother's voice as she was accustomed to speak to him of heaven and the holy angels; again he knelt by her side to offer up his evening prayer, and anon heard her sweet voice singing the familiar hymn with which she often lulled him to sleep. Often during the time he had been at college had he thought of these things, and longed to be with the mother who was thus associated with all the purest enjoy-

ments of his childhood, but never had they been so vividly presented to his mind as on this occasion.

Suddenly he awoke, for the light of a lamp held by his father shone upon him, and he inquired anxiously after her who had been the companion of his sleeping moments.

"She is worse, dear George; *she is dying;* come," said his father. George arose instantly, and was soon in his mother's chamber.

By the side of the bed stood Sarah, the nurse, and Mr. Sinclair, the father, and soon after his entrance, the physician arrived, and from his manner, and the few words he uttered, they all knew that their loved one was soon to depart. When George entered, she was conversing with Sarah, and in a calm, though feeble voice, she bade her be of good cheer, for they should meet again. And then she turned to George.

"My son, I am about to leave you," said she, while the tears fell fast from her children's eyes; "but ere I go, I wish to impress a last injunction upon you, and I wish you to obey it as your dying mother's request. *I wish you to live so as to glorify God on earth, and meet me, at last, in heaven.*"

She ceased, for her extreme weakness prevented her from speaking long at a time, and George leaned over the bed, and received her *last* kiss. The clergyman then entered, and after a few words, in a low tone, to her husband, she requested the clergyman to pray, and clasping her attenuated hands upon her breast, she raised her eyes heavenward, while all in the room knelt, and amid the solemn silence of the chamber of death, arose the clear, calm voice of the minister to the Most High. He prayed for all who were there assembled, and for her who was so soon to cross the Jordan stream of death, and earnestly asked that they might all at last meet in that happier land, where

> "Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
> Are felt and feared no more."

As the prayer closed, the mother responded "Amen," and as the rest arose from their kneeling posture, they looked to-

ward her. There she lay with a calm, heavenly smile, gazing upward, with her hands still clasped. But so perfectly motionless was she, that after a few seconds the heart-rending truth burst upon their minds, that she had made her last response to prayer on earth, and was at rest forever.

* * * * * *

It was near the close of a summer's day, and nearly a year from the time of his mother's death, that George Sinclair sat at an open window of his apartment in the college at which he was a student. The prospect before him, as he gazed from the casement, was "gloriously beautiful." Hills and dales, covered with verdure, a calm, placid lake, in which the neighboring heights were mirrored, and in the far-off horizon the blue, boundless, and fathomless ocean—all these were spread before him, and over the whole prospect, the unclouded sun shed a flood of golden radiance. But his thoughts were far from the scene before him. He held a miniature of his departed mother in his hand, and, as he gazed upon it, he dwelt in memory upon the closing moments of her existence upon earth. And then rushed into his mind, as it oftentimes had before, her last, solemn injunction.

"Mother, dear mother," he murmured, "thy wish shall be obeyed; thy son will glorify his God! And now how shall it be accomplished," continued he; "but a little while, and I shall leave these college walls, and choose a path in which to walk and labor through life; what shall it be?"

Then gazing from the window upon the gorgeous hues of the sunset sky, he mused upon the heavenly world which they brought to his mind. He thought of the brighter, better land; of its rest for the weary, and of the Christian's hope of obtaining that rest. He thought also of the goodness of God displayed in all His dealings with mankind, and he longed that all should love Him. Then came the thought of the praise which would be offered to God if all did love Him.

"Ah!" said he, as he rose from his seat, and paced the room with hasty steps, in the agitation of the moment, as thronging thoughts and countless associations rushed upon

his mind, "I will teach men to love Him; then will they praise Him, and thus through my instrumentality will God be glorified."

Then he thought of his native land, and remembered how favored she was with gospel privileges, and he almost resolved to go where the nations were yet in moral darkness, as a teacher of the blessed gospel. He had often thought of becoming a minister, and had almost resolved to be such, and he had as often read of the devoted and self-sacrificing servants of God, who had gone far from home and native land, for Christ and His kingdom's sake, and had admired and esteemed their exalted characters. But until this night, of which I now write, he had never thought of following their example himself.

He paused in his walk, and took from the table a small volume of poems by Mrs. Sigourney. It was the gift of his sister to him shortly after their mother's death, and had been one of that beloved mother's favorites. Instinctively he turned its pages, and pausing at one of the poems, entitled, "Foreign Missions," he read it aloud. The first verse was as follows:

> "Up at the gospel's glorious call!
> Country and kindred, what are they?
> Rend from thy heart these charmers all;
> Christ needs thy service—hence away!"

This hymn seemed to make a peculiar impression upon his mind. He remembered, as he read it, an evening long ago spent by his father's fireside, when his beloved mother had spoken in terms of enthusiastic commendation of the devoted missionary, Henry Martyn, portions of whose "Life" his father had just been reading aloud, and she had then reached into George's hand this same volume which he now held, with a request that he would read aloud the missionary poems, and among them he had read this very one.

He knelt, now, in the secrecy of his chamber, and earnestly prayed for Divine guidance and direction. He had long been a professor of Christ's holy religion, and had endeavored to follow closely the steps of his most holy Master;

therefore he knew from whence to seek direction and guidance through the labyrinth of life. As he arose from his knees, he took up his little Bible, but a call to college duties interrupted him, and when he returned again to his chamber it was late, and for that night he dismissed the subject, determined to view it in every possible light, and act in accordance with his conviction of duty after mature deliberation.

For a few days he was more thoughtful and serious than was usual, until having in his own judgment sufficiently viewed the subject, he solemnly devoted himself in prayer to God as a missionary, if the way was opened for him to depart; to become such, he knew that he must bid adieu to his native land, to ease, and comfort, and emolument, to his beloved companions, and, above all, to his father and sister; and instead of enjoying all these, must spend a life in toil, and perhaps suffering; but he also knew that Christ had promised that those who forsook all for His kingdom's sake, should inherit eternal life, and *for the glory of his Saviour* he was willing to do all this; and hence the student's noble resolve.

Years rolled away, and George—now the Rev. Mr. Sinclair—was in a foreign land. He had communicated his resolution to his only surviving parent, and to his sister, shortly after his decision, and they, with the spirit of true-hearted Christians, bade him "Go, in Jesus' name." Though the ties which united them to each other were most endearing, yet they were rejoiced to sunder them for the sake of advancing the triumph of their Redeemer.

George pursued his studies, was ordained, and in the morning of life bade an eternal farewell to his childhood's home, and in his Master's strength went forth upon the pathless deep. He strove to labor on the voyage for Christ, and often, while the moon shone bright upon them, and all around was one waste sheet of waters, he would pace the deck with some one of those who composed the watch, and speak to him of the Almighty One, who created the moon and the stars, and who "holds the waters in the hollow of His hand;" and as he pointed to the fair Southern Cross,

that constellation so beautiful to a Christian's eye, he would exhort him to

> "Fly to the shelter of Christ's cross,
> And find salvation there."

By day and by night he strove with all the means in his power to direct "the sons of the ocean to the sailor's God," and he labored not in vain. There were some among those who heard him who, in after years, blessed him as the instrument, under God, of leading them to become the disciples of Christ. And when he at last arrived at the place which was to be the scene of his missionary labors, there were many of those with whom he had sailed who parted from him with tears and unfeigned regret, yet glorifying God that he had been permitted to labor among them, though but for a season.

Consecrating all his powers, affections, and desires unto the service of his Redeemer, Mr. Sinclair labored faithfully among those with whom his lot was now cast.

> "He labor'd faithfully,
> And not in vain; for those for whom he toil'd,
> Had learn'd to love him, and far more, to love
> The God of whom he taught them; and he saw
> An answer to his pray'rs, a recompense
> For all his toils."

And when he had for several years toiled, and suffered, and had taught others to glorify his God, Mr. Sinclair was called to his eternal reward. He died as a Christian soldier should, with the trophies of his victory, through Christ, over the powers of evil in enslaving souls, all thick and glorious around him. He died as a Christian minister should, in the midst of his loving flock, and resigning his charge of under-shepherd, he left them to the guidance of the great and good Shepherd. He died as a Christian missionary should, with young converts around him, praising God that such a noble teacher had been sent by Him to their benighted land. He died as a Christian, "in the comfort of a reasonable, religious, and holy hope; in favor with God, and in perfect charity with all the world."

And thus, in life and death, he glorified his own, his

mother's God. And think you, Christian reader, when on the bed of death, and on the verge of the spirit-world, he regretted having devoted himself as a missionary to God? And when, ascending from earth and earthly cares and scenes, his disembodied spirit roved in the fair fields of Paradise, think you he regretted the student's noble resolve?

Oh, no! There is a joy in the knowledge that we have performed our whole duty, so far as human weakness would allow, which more than compensates for all the toil and suffering which may fall to our lot while seeking the accomplishment of our divine Master's will. Thorns and briers we must expect to find in all our earthly pilgrimage; but there are sweet, fragrant roses, too, which bloom as a reflection of God's own smile, to cheer and encourage us; and oh! at the end of the pilgrim course there is the blessed land of rest!

The knowledge that we have been the instrument of leading even one soul to Jesus, and thus tuning one more harp to our Redeemer's praise, is as a spring in the desert, or a flower by the wayside, making glad our hearts as we toil on in the upward, heavenward way.

God help each laborer in His vast vineyard to be faithful, and so toil with pen, or voice, or hand, that by His blessing upon the mighty influence they exert, our earth may become again an Eden of loveliness and purity, and all mankind shall shout, "Glory to God!"

Nothing flatters our pride more than the confidence of the great, because we esteem it the effect of our merit; not reflecting that it proceeds most frequently from their own inability to keep a secret. So that confidence is sometimes a relief to the mind, by throwing off the oppressive load of secresy.

Our pride is often increased by what we retrench from our other faults.

A LOCK OF HAIR.

BY S. C. R.

A LENGTHENED curl of auburn hair,
  How beautiful it seems!
Each slender line with radiance rare,
  Amid the locket gleams.
It glows with all the gloss as when
  It circled o'er her head,
And pure affection's tearful ken
  Has marked each glossy thread.

Bright lock of hair, how eloquent
  Of transports that have fled;
Of anguished throes the breast that rent,
  Around a death-marked bed.
Thou wail'st a plaintive tone, and low,
  That starts a burning tear;
Thou bringest back the groan, the throe,
  The maddening sable bier.

Bright curl of hair, plucked from the tomb,
  Its darkness and decay,
Thou lightest up the coffin's gloom
  With a memorial ray.
Up, thro' the vista of long years,
  Thou bear'st a fragrant breath,
And tellest of past trembling fears
  For the advent of death.

Thy kindred locks are mouldering now,
  Thou lovely auburn tress;
All frounced, they lie on thy cold brow,
  Deep in the grave's recess.
A sacred relic kept, thou art,
  Of her from earth now gone;
I'll cherish thee, remaining part
  Of a loved, viewless one.

MERIT in appearance is oftener rewarded than merit itself.

RICHARD AND BERENGARIA.

RICHARD, CŒUR DE LION, AND BERENGARIA, PRINCESS OF NAVARRE.

BY THE REV. ISAAC M. SHERMAN, D.D.

With a Steel Engraving.

MANY as have been the tales of wild romance, founded on the chivalrous adventures of the Crusaders, it is to be doubted whether any inventions of the fancy can surpass the naked and truthful history of those times, and of the wild fanaticism which for nearly two centuries drained all Europe of countless inhabitants and incalculable treasures. Did not the history of our own times show the proneness of the human mind to run after the wildest delusions, we should scarcely credit the old historians in their accounts of the effects produced by the rude but earnest eloquence of Peter the Hermit, who had himself been on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and subjected to the brutal insolence of the Moslem Turks, then recent conquerors of Palestine. Flushed with many victories, insolent and cruel, they made the pilgrims feel without mercy the difference between their rule and the former Saracenic masters of Judea. Burning with resentment, and meeting the full concurrence of Urban II., Pontiff of Rome, Peter traveled through Europe, proclaiming the shame of all Christendom, in allowing the Holy Sepulcher to be in possession of infidels. In a benighted age, when the benign doctrines of the Prince of Peace were little understood or practiced, it is not strange that the wildest commotion followed everywhere in his footsteps. Of this the histories of the eleventh century bear ample testimony.

Guibert, of Nogent, an eye-witness of these scenes, thus writes: "A great rumor spread through the whole of France, and as fame brought the news of the orders of the pontiff to any one, he went instantly to solicit his neighbors and his relations to engage with him in '*the way of God*,' so they designated the purposed expedition. The Counts of Palestine were already full of the desire to undertake the journey, and all the knights of inferior order felt the same

zeal. The poor themselves soon caught the flame so ardently, that no one paused to think of the smallness of his wealth, and to consider whether he ought to yield his house, and his fields, and his vines; but each set about selling his property at as low a price as if he was held in some horrible captivity and sought to pay his ransom without loss of time." "In the mean time, those who had not determined on the journey joked and laughed with those who had, and who were thus selling their goods for whatever they could get, and prophesied that the voyage would be miserable, and their return worse. Such was ever the language of one day; but the next—suddenly seized with a desire to share with the rest—those who had been the most forward to mock, abandoned every thing for a few crowns, and set out with those they had laughed at the day before. Who shall tell the children and the infirm, that, animated with the same spirit, hastened to the war?

"Who shall count the old men and the young maidens who hasted to the fight? not with the hope of aiding, but for the crown of martyrdom to be won amid the swords of the infidels. 'You warriors,' they cried, 'you shall vanquish by the spear and brand; but let us at least conquer Christ by our sufferings.' At the same time one might see a thousand things springing from the same spirit, which were both laughable and astonishing: the poor shoeing their oxen as we shoe horses, and harnessing them to two-wheeled carts, in which they placed their scanty provisions and their young children, and proceeded onward, while the babes at each town or castle they saw, demanded eagerly whether that was Jerusalem."

Among the thousands of adventurers who hastened to the scene of strife and carnage, there are, perhaps, none with whose history and whose fate we are more familiar than those of Richard I. of England, better known as the Lion Hearted. Gigantic in size, and herculean in strength, Richard's whole life, after attaining manhood, seems to have been a succession of wars and turmoil. But though lawless in habits, and ferocious as the beast whose name he bears, Richard found time to love and woo, and it is said his

love was fervent, tender, and disinterested. He had been betrothed when a child to Adelais, or Alice, infant sister of Philip, king of France. This princess had been delivered to Henry of England, Richard's father, as hostage, and had been brought up at Henry's court, but for some cause he refused to allow the consummation of the marriage, which was the ostensible pretext for Richard's joining Philip, Alice's brother, in a war with Henry. Meanwhile Richard, while thus clamoring vociferously for his affianced bride, whom his father wished to bestow on John, his younger son, and who, it is said, passionately loved her, was assiduously paying his *devoirs* to Berengaria, the beautiful daughter of the King of Navarre.

Richard had been received at her father's court some two years before his own father's death, and was passionately enamored of her. His love was romantic, and what was strange for Richard, free from sordid motives; for he gained no territories for her dower, and he stipulated for no political advantage. Berengaria seeme to have returned his love with equal ardor; and though at first it may seem strange that a delicate, high-bred lady like the Princess of Navarre could love such an one as Richard, we are to recollect that in those days strength, and courage, and reckless hardihood were regarded as man's highest attributes.

When at the death of his father Richard might have claimed Adelais, he utterly rejected her, and though busy in his gigantic preparations for war with the infidel, he dispatched his mother, the dowager queen, Eleanor, to ask the hand of Berengaria, who, undismayed by danger or hardship, joyfully consented to follow her intended mother-in-law from the Pyrenees to the Alps and Apennines, and thence to follow her husband "beyond sea to the land of the pagan." Departing from Navarre with a grand escort of barons, knights, and priests, Berengaria and Eleanor, who still retained her vigor, traveled by land to Naples, where they enjoyed a short rest, thence through the dangerous passes of Monteforte and Bovino, and over the vast plain of Apulia, arriving at length at the ancient city of Brindisi. Here they found the fleet of Richard so nearly

ready to sail, it was thought best not to delay the expedition; besides the season of Lent not being quite past, the royal marriage was not celebrated at Messina, as first contemplated. So Eleanor placed the bride in the care of Joan, dowager queen of Sicily, and embarked for England. Eleanor, it will be remembered by the readers of history, had in former years visited Palestine with her first husband, Louis of France, which, together with her advanced age, may well account for her return to England.

The day after the departure of the queen mother, the whole fleet set sail for Acre. The historians of that day are profuse in their praises of the "goodly show"—the flag of England floating over fifty-three galleys, thirteen dromones, or three-masted ships, one hundred busses, and many smaller craft. They floated gayly through the Straits, and out into the Sicilian sea, favored by wind and tide, but a great storm arose soon after, which scattered this gallant fleet, and not a few were lost. Richard, with a delicacy hardly to be expected in one so rude, put his bride and sister, with their immediate suite, into a separate ship, and embarked on another himself. After much hardship, and a narrow escape from shipwreck, Richard arrived at Rhodes, where he fell sick. Unable to take the sea, the Lion sent some of his swiftest ships in pursuit of his sister and his bride, but spent many days in the most harassing anxiety before he heard any tidings of them. At length word was brought that two of his ships had been driven ashore on the island of Cyprus, and that the people of the island had plundered the ships, and imprisoned the soldiers and crew. Vowing vengeance, Richard set sail for Cyprus, and off the port of Limisso he found the galley containing his bride and sister unharmed.

Cyprus was at that time governed by Isaac, a prince of the royal race of Commeni. When harshly called to account by Richard, he made hasty preparations for resistance, but after a severe conflict he was made captive and thrown into prison, loaded with heavy chains, but which Richard, out of consideration for his rank, ordered to be made of silver. But that part of his misfortune which was felt most heavily

by the Cyprean emperor, was the capture of his only daughter, a young girl, tenderly beloved by her father, and whom Richard carried away with him as maid for the fair Berengaria.

Isaac, who doated on his child, lost all heart on losing her, and throwing himself at Richard's feet, offered to surrender all, so he would restore his child, but he sternly refused. At length, having subjugated Cyprus, Richard returned to Lemasol, and celebrated his marriage with Berengaria, who was anointed and crowned by the Bishop of Evereux.

But it does not appear that Richard's heroic queen, though she suffered so much hardship, and braved so many perils for his sake, ever enjoyed much of his society, or realized any thing of domestic tranquillity. Almost immediately on his marriage, he set sail for Acre, and the next day encountered and took an enemy's ship of superior size, after a desperate battle. Arriving at Acre, which had been besieged two years by the fierce King Philip, old animosities were again revived between him and Richard, which was shared by their respective followers, insomuch they refused to fight in concert. At length, however, Acre capitulated, and after a brief and stormy sojourn, Richard left his wife and sister there, and set out on his expedition to Jerusalem, which he never reached; but after incredible hardships, toils, and "hair-breadth escapes," he finally set out for his own kingdom, in the month of October, 1192.

For some reason, Richard again embarks on a different ship from that on which his sister and queen were conveyed; and again the fleet was scattered, and many of the vessels were wrecked. We are told, however, that Berengaria and Queen Joan arrived safe in Sicily. The Lion Hearted, as usual, met with a succession of disasters, and was finally thrown into an Austrian prison, where he remained in close confinement for fourteen months. At length, being discovered by some of his followers, and a princely ransom wrung from his subjects being paid for him, he arrived in England after an absence of more than four years, only to

engage in fresh turmoils. Finally, on the 6th of April, 1199, he expired "in anguish and contrition," having reigned scarcely ten years, "not one of which," it has been remarked, "was spent in England, but had all been wasted in war, or preparation for war." Richard, at his death, was little more than forty, and left no children to succeed him.

FAVORITE MEANS OF COMMITTING SUICIDE.

Wearing thin shoes on damp nights, and in rainy weather.

Building on the air-tight principle.

Leading a life of enfeebling; stupid laziness, and keeping the mind in a round of unnatural excitement by reading trashy novels.

Going to balls through all sorts of weather in the thinnest possible dress.

Dancing in crowded rooms till in complete perspiration, and then going home through the damp night air.

Sleeping on feather beds in seven-by-nine bed-rooms.

Surfeiting on hot and highly stimulating dishes.

Beginning in childhood on tea, and going on from one step of stimulation to another, through coffee, chewing, choking, and drinking.

Marrying in haste, getting an uncongenial companion, and living the rest of life in mental dissatisfaction.

Intermarrying.

Keeping children quiet by teaching them how to suck candy.

Entailing disease upon posterity by disregarding the physiological laws of marriage, the *parent* is held responsible.

Eating without time to masticate the food.

Allowing love of gain to absorb our minds as not to leave us time to attend to health.

Following an unhealthy occupation, because money can be made by it.

Tempting the appetite with niceties when the stomach says No.

THE FLORAL FESTIVAL.

BY MRS. P. W. LATHAM.

With a Colored Steel Engraving.

THE WILD ROSE.

"If every one's internal care
Were written on his brow,
How many would our pity share,
Who raise our envy now.

"The fatal secret, when reveal'd,
Of every aching breast,
Would prove, that only while conceal'd,
Their lot appears the best."

We have before had occasion to speak of Rose Mildman, the little Wild Rose of the festival. Many were the admiring eyes that followed her—so young, so innocent, so pure—and many were the youths who in after time sought to win the sweet flower for their own; but none was regarded with so much favor as William Maywood. Indeed, many said they were made for each other. His was such a noble, manly figure, and his character was so decided, and she so gentle and confiding; and besides, how he loved her! Did not his eye follow her everywhere? Was not his ear ever ready to catch her slightest word? Those who read poetry compared William to a stately tree, under whose shelter the Wild Rose should nestle and blossom in security. Not so Helen Atwood, Rose's friend and favorite. She looked grave when the subject was discussed, and said but little.

"You do not approve Rose's choice, I fancy?" a friend remarked one day.

"I confess I have my fears," said Helen; "for Rose's is no common hazard. Like the gamester who loses all at a single venture, if Rose loses she will die a bankrupt. She will love entirely and unselfishly, and if met with coldness and neglect her heart will break. Or to change the simile, she is a delicate instrument, from which a skillful performer would elicit the sweetest music, but which a reckless hand

would soon destroy. I knew William Maywood when we were children. As a boy he was headstrong and passionate, and being an only child, his caprices have all been indulged. I have studied his character now, and in spite of his polished manners, in spite of his admiration of Rose, I sometimes fancy he is cold, selfish, and overbearing still."

"But why do you not counsel Rose?"

"I have no charges to make, and besides, what woman ever thanks you for vague doubts and dislikes of her lover? and, moreover, nursed as Rose ever has been in the very lap of affection, what does she know of selfishness or neglect, or the outbreaks of ungoverned temper? Rose would lay down her life for William. Could she be made to comprehend that he can be stern and exacting to her, and that every sacrifice she can make for him will be accepted with indifference as a lawful tribute?"

And so Helen's friend thought her a little piqued at William's preference of Rose.

But William placed the sweet and timid Wild Rose in his bosom and bore away the prize, and in a somewhat distant town, Rose commenced her experiment as wife and housekeeper. Her husband was a young lawyer, getting into sufficient business to maintain a decent style, and Rose herself, who was early left an orphan, inherited a decent income. It was not strange that partial friends predicted a happy and prosperous career for our young friends. Laden with good wishes, and with a mutual promise of a frequent correspondence, Rose took leave of her friends and companions, especially with Helen Atwood.

For a time letters came frequently, and in the joyousness of a guileless heart, Rose described her new home and new friends, her employment and amusements. After a time her letters came less frequent, and Helen fancied they were short and constrained; whether from a pressure of occupation and new engagements, or from a change of feeling, Helen in vain sought to conjecture. Was Rose, then, like so many others, only affectionate until a new attachment shut out the remembrance of the old?

"I have good news for you, Helen," said her father one

day when he came to dinner. "I have business which will detain me for some time in B., and it will afford you an opportunity of becoming neighbor to your old favorite, Rose."

This was, indeed, a joyful surprise to Helen, and her preparations were made with alacrity. In a short time she found herself and parents comfortably established within a short walk of William Mayfield's. Without wasting time in idle ceremony, Helen was soon seated with Rose in her pleasant parlor, and deep in the discussion of old times and old associations. But it struck Helen as strange that Rose should speak so little of her present enjoyments, and that she had so seldom mentioned William—that dear William who had so filled her imagination as the perfection of all that was manly and noble; and now that the first flush of excitement had passed, Helen noticed with pain that Rose was pale, very pale. That delicate carnation which used to give such beauty to her clear complexion, had all faded away, and were it not that her large speaking eyes were as full of expression as ever, her face, when in repose, might have been taken for the purest of alabaster. Was she unhappy, or was the worm already at the root silently doing his work of destruction? So questioned Helen of herself, and a painful feeling of doubt mingled with the joy of this their first meeting. But as Rose would not hear of her leaving her for some days at least, she prudently kept her fears to herself, hoping she was mistaken.

When William returned at evening, Rose, as usual, met him with a smiling welcome; yet, as she presented her to her husband, Helen thought there was a mingling of fear and hesitation in her manner, as if she feared William might not give her the welcome she desired, and she thought how very unlike the frank, gay-hearted Rose of other times. But William met her with easy politeness, and there was but little time for reflection, and as matters seemed flowing smoothly, Helen blamed herself for her suspicions. Little did she know then, little did William himself know, of the sleepless nights, of the bitter, scalding tears which had brought weakness to Rose's frame and blanched her cheeks to whiteness.

William was what the world calls an honorable man; that is, he paid his debts and was addicted to no gross vices; but Rose soon learned, though she would not so acknowledge to herself, that the husband and lover are often widely different characters. Not that William meant to be unkind; but he measured the feelings of her whose happiness was in his sole keeping, by his own imperfect standard of the female character, and, like many of his sex, in proportion as he overrated his own endowments, he undervalued those of his wife. He was, moreover, a great theorist, and never willing to believe his plans a fallacy. In the housekeeping line the experience of all former times was naught to him; he never doubted that he could instruct the most experienced in the mysteries of economy and culinary lore—for had he not read in books the most admirable plans, and if they did not succeed, why the fault was in the housekeeper, not the plan. Rose was placed in that most difficult of all positions for a sensitive woman, with a husband whose habits and tastes were of the most fastidious kind, but in whose household arrangements a few hundreds were expected to do the office of as many thousands.

What could poor Rose do? She sometimes attempted to reason when his expectations were not met, and to convince her husband, that with means so limited some indulgences must be dispensed with. But he always met her suggestions with contempt, or a "Why do you trouble me with such nonsense? Have I not estimated all?" But, alas! in his accurate calculations, made, as they were, without any practical knowledge, many things were forgotten, and many unavoidable expenses overlooked. So when the weekly pittance was doled out, Rose tried by many a device to make it reach the mark, but it subjected her to much personal labor, and much self-denial, of which her husband took no account. Then, often, when the carefully prepared meal came on the table, which had cost poor Rose hours of labor and contriving, it would be pushed away untasted, with a fretful remark at Biddy's awkwardness. It was in vain to urge "Biddy is a faithful girl, but no cook." "Then why not discharge her at once, and hire one who is?" William

could not comprehend why the poorly-paid, hard-working maid of all work should not also be an accomplished fancy cook, or why, in order to gratify his fastidious palate, his wife, whom he expected to find dressed, and in perfect leisure, should find it necessary to be employed in the kitchen. If, instead, of being angry when Rose came flushed and weary from the kitchen fire, he had shown some tokens of self-denial, if he had spoken some words of sympathy and affection, what a pleasure would these offices have been to Rose. As it was, she often resolutely chased back the tears of disappointment that rose with a choking sensation in her throat, and tried harder and still harder to meet all the expectations of an exacting husband. Then, when she met no better success, the overcharged heart *would* overflow, and tears would force their way, in spite of her efforts. This only irritated the impatient husband, and seizing his hat, with some insulting remark about the "old game of tears," he would leave the house. Could William but have comprehended his wife's harassed feeling, how much of sorrow he might have spared her, how much of happiness would a few kind words have bestowed. Sometimes, when a hasty word had wounded Rose's feelings, knowing, by experience, how much her tears irritated her husband, she forced them back, and tried to look gay and unconcerned, till nature gave way, and she sunk in a fainting fit, but William was still firm, as he called it, never doubting that his wife was playing off the tricks of her sex to obtain the mastery. She playing tricks! She striving for the mastery! The simple, confiding, loving Rose, who never thought of herself when William's wishes were to be regarded. There was another source of vexation for her. While thus employing all the stinted means allowed for household wants, to the best of her ingenuity, her own wardrobe grew more and more scanty. It never, apparently, occurred to William, who spared no expense on his own person, that his wife needed any thing to preserve a respectable appearance. She employed her utmost skill—and few could surpass her in repairing, altering, and making the most of her means. Still the oft-worn silk would fade, the pretty slipper would

show signs of long service, the kids were not quite so fresh as new, and the bonnet was not always of the latest pattern. These sometimes elicited a fretful remark from William, not at all creditable to his wife's neatness and good taste, and if Rose ventured to suggest she had not the means to get better—"Then why don't you have the means? If you want money, why don't you say so?" But if, at any time, Rose timidly asked could she have such or such an article which she needed, it was seldom convenient, or she was put off with some sarcasm on the extravagance of women. And so amid many petty trials Rose had her vexations in silence, and redoubled her efforts to please. Was it strange the cheek blanched and the heart sickened? Helen was not long in perceiving that Rose's feelings were often deeply wounded, and she saw the painful efforts with which she strove to accomplish impossibilities. She also saw with alarm the little white hand often pressed tightly on her bosom, as if to still its painful throbbings, and from the best of motives she sought to draw her out, and help, by counsel and sympathy, to cheer her. Once, when she approached the subject, Rose laid her hand on her arm, and said with emphasis, "I understand your motives, but there are some heart trials of which we may not speak, and in case of which the greatest kindness of our friends is not to see them." Perhaps Rose was right. She had spent her youth in fairy-land, where all was brightness and verdure; she had stepped into the naked, rugged realities of life; she meant that none should hear her complain, but a less delicately sensitive, a more resolute spirit, would have succeeded better with William, because better understood. Rose might have demanded and obtained many privileges and attentions which were her due, but any consideration or attention from William, must be spontaneously bestowed, to be of any value to her.

About this time there came to visit them a distant relative of William's, a gay, dashing widow, at least so she called herself. This woman was fond of dress, and though not youthful, had some attractions. She was most liberal of flattery, and delighted in what she termed showing her independence. Some would have given it a different name,

as it consisted mainly in setting at defiance established rules of propriety, just as far as it could be done without positive vice. What she termed wit and vivacity many would have designated as rudeness and vulgarity, and while in her Platonic friendships with the other sex she talked largely of purity and virtue, a looker-on would have suspected a deficiency in both.

No two characters could have been less alike than this woman's and Rose's. Yet, as Rose received her kindly, and, as a relative of her husband's, strove to entertain her agreeably, she soon professed an unbounded friendship for her and "cousin William," whom she plied so skillfully with flattery and the arts she well knew how to use, that he soon came to be completely fascinated with her. Her boisterous mirth and coarse witticisms he could fully appreciate, so that hour after hour was consumed in her society, quite oblivious that while the parlor resounded with merry voices, she who should be its choicest ornament was toiling in the household to minister to their enjoyment, and when, at the close of the long evenings, Rose, weary with the day's perplexities and feeble from failing health, found it needful to retire to her solitary chamber, she heard the distant sound of mirth and song ringing far into the night. And could William—he who had so professed to love her—so soon prefer the society of this coarse and specious woman to hers? If such a question suggested itself, none ever heard it; or if Rose wondered when this long visit was to end, or why these abundant expressions of attachment did not sometimes resolve into an effort to make less labor in the house, none but the ministering spirits heard the suggestion.

In course of time an event occurred which filled Helen's heart with joy for Rose's sake. A little stranger came among them—a fair, smiling, dimpled boy—and she fancied the void she knew was in Rose's heart would now be filled with this new love, and she would feel less keenly the neglect of William. Perhaps he would be won back by this new tie. And as the boy grew day by day in intelligence and beauty, William was a proud father, and Rose shared more of his society than for a long time previous. But

William was an unltra-reformer, and he began to fancy Rose's pleasant, well-ventilated nursery was too close for his boy. "He must grow up strong and hardy, none of your hot-house plants." So in a chilling easterly wind poor baby must take an airing, but poorly protected, and come back to his mother blue and chilled. A cold and obstruction of the lungs ensued. This was proof positive to his father that his boy was being nursed too tenderly. Rose pleaded with tears that a more gentle course should be pursued, that at least the advice of some one more experienced than themselves should be obtained. William was too strong a man to be swayed by the tears of a weak woman. So, shrieking and terrified, the poor child was plunged into the icy-cold water, and returned, pale and shivering, to the arms of his suffering mother. But William had yet to learn that the best of remedies may be fatal when indiscreetly applied; and even he grew alarmed, when, after repeated experiments, he saw his boy was dying. A conjestion of the lungs had taken place, and when at last he permitted a physician to be called, it was only to be informed that skill was of no avail.

Poor Rose never left her darling night or day, but with wakeful, untiring vigilance, watched every motion of the little sufferer. She laid him on her bosom, and soothed him with the gentlest of all voices; but death came apace, and at length a short, low moan, a slight shudder of the frame, and the mother knew her babe was in heaven. Helen, who throughout this sore trial had seldom left Rose's side, when she saw the little waxen face pale and still forever, gave vent to her pent feeling in a passionate burst of sorrow. Even William was deeply moved, and the strong man wept as a little child. Rose alone was calm and shed no tears. She even looked as if a load had been lifted from her heart; but Helen noticed a deep but fitful tinge had come to her cheek, and that oftener than ever the almost transparent hand was pressed over the heart. They laid under the sod the little loved one, yet his mother was calm: but Helen noticed a small burning spot on her cheeks had become periodical, and the steps faltered more and more; she was

alarmed, and scarcely ever left her, who, she was aware, was passing from earth.

"Helen, come near to me," Rose said one day. "You have, no doubt, felt surprised I shed no tears for my boy. God only knows how I doted on him, but I felt long ago I had not long to stay here, and I dreaded to leave him to the cold mercies of a world only too selfish and too full of sorrow. He is in heaven now, and I have only to follow. Do not seek to keep me back. In the long sleepless nights I have seen him, the dear cherub; he comes with a band of shining ones, and they beckon me away to a scene too lovely for any description. Farewell, dear friend. Think only of me there, and of our happy reunion. Will you send William to me, I have not long to speak; and, dear Helen, one word more. I have read your thoughts, but do not blame him. He gathered the little frail Wild Rose; he should better have wooed the Dahlia or the proud Sunflower."

William went to his dying wife, and what was said in that interview none knew, but when Helen entered again he was convulsed with sorrow. A faint smile of recognition lit up the marble features, but the bruised and gentle spirit soon joined the angels.

The widower appeared in the deepest of sables, and mourned sincerely for the lost one—a little while. People said, "What an inscrutable Providence!" Old crones shook their head, and sighed out, "Another warning," and bright and loving eyes looked pityingly at the mourner—so young, so handsome, and so sorrowful. And William grew calm, then reconciled, and was comforted in what he called his sore bereavement. But Helen planted a Wild Rose over the lowly resting-place of mother and babe, a fitting emblem of one who had been plucked and thoughtlessly left to wither and die.

In love there are two sorts of constancy: one arises from our continually finding in the favorite object fresh motives to love; the other from our making constancy a point of honor.

THE MURMURING SHELL.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

The whispers sweet of the murmuring shell,
The secrets of ocean to us shall tell;
And cause our hearts to throb with fear,
As sad and wonderful things we hear.
It whispers us of the treasures bright,
Of the rubies, and gems, concealed from sight;
Hid deep in ocean's coral caves,
Beneath the rolling and billowy waves;
And also of birds which skim o'er the deep,
Where mermaids and syrens calmly sleep.

It whispers us of tempestuous nights,
Of minute guns, and of beacon lights;
Of billows which rise to the darkened sky,
And which greet the sailor's anxious eye;
Of the thunder's roar, and the lightning's flash,
And the mighty waves as on they dash;
Of the blackened foam, and the horrid glare,
And the shrieking voices of gaunt despair;
All these, and more, the whisperings tell,
Which cometh forth from the murmuring shell.

Those whispers speak of the hidden rocks,
Of the unexpected and fearful shocks,
Of the mother's tears, and the widow's cry,
And the brother's grief, and the sister's sigh;
Of the noble craft which started with pride,
Now rotting beneath the treacherous tide;
Of those whose bones are bleaching in caves,
Washed by the mighty and merciless waves;
All these, and more, the whisperings tell,
Which cometh forth from the murmuring shell.

The greatest of all cunning is, to seem blind to the snares which we know to be laid for us. Men are never so easily deceived as while they are endeavoring to deceive others.

THE GLAD THANKSGIVING DAY.

BY MRS. J. H. HANAFORD.

"I must go o'er the sea to other lands;
It is the call of duty; but fear not,
I shall return, and then our loves are sure,
Dream not of danger on the sea—one Power
Protects us always, and the honest heart
Fears not the tempest."

"YES, dear mother, I must go, and if I meet him not this morning, I will promise not to go to the cliff again until the spring comes, and then perhaps the sun will beam upon my grave."

The speaker passed rapidly out of the house, and along the path which had been trodden in the light snow which had fallen the day before. Her name was Anna Harford, and she who was addressed was well known in the little village where they dwelt, and familiarly styled by all as "Aunt Ellis."

Tears came to the mother's eyes as she heard her daughter's last words, and perceived that she sped on to the high, rocky promontory, which commanded an extended view of the sea, with a celerity which betokened anxiety mingled with hope. Alas! for nearly two long months had Anna Harford thus visited the cliff every morning, as well as every evening, and frequently many times during the day. Why was this watchfulness? What meant her lonely vigils upon the neighboring sea-shore, and her agonizing grief when the subject of shipwreck was mentioned before her? Why did she studiously avoid the volume of sea-stories which she had ever loved to read, and sing no more her favorite song,

"A life on the ocean wave?"

Let me tell you, dear reader, and if you have any sympathy with a wife's emotions, if you know what it is to love earnestly, deeply, devotedly one with whom your earthly, and perhaps heavenly destiny is united, there will be a throb in your heart, and a moisture in your eye, which no other sub-

jeet could call there, and which will tell most truly that a deep-toned chord of your spirit has been touched.

Anna Ellis became the bride of William Harford, about two years before our story commences, and a prettier bride, or more noble-looking bridegroom could scarcely have been selected in that vicinity. More than this, when Anna gave her hand to young Harford, her warm heart was in it, and when he received it he vowed most truly to love and cherish her as his wife. Their sentiments were in unison, and they were happiest only when in each other's presence. Mr. Harford's business was that of a merchant's clerk in a town contiguous to the little village where he wooed and won his gentle and beloved wife. For a season their home was in that town, and a happy home it was. Content and cheerful, though with little of this world's wealth, they envied not the great of earth, but sought, together, to tread the onward and upward way. They were both the true disciples of the blessed Saviour, and thus their union was but another means of their progression in that "holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord." Happy is it, ever, when the matrimonial relation of two immortals interferes not, but rather is promotive of the right discharge of all the duties involved in their relations to God. The marriage of two loving *Christian* hearts is desirable, but the union of believer with unbeliever is ever to be deplored.

God gave, erewhile, to William and Anna Harford a "cherub boy." Joy filled the hearts of these young parents, and as they beheld his unfolding graces, and watched his daily developments, their delight increased, while sweetest of all was the cherished thought that this infant immortal might one day stand upon the mount of God above, with his parents, and unite his voice in the glorious anthems of the redeemed. Their home was happier for his little presence, for it seemed as if God had given him as a pledge of His love to them, and a token that He was in their midst.

But a shadow came, and it grew darker and darker, until it rivaled in its solemnity the gloom of midnight in a lonely forest. It was nothing less than the breaking up of their

little family circle, and the severing of those who were dearer to each other than life.

Business, with its stern call, bade Mr. Harford leave his home, and proceed on a short voyage for the good of the firm in whose employ he was engaged, and the voice of duty never fell upon his ear in vain.

It was the happy, quiet, twilight hour when he left the store of his employers, and proceeded toward his cottage-home. His step was far less light and joyous than usual, when he turned toward that beloved sanctuary of domestic peace and felicity, for he knew that he had something to impart to his cherished companion, which would bring tears to her eyes, and deep sorrow to her heart. She saw him in the distance approaching, and a dim, shadowy foreboding arose in her mind. Who can solve for mortals the mystery of such presentiments? How often have every one of us been conscious of their power, even while we have failed to acknowledge their existence! May not the spirits of former loved ones, in their disembodied range, perceive the evil approaching, and softly whisper it to our spirits, that it may not come unexpectedly, and that, as Shakspeare hath it, we may be "forewarned, forearmed?" Who can reply? We may believe, for the Word of God declares it, that angels are the "ministering spirits to them who are the heirs of salvation," and the rest is, doubtless, wisely hidden from our view.

Anna glanced at her infant son, and seeing that he was quietly sleeping, in no dangerous proximity to any thing that could harm, she opened the outer door, and hastened to meet her husband.

He smiled upon her as she approached him, for how could he greet otherwise the wife who was, he well knew, devoted to himself alone, but his smile had much of sadness in it, and Anna asked the cause.

"Suspense I can not bear, dear husband," said she; "do tell me at once why you are sad to-night. A husband should have no sorrow secret from the wife, whose privilege it is to share his griefs, and whose joy it may prove to alleviate them."

"I shrink, my loved one, from the sorrow I may impart to you," was his reply. "I care not if the hurricane should beat upon me only, if I could but shield you from every inclement blast."

"Dear William, what is it?" asked Anna, clinging to his arm, and looking up in his face with an expression indicative of the deepest anxiety.

"We must be parted for a little while," whispered he. He knew how great the suffering those words would cause to her, and he could not then utter them aloud.

"Parted! my husband!" wildly exclaimed Anna; "it *must* not be. Oh, let me go with you! Any where—to the ends of the earth—to joy or to sorrow. Only let me be at your side, and I will brave all, and bear all. How can I live without you?"

They had now reached their home, and bearing the almost fainting Anna in his arms, the young husband laid his true-hearted wife upon the sofa. Pointing to their infant son, he said, "Anna, *he* will be left to cheer you, but I must be alone. Let him take my place to you till I return."

"My husband, my own dear husband!" solemnly replied the wife, "that can not be. I love our little Henry with a mother's devoted affection, but he can never be to my heart all that you are. As I clasp him to my bosom he will only remind me more forcibly of my loved one far away; and remember, William, the wide universe holds not another husband for your wife. If you must go, God give you His protection, and me all needed strength; but oh, hasten back to me again!" She grew calmer as he answered her in words of Christian import, and reminded her of the duty of submission to the will of an overruling Providence—that

"Destiny which shapes our ends, rough-hew them as we will."

She learned that the place of his destination was not far distant, and that it was his wish that she should seek a home, in the mean time, with her parents, in the little village we have mentioned above. And then he promised to meet her there as early as possible, intending to leave the vessel in a boat, and not wait for the tardy operation of reach-

ing the harbor of the larger town, and mooring at the wharf.

"Give me that large, red shawl, too, love, which you once wore, and on my return you shall behold it, giving token, as it waves in the sea-breeze, that one husband, at least, is true to his wife, and rejoices to return to her once more. Let it assure you of my health. It will shorten the period of your suspense; for, with your father's telescope, you will be able to discern it from a distance, and may thus know that the man of your choice is safe, and well, and anxious to meet you and our darling infant."

At this moment little Henry awoke. A bright smile wreathed his lips and played around his beautifully chiseled mouth. The parents, with answering smiles of affection, hailed it as an omen of bright days in the future. Still, between that future and the present time, there was a wide, yawning chasm, a deep, dark gulf, and sadness soon again rendered paler the cheek of the affectionate wife. We may not wonder at her emotion; we should not chide her for them, for no true wife can bid her husband adieu even for a brief period, without sadness and grief. If their married life is what that holy state should ever be, absence from each other, and the breaking up of the household, is no light affliction. It is like severing the vine from the sturdy oak, or the rock from its clinging moss.

A few days passed, and the arrangements were completed which resulted in the removal of Mrs. Harford and her little Henry to his grandfather's, where he was ever a welcome pet. Mr. Harford accompanied his wife and child thither, and in a short time afterward bade them adieu, and went forth upon the ocean.

And oh, how sad and lonely to the heart of both husband and wife seemed their separation on this night. Amid the creaking of timbers, the rattling of ropes, and the loud voices of the seamen, Mr. Harford could obtain but little sleep. They were new sounds to him, and though one accustomed to them could sleep as well as if surrounded by primeval silence and solitude, he could not find an hour's repose for the night.

Anna laid herself down at her infant's side, having commended her beloved husband, in the prayer she never forgot, to the God who "holds the waters in the hollow of His hand." But Morpheus was invoked vainly. The image of her husband, far out amid the dangers of the billowy deep, arose to her mind with all the vivid coloring of a teeming imagination, and she half fancied that he was in real danger, and would never return. The thought became too intense and sorrowful for rest, and softly pressing a kiss upon her baby's cheek, and caring for its comfortable respose, she left the room for the piazza. There she remained walking to and fro, until the town clock, afar off, told, in the silence of the night, that its meridian had arrived.

"Midnight!" exclaimed she, "well, I must return and try to sleep. It is not performing my duty to my husband or my babe, thus to neglect my health. I will strive to be faithful in every duty, though my chosen companion is not near to cheer and encourage me."

Noble resolve! There have been those who, in an hour of bereavement, or of deep disappointment, desiring to forget their sorrows, have drank deep at Lethe's fount, and strove to find in death, oblivion from their varied woes; but the true philosopher, as well as true Christian, lives on, and affliction's thorny path will but cause him to pay more heed to his footsteps. They who "let patience have her perfect work," ever exercising that excellent possession—charity—"bearing all things" even unto the death appointed by their Heavenly Father, are the bravest, and more worthy the victor's crown, than one who, with cowardly shrinking from sorrow, seeks the grave as its only comfort and repose.

Patiently, cheerfully, and faithfully did Anna perform every duty devolving upon her in her husband's absence, but the time still lingered, and sometimes hung heavily on her hands. The usual time required for a passage to the destined port, and return to their home, had arrived, when a violent storm arose, desolating the coast for many miles around, and bringing sorrow to very many hearts, whose loved ones were exposed to its fury, while far away upon

the faithless billow. Day after day, and week after week passed, and still no tidings had been received from the vessel in which Mr. Harford sailed. They knew only that she had left her foreign port for home, and as no one had seen her since that eventful storm, many were led to suppose that she had foundered, and all on board had met a watery grave.

Anna's parents were among the last to believe that the vessel would not return bearing their esteemed son-in-law, but even they were compelled to suppose that all expectations were in vain. Not so with Anna. She could not, and therefore would not, even in word, resign her noble husband to such a fate. Every straw which floated on the surface of the ocean of hope was eagerly caught by her, and she still visited the overhanging cliff, hoping and fearing, yet ever permitting hope to be predominant. Sometimes she took their little son with her, but as the season of storms advanced, she went more frequently alone. With her father's spy-glass in her hand, she might often have been descried, perched far up on a rock, gazing intently on some approaching sail. Many mortal eyes might behold her there, but God and His guardian angels only might hear her prayers and supplications upon the rocky steep. "Spare to me my husband," was her earnest cry, and she did not plead in vain.

The day on which our tale commences, was that of the well-known thanksgiving festival in Massachusetts. But no preparation had been previously made for its celebration by "Aunt Ellis" and her family. Too great was the contrast between this thanksgiving season, and that in which, a few years before, Anna became a happy bride. Instead of arising to meet loved friends with congratulations, Anna hastened, as we have said, to the cliff. Again she gazed around, seaward, with a most searching glance. She would have pierced the limit of vision, if possible, could she but behold the bark which bore her husband homeward.

Ah! what has caught her eye, far in the distance? A vessel, before hidden from view by a projecting rock, is just coming in sight near enough for the telescope to present her

flag to the eye. She gazed upon it. There was the flag she had so long desired to see. One more wish caused her heart to throb with deep emotion. She gazes still, and there, with a heart of thanksgiving, she beholds the very token of her husband's safe return and fond remembrance.

With almost lightning speed she passed from the highlands to her father's cottage, and bore the welcome tidings that suspense was over, and sorrow need be theirs no longer. We can well imagine the joy with which such intelligence was received by all. But a short time elapsed, and a familiar form was seen at the little gate before the house, and in a moment more the husband and wife expressed their joy at meeting, in a long embrace. That was a *Glad Thanksgiving Day.* Mr. Harford informed them that the vessel had been driven from her course by the storm, and had been detained by the necessity for repairs in a very distant port, whose harbor was so unfrequented, that there was no way for any tidings of them to be conveyed to their homes, until their bark was in a proper condition to bear them safely to their own friends, unheralded.

Oh, none save those who have known such sorrow of parting and agony of suspense, can appreciate the emotion of gratitude which filled the hearts of the reunited husband and wife! Thanksgivings were publicly offered in the village church, on that day, for the safe return of the long-lost voyagers, whom very few had ever expected to meet again upon the shores of time. And long with William and Anna Harwood lived this occasion in their memories, as The Glad Thanksgiving Day.

We except against a judge in affairs of small moment, but are content that our reputation and glory should be dependent on the decision of men who oppose us, through jealousy, prejudice, or want of discernment: yet it is merely to engage these to determine in our favor that we often hazard our ease and lives.

THE THINKER.

BY F. W. S.

Of all the conquests made by man, none can equal, none can bear comparison with the mighty and profound achievements of the Thinker. From his dome of thought truths buried deep and long have come, at the sound of his bidding, nigh, and feats have thus been accomplished, which the close investigator alone could fathom.

It is *the Thinker* who has scanned the hidden mysteries that reach far beyond the surface of things, who has sounded away into the immense unknown, and brought out therefrom "truths sublime, that wake to perish, never," those secrets of the universe, which unravel and portray the nicer and more exquisite skill of the Great Architect. It is his penetration that "gives to airy nothing a local habitation and a name," that "finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in every thing." Strung with a delicacy of texture fine as Olympian dews, the varied atoms of matter dilate beneath his gaze, and particles that go to make up the sheen of things, magnify beneath his tread. The nook, the glade, the rock-bound coast, the mountain peak, and the cloud-capped tower furnish him lofty sentiments for contemplation; thus he quaffs from nature's fountain pleasures pure, unsophisticated, and which never cloy. The lightning's flash and the thunder's roar are to him, not the fabled monsters of the olden time, but simply the natural effects of natural causes, which, like all things in the material world, act in harmony. The cavern and the mighty abyss below, he brings vividly to view, examines the geological structure and compound of our globe, and from out its strata deeply embedded there, he gathers facts upon which he dwells with an intensity of emotion, and a capaciousness of thought. The coral beds of the wide, blue sea, partaking of this under-current, upheave from their rocky basis, and upward tending, and tending still, their beauty and grandeur are too well fitted to his refined taste

to be passed listlessly by, and here he expatiates in astonishment, in admiration, and in awe.

From the teeming panoply beneath, to the canopy above, reaching away into the illimitable regions of space, he feasts his own enlivened and forever-expanding capabilities, till imbued with wondrous and high-wrought conceptions, he grasps the remote, and unfolds from out their cloister, objects strangely vast, and immensely complicated.

He even essays to taste of angel's food, to study the science of God, and become acquainted with those things which celestial intelligences desire to investigate.

Not only the whole broad earth is beautiful, but the great arcana of animate and inanimate being pour forth an eloquence that far surpasses speech, and he opens the volumes of the universe and reads therein in characters of living light, till his own nature becomes resplendent, embellished with those tints which beautify and adorn that inner temple, thus emitting a halo of brightness, and shedding mellowed splendor where obscurity has vailed the finer lineaments that are scattered here, and there, and everywhere, over the fair face of creation, and which proclaim,

"The hand that made us is Divine."

The range of the thinker is far from being circumscribed —far from being trammeled down within those limits which narrow, and cramp, and cloy, and fettering, bind. No slavish fears, no contracted prejudices warp his enthusiasm! Erect and commanding, the image of his Maker, he stands unmoved amid the confusion of elements, borne aloft by the nobler and the higher, he sways the scepter of his own universal dominion like as "a workman who needeth not to be ashamed." *Mark him!* Free and boundless he flits upon the wings of the wind, roams at pleasure wheresoever he will, and at random.

"Lives in all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent;
To him no high, no low, no great, no small,
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all."

TO MY MOTHER ON HER EIGHTY-FOURTH BIRTH-DAY.

BY MRS. M. E. DAVIS.

Again, my dear mother, my muse takes her lay,
It is fitting with pleasure to sing of this day;
Fourscore and four years now, dear mother, are thine,
Heaven bless thee, and keep thee, in all coming time.

Now my thoughts wander back to the years that are fled,
When thy breast was the pillow of my infant head;
How kindly the words from those lips, and thy smiles,
Like heaven's own sunlight, each sorrow beguiled.

'Twas my mother first pointed to Heaven the way,
And my tongue could but lisp, when she taught me to pray;
And not me alone, for her flock was not small,
And she tenderly guided, and watched o'er us all.

In gladness or sorrow, in pain or in woe,
Our joys were thine own, at our tears thine would flow,
No hand like a mother's, our footsteps could guide,
Who would praise us when right, and when wayward would chide.

'Tis long, very long, since that bosom I left,
To find in another, a pillow of rest;
Yet in joy and in sorrow, my thoughts ever roam,
To thee, my fond mother, and childhood's sweet home.

Thou art not much changed these many long years,
Thine eyes are not dim, and thy brow is still fair,
Though thy step has grown slow, and thy form bent, in truth,
Yet thy mind is still blooming in freshness of youth.

There's a sadness comes o'er me, and tears often flow,
When I think of the loved who are gone from thee now;
But one of our number is at the old home,
Some are far, far away, and some sleep in the tomb.

But the thought gives me joy, that there's peace in thy soul,
Not many more waves o'er thy bosom shall roll;
And thy faith looks away from the night of the tomb,
To a land where the morning in brightness shall come.

A man of wit would be often at a loss, were it not for the company of fools.

THE JOURNEYINGS OF THE WIND.

BY LILLA LINWOOD.

It was a beautiful summer evening; the sun was just sinking behind the western horizon, and its lingering rays imparted a golden tint to the surrounding scenery. A few fleecy clouds were seen straggling in the blue vault above, resembling wandering lambs, that had strayed from the shepherd's fold. The light-winged zephyrs were sporting over the fields, scattering the fragrance of numerous flowers.

A low murmur was heard in distant forests—the sound approached nearer and increased. It was old Boreas, preparing to journey to the eastern countries. The leaves flew quickly from his presence, at his rapid approach. The tallest trees bowed before him, while those that refused this mark of deference, were torn up by their roots, and laid prostrate on the earth.

On he hastened with rapid strides, regardless of the ruin that marked his track. A blushing rose heard the sound, and modestly raised her head to see the disturber. Struck with her beauty, he plucked the gentle flower, and bore it off in his arms, but soon heedlessly dropped his charge, and left it to wither and die.

He redoubled his speed, and every thing yielded to his force. Man, proud man, covered his face, and bowed at his approach. But he heeded him not, for he was thinking of those distant countries where he had enjoyed many a merry festival, in sporting with the gigantic forests, destroying the most lofty trees in his caprice, and often leaving the frightened shrubs unharmed.

He reached a magnificent city which he had frequently visited, and whistled with scorn, as he saw the huge coverings the inhabitants had erected, to protect them from his fury; and as he rushed onward, he fiercely shook their tenements, and threatened to destroy them in his might.

He crossed an immense desert, and as he passed, carried before him vast columns of dust laughing in his glee as he

buried the proud monuments of art beneath the sands. He sung the funeral dirge of a large caravan he had overwhelmed in his course, for he had left none alive to tell their sad fate. He reached the habitable parts of the globe, and as he moved through the cemeteries of the dead, mournfully moaning around their lonely dwellings, he thought of the hundreds he had that day buried far, *far* away, in the sandy desert. As he wept for their loss, the gentle showers restored the withered herbage to its former freshness.

On he hastened, and soon reached the sea. The Wind lifted his voice in his pride, and proclaimed himself an universal conqueror. The Sea, unwilling to yield to his power, growled in his fury, and a terrible contest commenced. The Wind howled, the Sea roared, but neither would yield the victory. The crested waves towered high above the land, then dashed against the rocks with such force as to make the neighboring hills tremble with affright, while the shores seemed to shrink from the approaching elements.

The fearful sounds reached a vessel that was calmly reposing on the waters, not far distant. It was night, and most of those on board were enjoying a refreshing sleep, when suddenly the terrific sound burst upon their ears. They started from their slumbers, and rushed to the deck. Nearer and nearer approached the combatants. Soon the storm burst upon them in its fury, threatening them with instant destruction. Their cries of distress, for a moment, rose above the voice of the Wind. They ran madly about, and shrieked for help. The Storm-King laughed at their misery, and death only seemed to be theirs. But amid this cry of agony, *One* still slept calmly, as if there was no disturbance without. To Him they cried in tones of agony, "Master, save, or we perish!" He replied, "Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith?" In tones of authority He rebuked the raging elements, and in a moment all was hushed as death.

A low voice was heard—"What manner of man is this, for He commandeth even the winds and seas, and they obey Him?"

LAMENT.

BY E. M. ROBERTS.

"And David lamented with this lamentation over Saul, and over Jonathan, his son."—2 Samuel, i. 17.

MOURN, Israel, mourn! thy mighty ones are fallen!
Fill up with sounds of weeping all the plain—
From out thy camp the glory is departed—
The brave of Israel on the hills are slain!
  The mighty ones are fallen,
The brave of Israel on the mountain slain!

Forever desolate, oh, dark Gilboa!
Barren and drear, may all thy hills remain!
The shields of valiant Saul upon thee perished—
Israel's anointed on thy mount is slain,
  The mighty ones are fallen,
The brave of Israel on Gilboa slain!

Daughters of Israel, weep the mighty fallen!
And harp and timbrel mute as death remain;
Leave your white flocks and pitchers at the fountain,
And weep in dust for Israel's valiant slain!
  Weep for the mighty fallen,
The brave of Israel on the mountain slain!

Sorely my spirit mourns for thee, my brother—
Thy pure affection seeks she now in vain—
That true, fond heart, so linked with mine together,
Lies cold in death, mid Gilboa's slain,
  Amid the mighty fallen,
The brave of Israel on Gilboa slain.

INTREPIDITY is an extraordinary strength of soul, that renders it superior to the trouble, disorder, and emotion which the appearance of danger is apt to excite. By this quality, in the most surprising and dreadful accidents, heroes maintain their tranquillity, and preserve the free use of their reason.

FRIENDS.

BY ALBERT TODD.

In our pathway through this vale of tears, we all desire and need the sympathy and companionship of *friends*—not friends in words only, but friends in deed. It is not in hours of prosperity and ease that we most need the assistance and sympathy of others; but it is when storms of adversity hang heavily upon the mind, and poverty and affliction weigh down the soul; then, oh, then, words of comfort and consolation from some sympathizing friend will have their effect like water upon the thirsty ground. A treasure, indeed, is the individual who will be near through all the changing scenes of life, and offer assistance and consolation when the mind has become saddened by the sorrows and trials of earth.

How pleasant might be our pilgrimage if each and every one would strive to benefit and assist his fellow, and live together in unity and brotherly love. How cheerful might be made the journey of life, if we would interest ourselves in each other's welfare and prosperity. But how do we see the selfishness of human nature manifested. While we are in health, and in the full tide of prosperity and enjoyment, our friends (and they are then numerous) crowd around us, and are ever ready to do us favors, and secure our friendship. We are then courted, flattered, and applauded. But when we are overtaken by misfortune—when sickness and poverty comes upon us, where are our friends? They *were*, but they are *not*, is the only answer.

When we reflect upon the shortness of human life, and the uncertainty of our stay here, it may be well for us to pause and consider what we are, and what relation we hold to each other, and the duty we are bound to perform one toward the other. "Bear ye one another's burdens," is the command of Him who was the friend of sinners. It may be profitable to each and every one of us to take a retrospective view of our past lives, and bring home to our

minds the question, Have we, and are we fulfilling the commands of our Saviour? Are we not partial? Have we not been more ready to encourage and assist the prosperous, than to lend a helping hand to those in adversity?

We are but the creatures of a day—our bodies are but dust—and the time is soon coming when we shall all be brought on a level. The rich and the poor, the high and the low, must all slumber side by side in the dust from whence they were taken. And thinkest thou there will be any distinction *beyond* the confines of this life? and will the riches that a man may possess here be of any avail, or secure to the possessor any *higher* seat in the kingdom of Heaven? We read that "God is no respecter of persons," and that He hath made of one blood all nations, etc. Then let us associate together here as friends—help those who are needy, and relieve those in affliction.

It is well for us (when the world has withdrawn her sympathies, and ceased to extend the hand of charity), that there is *One* to whom we can flee for comfort and consolation. It is well that there is one Being who still continues to extend the hand of kindness, and administer to the wants of suffering humanity. Then if we desire such a friend—one who will be faithful, and whose love will follow us through life, let us choose Him who suffered and died that we might live again.

Those are mistaken who imagine wit and judgment to be two distinct things. Judgment is only the perfection of wit, which penetrates into the recesses of things, observes all that merits observation, and perceives what seems imperceptible. We must therefore agree, that it is extensive wit which produces all the effects attributed to judgment.

As it is the characteristic of great wits to say much in few words, so small wits seem to have the gift of speaking much and saying nothing.

Confidence in conversation has a greater share than wit.

VIEW OF NEW YORK, FROM WEEHAWKEN, 1798.

THE FLORAL FESTIVAL.

BY MRS. P. W. LATHAM.

With a Colored Steel Engraving.

THE SENSITIVE PLANT.

"Nor be that proud deceit a blame,
Which o'er his agony he flings:
The expiring eagle doth the same,
And hides his death-wound with his wings."

This was a favorite quotation of Emily Castleton's, whenever she was betrayed into being cheerful and happy, like other young people; though how in the world expiring eagles and death-wounds had any relation to a young lady apparently in the enjoyment of every blessing under the sun, was more than we could ever guess; and why she should assume such a Madonna-like expression of face, and more than hint at deep and cureless sorrows, where every one else was busy and cheerful as summer-birds, was at first a mystery. But Emily, or, as she preferred to be called, the Sensitive Plant, was the only and motherless child of a fond father, and she had often heard him speak of her extreme sensibility when she had reddened with sudden anger before visitors; and she once heard a gentleman at her father's table say something of her "mimosa-like susceptibility," which sounded very poetical. Poor girl! She had read some of Byron's pathetic lamentations, and others of a kindred character, and she fancied there was something exceedingly amiable and interesting in being always unhappy. She was certain her feelings were of the acutest kind, and had always a few "pearly drops" just ready to overflow, when people of ordinary feelings saw nothing worthy of tears. She likewise managed to go off into a graceful swoon when less sensitive mortals saw occasion for the greatest coolness and decision. She even wrote an "Ode to Sensibility," which was printed in a village newspaper, so that she deemed herself fairly entitled to her favorite appellation.

But it unfortunately happens, in too many cases, that

minds so exceedingly susceptible, are too much engrossed with their own joys and sorrows to leave much room for sympathy in those of other people; and her companions generally pretty soon discovered that Emily, by virtue of her fine feelings, usually engrossed the best seat and the best of every thing—probably on the same principle with the man who boasted an extra set of nerves—because she suffered and enjoyed just twice as much as others. Was there a ride, Emily must have the best place, whoever was uncomfortable; for how could *she* endure the jolting, or the wind, or the sun? Was there any other indulgence, on the same principle, the Sensitive Plant and her especial comfort was the first to be considered. She accepted these attentions as a queen might receive the homage of her subjects—believing them her lawful tribute; her companions rendered them because they dreaded her tears and poutings.

Of course you suppose that when suffering was to be mitigated, or any little contribution was to be made for the poor, our very susceptible lady was just the one to be applied to; and so she was, if pathetic speeches could feed a hungry family, not one in the whole country need have suffered want; or if fine-drawn sentiment could clothe the destitute or tend the sick, none had suffered neglect. But the Sensitive Plant could not endure to witness the misery of the poor. "It was quite too much for her nerves." As to tending the sick, or sitting up with an invalid acquaintance, it was not to be thought of. "It would quite overcome her, indeed it would." "If she *could be* as composed as other people, how much good she would do!" And thus Emily left it to persons of ordinary sensibility to minister to the sick and the afflicted. It was too painful an office for her. And so on all occasions when any personal sacrifice was needed, it was always left for less delicately organized individuals to make the offer of self-denial.

It will not surprise you, then, that the Sensitive Plant was not a general favorite, notwithstanding her sentimentalism her pretty recitations from her favorite poets, and her touching lamentations over dead birds and butterflies. It is true she had many violent and engrossing friendships; but they

were mostly among the new comers, and terminated rather abruptly; for Emily could not bear a devoted heart, and she expected her friends to plunge headlong into all her dislikes and humors; and not unfrequently a few pleasant words to some one else, or inattention to some whim or caprice, changed into bitter upbraidings the "devoted and undying attachment of a few hours before."

At length there came among us a young lady, named Adelaide, who was a stranger to us all. She might have seen some eighteen summers, was tall, graceful, and had a gentle and modest expression of countenance which won the admiration of us all. At the same time there was a loftiness of brow, and a look of firmness and intellect on her face, that commanded respect, though she was evidently unhackneyed in the conventionalities of society. You might have looked on her, and fancied the mantle of some heroic pilgrim ancestress had fallen worthily upon her, and that in spite of her gentle bearing, "she was such as martyrs are made of," and would look any terror in the face when right principles were involved. Emily soon conceived a violent liking for her, and contrived to engross a large part of those hours allotted to recreation. She described in such moving terms her sorrows and persecutions, the wrongs and neglects she had been made to suffer, that the spirit of Adelaide was roused in her behalf, and, while she rather avoided than courted much intercourse with the rest, her arm was ever proffered to Emily with an air which seemed to say, "Let all the world persecute you, my gentle one, still I am your friend."

It was during this period that a large party were taking a ramble on the picturesque banks of a river in the neighborhood. Several gentlemen were of the number; but as usual, Adelaide and Emily were together, and, as it happened, a little in advance of the rest. Just then they espied a little boy playing alone in a boat, and as he attempted to step ashore, it slid from beneath him, and he fell into the water, in that place deep and rapid, and many feet below where they stood. Emily gave a scream, and sunk powerless on the grass, while Adelaide, with admirable presence of mind,

seized a heavy branch which had fallen near them, and dragging it down the bank, fearlessly plunged into the water just in time to rescue the drowning child, and, though an unpracticed swimmer, by the aid of the floating branch, she succeeded in keeping her own head and that of the boy above water. The rest of the party, attracted by Emily's screams, soon came to where she lay sobbing and covering her eyes. While all were busy with Emily, who could only point to the water, Adelaide succeeded in making herself heard, and every one now rushed to her rescue, leaving Emily to recover herself as best she could. She was speedily relieved from her perilous condition; but, chilled as she was, for it was yet early spring, her first care was for the child. A crowd was soon attracted to the spot, and the poor boy restored to his terrified parent, for he was literally "the only son of his mother, and she a widow."

Then, for the first time, Adelaide seemed to awake to a recollection of self, as a multitude of eager voices inquired after her welfare, and proffered their assistance. Congratulations and praises echoed on all sides, while, blushing to find herself the object of so much solicitude, she accepted the offer of a dry shawl, and hastened home, now shaking with a violent ague. The next day she was too ill to leave her room, but inquiries and congratulations, billets and bouquets, came pouring in, and both mother and son, with most touching expressions of gratitude, came to inquire after her; while Adelaide wondered that such a natural act as trying to save a drowning child should excite so much notice.

Emily saw, with ill-concealed chagrin, that she and her "terrible sufferings" were quite overlooked, while her friend was quite a heroine in our little community; and certain it was, from that time her romantic friendship suffered a speedy decline, while it afforded another theme for sad lamentation. Soon after this period, not much to the regret of any, Emily left school, and went to the paternal home, where an over-indulgent father gave mostly to her control the management of the household. Here, as she believed, she was a very victim to her exquisite sensibility. Fastidious and exacting as many a weary domestic could testify, how could she forego

any indulgence or caprice, even though weary limbs and fainting hearts were denied their much-needed rest.

Emily had never learned the heroism of self-denial for the sake of others, or she would sometimes have remembered that even though the frill were less elaborately plaited, or the dress less exquisitely finished, it could be worn with equal grace, when it was to secure the health or comfort of a dependent; that the room, if less fastidiously kept, could be endured, rather than the over-worked housemaid faint at her labor; and she would have learned to forego some little attentions, when those of her household were fully occupied with other matters. Had the same regard for her father's feelings actuated her which she felt for her own, she would sometimes have rewarded him with cheerfulness and content in her condition. But these are virtues which all may practice, and unfortunately quite overlooked in Emily's list of accomplishments and graces.

And thus that doting parent, who had counted no cost in the education of his daughter, who denied her no gratification, did not find his old age more comfortable by her ministrations. There was ever some annoyance to complain of. The weather was too warm or too cold, too wet or too dry; the servants were untidy or unfaithful, awkward or dishonest; friends were cold and distant; the whole world was hollow and deceitful; in short, an ocean of sorrows ever pressed upon her "delicately-sensitive" spirit. Poor old Mr. Castleton was miserable in the unhappiness of his child. The infirmities of age were creeping upon him, and he had not courage to tell Emily that his affairs were growing more and more deranged. At last, a sudden paralysis reduced him to a state of helpless imbecility, from which he never recovered.

Poor Emily now began to taste of real sorrow. Their circumstances became daily more straightened. She was obliged to reduce her establishment to a single maid of all work, whose place was often vacated. The grace of youth and health was departing, and that sensibility, in which she had so prided herself, others were unfeeling enough to demonstrate selfish ill-nature, and its effects were too visibly traced on features not otherwise disagreeable.

She had attracted some admirers—lovers they might have been—but ever some outburst of ungoverned temper frightened away the boy archer before any declaration; or, perhaps most men, though they may admire the weeping graces of a Niobe, prefer a Hebe as a household divinity. Finally, the old gentleman died, leaving the Sensitive Plant to shiver and droop alone. On settling his affairs, it was found that only one small cottage and a pittance barely sufficient for the necessaries of life were left for Emily. She had now in her loneliness sufficient whereof to complain. Relatives she had—"cold, and selfish, and unfeeling," she called them—for none cared to install an iceberg permanently by his hearth-stone. Little children shrunk from the chill of her presence, she ceased to be invited in the little social gatherings, and she became, in its most desolate sense, a "lone woman."

A little sharp-featured, faded-looking woman, with a willow-basket and a carpet-bag, may often be seen in the streets of her neighborhood, and in the houses of her friends, where, out of pity, she is tolerated, but not loved or useful. An ominous silence usually precedes her approach, for bag and basket denote a stay of many days, not because she enjoys society, but that she is weary of herself. Smiling faces vanish from windows, no bounding little ones run to secure cousin Emily's hand at the door, for the truth is people tire of her never-forgotten griefs, her endless tales of neglect and imposition, and they cease to awaken interest.

And thus, one who started in life with every advantage of youth, beauty, health, and position, through a perverted judgment, is left to sigh out her existence in loneliness and poverty, a warning to all, that in abusing God's gifts we must become miserable.

We are not fond of praising without having a view to self-interest. Praise is an artful, concealed, refined flattery; which pleases (but with an essential difference) the giver and receiver: the one takes it as the reward of merit, the other gives it to show his candor and discernment.

THE FAIRY'S ADVICE; OR, AMELIA'S CHRISTMAS GIFT.

BY MRS. J. H. HANAFORD.

"Did you ever hear
Of the frolic fairies, dear?
They're a little blessed race,
Peeping up in Fancy's face;
In the valley, on the hill,
By the fountain and the rill,
Laughing out between the leaves,
That the loving summer weaves."—MRS. OSGOOD.

"MERRY CHRISTMAS" came again. Over all the earth seemed spread a carpet of white, as beautiful as cool, yet reminding one that winter, with bleak winds and bitter frosts, again grasped the scepter of dominion, and, for a season, at least, would hold indisputable sway. Yet, within doors, there was so much additional cheerfulness, so many comforts and delights which summer never affords, the brightly-blazing fire, the brilliant light streaming through closed windows for the long winter evenings, and the opportunity which those very evenings afforded for social converse and home enjoyments, that one could hardly regret, after all, that the season of the holidays was once more arrived.

In the family of Mr. Robinson there was great rejoicing, especially among the younger portion, because Christmas was at hand, the season of festivity, and interchange of friendship's tokens. One of the daughters, Amelia, was unusually anxious for Christmas to arrive, and earnestly desired that although the ground might be white with snow, the sky above might be blue as at midsummer, and as unclouded as an infant's smile. She was continually inquiring of her parents and elder sisters, if they thought all things would be favorable for the arrival of their annual visitors, and more than once was seen with frowning brow and tearful eyes as she declared, fretfully, that she "hoped, for once in the way, it would be a pleasant Christmas-day." Her father chided and her mother coaxed, but in vain; Amelia seemed determined to welcome Christmas with a frown, unless it came clothed as she might desire, with sunshine and winter loveliness. Her sisters toiled cheerfully in public, or in

secret, at the preparation of the Christmas gifts they intended to bestow, and Amelia labored, too, with industry and perseverance, but, alas! not with cheerfulness and good-nature. Her parents perceived this, for good parents are ever on the alert to discern the various traits in the characters of their children, in order that they may more successfully combat the evil, and cherish the good ones. Mr. and Mrs. Robinson held frequent consultations as to the best method of overcoming the ill-nature of their dear child, and attempted various plans for her benefit, but as yet the good seed seemed sown on stony ground. It brought forth no fruit, while the thorns of fretfulness seemed abundant and luxuriant, and its fruit was too often ill-natured words and discontented looks.

Christmas-eve arrived, and, as was customary with the younger children, each bed-post was hung with one of each of the sleeper's little stockings. The parents had requested of Amelia to hang hers also, although the year previous she had omitted doing so, deeming herself too old for such a childish deed. The object of her parents was to awaken her curiosity as to what was their design in making such a request, and their prayers arose that their new effort might prove successful for her well-being. They wished to strike another blow at the root of her ill-naturedness, ere the year was expired, and they hoped that thus, with the blessing of God, they might overcome it.

Amelia sought repose that evening, with the determination to rise very early, and discover the cause of her parent's request. She prepared her lamp, that it might easily be lighted, if she awoke before daybreak, and then, with a fretful expression of regret at seeing dark, heavy clouds along the western horizon—precursors of a storm to follow speedily—she sought repose and forgetfulness in sleep.

Morning came—"Merry Christmas" morning—and Amelia found that, like many others, having something unusual upon her mind to lead her to desire to wake early, she readily awoke in time to see the morning star fade, and the eastern sky grow brighter; but, alas! clouds obscured the light of the star, and prevented the early streaks of red in the eastern horizon. Impatience, fretfulness, and discontent seemed concentrated

in the exclamation with which she lowered her curtain, after having discovered the unpleasant facts, "There, I knew it would be stormy, just because I wanted it pleasant! Oh dear!"

Just then she remembered her Christmas gifts, and hastened to see what they were. Amelia slept in a little chamber with one other and older sister, who was still asleep, and there was no one, therefore, to disturb her reflections as she drew article after article from the distended and highly-honored hose. There was a pin-cushion from one sister, a needle-book from another, a thimble from "mamma," nuts and fruit from the younger children, who she knew had been saving their pennies for Christmas, and whose gifts for each other had been deposited, in great secrecy, with "mamma," who undertook to distribute them among the suspended hose.

The custom of thus preparing for "Kriss Kringle," or "St. Nicholas," or "Santa Claus," is too well known to require much explanation. The best present, in Amelia's view, was a little gilt-edged, prettily-bound volume, from "papa," and with joy she saw that it was a story-book. She was very fond of reading, and few children of the present day better loved pleasant and interesting stories. The first story, too, bore the magic title of "The Fairy's Advice." By the light of her lamp she began to read it, having taken the precaution to throw a shawl around herself, as she sat in bed, with the lamp on a stand at her side. Still her sister slept on, and, absorbed in the perusal of the story, she forgot that it was Christmas morning, and, better still, she forgot to feel unhappy because the weather was opposite to her inclination. It is ever well, when circumstances are adverse, to preoccupy our minds with something else, that, having another object, the attention may be drawn from unpleasant occurrences, and our hearts be the happier for the diversion.

Perhaps the younger members of the FAMILY CIRCLE will like to know what kind of a story that could be which could so attract the attention of the disappointed little maiden. It was of a young miss, who anxiously desired the love of her companions and friends, and was surprised, and often unhappy, on perceiving that her society was neither valued

nor sought by them. The reason was, that her peevishness and fretfulness were too often like a cloud darkening the sunshine of their innocent enjoyments, but Lilian, the young miss, did not perceive it.

One day she was strolling in a grove, lonely and sad. Her companions had on that occasion shown a marked dislike of her society, and she left them in no very pleasant mood, and sought in solitude to solace her wounded spirit. As she walked along, reflecting on her unhappy condition, she came to a wide-spreading oak, whose leafy shade was grateful, and she resolved to refresh herself by resting for a while upon a large flat rock which lay beneath it.

As she sat there, busily engaged in musing upon the past, she heard a tinkling as of tiny bells, and looking toward the place whence the merry sound proceeded, she espied a laughing little fairy. At the sight of her rosy cheeks and dimpling smiles, Lilian felt like smiling herself; and before many moments had elapsed, she felt that all her troubles had vanished like mist before the sun, and her heart was as light and happy as ever.

"What is the matter with you?" were the first words of the fairy. "Why are you here alone?"

"Alas!" replied Lilian, "my companions do not love me, and would neither come with me, nor let me remain peacefully with them. Their conduct makes me feel very unhappy."

"Why do they not love you?" asked the fairy. "Are you sure that you love them, and really desire their love?"

"Why, yes," answered Lilian; "I do not love to play alone, and I like to have them with me, because it is pleasanter. I think I love them, and I know I wish they loved me as they love Ellen Somers."

"Have you ever thought of the reason that Ellen Somers is so dearly loved?" inquired the fairy.

"No," replied Lilian, with a look of surprise that there should be any reason.

"Well," added her fairy friend, "let me give you some advice, and perhaps you may be as well beloved, if you follow it, as Ellen Somers, or any other amiable, lovely person. I think, Lilian, that you are rather selfish."

Lilian started, surprised at the disagreeable remark; but it was uttered by a fairy, who, we read, are privileged persons, and can say what they please; so she listened in silence.

"You are selfish, Lilian; for you wish your companions to love you only that you may be more happy. You think if they loved you, they would play more with you, make you many presents, and praise you very highly. Now, this is not just the right feeling for you to indulge. You should love them because it is right, and seek their love mostly because thus you will add to their happiness. This is the best way to secure your own. This is the great secret of obtaining love. '*Do to others as you would have them do to you. Love others, and they will love you. Try to make them happy, and you will make yourself happy also.*'"

At that moment a loud shout was heard, and the fairy vanished. Lilian heard the voices of her companions, and perceived that the fairy-visit was only in a dream. Yet the words of the dream-fairy lingered in her memory for a long, long while. She arose from her embowered rock, and greeted her companions with a smile. From that day, a change was perceptible in Lilian. She endeavored to heed the fairy's advice, and ere long she was as well beloved as Ellen Somers, and as happy as she had before been miserable.

By the time Amelia had finished the story, of which I have only given an abstract, the cheerful voices of her younger brothers and sisters were sounding in the hall, "A merry Christmas! A merry Christmas!"

Her sister awoke, and both were soon prepared to assemble with the rest of the family. Amelia's sister had noticed the unpleasantness of the weather, and was surprised that Amelia was not, as usual, fretting and scolding about her disappointment. Instead of that, she seemed cheerful, though a little serious, as if thoughtful. In fact, the advice of Lilian's fairy seemed to be just what Amelia needed, and she felt its force. On the silence of that Christmas morning, while reading in the gift of her kind father, Amelia's heart was touched by that Divine Spirit which induces penitence,

and leads to pardon. She resolved to be recreant to duty no longer, and by loving her parents, and brothers and sisters, she hoped to become more worthy of their love. She resolved to exhibit her love to them by a kind and affectionate manner, by being ever ready to assist them, and do them good, as far as was in her power, and, by abstaining from fretfulness and discontent, to display her gratitude to God, and to them, for every blessing and kindness.

These things she was enabled to do. The family were at first surprised at the change, but surprise was soon changed to joy. Scarcely any evil is so much to be deplored in a family circle as fretfulness and discontent, and many a Christmas has been far from "merry" because a frowning brow and sin-clouded spirit forbade the gushing forth of the glad fountains of hope and peace.

Such a fretful state of feeling makes its possessor miserable, and, of course, affects his moral influence. Prayer and earnest effort are the means to overcome such a state of feeling, and those who heed the "Fairy's Advice," as Amelia did, will find Amelia's great reward—the approval of their friends, their conscience, and their God—while around them will spring luxuriantly the beautiful and fragrant flowers of delight. Such persons will ever, unless the providence of God shall interpose some barrier, like sickness or death, surmount every obstacle, and at home or abroad, on the land or far away upon the billowy deep, in a Christian country or on a heathen shore, will hail the return of the day on which we celebrate our Lord's nativity, and will enjoy, as we hope the reader will, "a merry Christmas!"

Pity is a sense of our own misfortunes in those of another man: it is a sort of foresight of the disasters that may befall ourselves. We assist others, in order that they may assist us on like occasions; so that the services we offer to the unfortunate are in reality so many anticipated kindnesses to ourselves.

TO MY FLUTE.

BY WILLIAM B. HOVEY

Come, let us while away an hour,
My gay and sweet-toned flute,
Beneath the ivy's shady bower,
Where none will e'er intrude.

Come, let thy gay, sweet melody
Drive all my cares away;
For with thy lovely harmony
No ennui can stay.

Life would be dull without thee,
At times, when joy has fled;
And not a beam of gayety
Its living rays doth shed.

And as thy tunes float on the breeze
Float with them every care;
No thought, no feeling, but to please,
With thee, can be my share.

Then come, and while away the hour,
That finds no joy elsewhere;
But in the green and shady bower,
Where, with thee, is no care

It is a mistake to imagine, that only the violent passions, such as ambition and love, can triumph over the rest. Idleness, languid as she is, often masters them all; she, indeed, influences all our designs and actions, and insensibly consumes and destroys both passions and virtues.

Intrepidity is an extraordinary strength of soul, that renders it superior to the trouble, disorder, and emotion which the appearance of danger is apt to excite. By this quality, in the most surprising and dreadful accidents, heroes maintain their tranquillity, and preserve the free use of their reason.

FEMALE EDUCATION.

BY NELSON SIZER.

"A DISSERTATON ON 'Woman's Rights,'" exclaim my fair readers, "that threadbare theme; I wonder if he will maintain the propriety of extending to woman the elective franchise, and the offices of judge and president, and does he favor the 'Bloomer Costume.'"

We have no special intention to discuss any of these topics, but to call attention to a subject far more important—one on which, we think, not only the *rights* of woman, abstractly considered, hinge, but also her happiness. It were vain to give a man the "right" to fell the forest or to till the soil, if he have not the means to procure, or be destitute of knowledge respecting the use of, the ax and the plow. We accord rights, to children no faster than they become developed and educated, and when thus developed and properly educated, their rights flow naturally into their possession.

If the education of woman were not constrained and artificial, she would stand forth in all the plenitude of her rights, individualized and free; not isolated in her position, but a concordant social necessity, like one of the strings in a well-tuned harp. As she is now educated, her freedom and her career resemble far more the dead level of a canal, the monotony of which is relieved only by well-adjusted and carefully operated locks, than the sweeping river that glides freely along its wooded shores or flowery banks, roaring at will over cascades at the mountain's base, dancing onward in the sunlight, or sleeping in beauty under the placid beams of the harvest moon. The oak can not mature to fair proportions and native grandeur in a conservatory flower-pot, nor can female education be worthy the name while her physical and mental nature is cramped to the delicate and fastidious proportions ordinarily awarded to it.

First, then, the body needs education, for the want of which physical and mental ills innumerable exist. We shall

confine our remarks, not so much to the proper nourishment of the body, as to other and more neglected laws of regimen, including air, exercise, and useful employment.

We may incur the displeasure of some fair reader by the remark that a rich diet, with tea and coffee, are doing destructive work on the health of woman. It is no small item in education to regulate the appetite and dietetic habits of the young, that the highest order of health may be secured, and that dyspepsia from rich, stimulating, and concentrated food, and shattered nerves, from the effects of narcotics, may be avoided.

Another, and, at the present day, a very much neglected branch of female education, is, those habits of exercise necessary to physical development. Why is it that our girls are as nimble of foot, as ample in breath, as capable of enduring fatigue, and as fond of romping over hill and plain as boys of equal age, if *nature* has made such vast differences in their physical capabilities and taste for such exercises as we see a few years later in life? In present fashionable society, a girl, as she approaches womanhood, is expected to lay aside all vigorous physical effort, to order a carriage if she would go half-a-mile, to walk in a restrained, mincing manner, with her arms and hands motionless, to be dressed in such a way as to cramp the lungs and other vital organs, and to restrain the free action of the muscles of the entire trunk. She is also expected to avoid every thing in the way of industry, that will in the least harden the hands and the muscles, or send the blood, bounding with a healthful life vigor, through the system. Add to this, confirmed sedentary habits, delicate needle-work, reading exciting books, and, if we see them with narrow chests, attenuated muscles, pale cheeks, colorless lips, sharp faces, nervous irritability, headache, dyspepsia, and consumption, it is only the legitimate fruit of such an erroneous system of education. To the physiologist it would appear miraculous were it otherwise. How different is this every-day picture from that of their earlier years, when fashion did not deem it necessary to mar nature's work by artificial habits and appliances.

The little girl driving her hoop, or jumping the rope, in

the open air, or rambling for flowers or berries on the rugged hill-side, without dreaming of fashion and delicate propriety, is such a contrast, in looks as well as in veritable health and native stamina, to the fashion-bleached and deformed *lady*, which, by false education, she is doomed soon to become, that Nature, could she audibly speak, would disavow relationship with such a shocking metamorphosis.

Public sentiment, in this country, on the subject of the physical education of females, is, we think, grossly at fault. The false idea that females must be shut up in heated, badly ventilated parlors, and loll in lassitude on sofas and easy chairs; that they must do nothing but the most unlaborious fancy-work; that they must not walk vigorously in the bracing breezes, but that, on the contrary, they may, and to be fashionable, they *must*, dress in such a manner as to restrain all freedom of motion, and thus lose all the natural advantages of exercise; that they may attend soirees and parties in mid-winter, thinly clad, with arms and neck bare, and, after dancing in heated rooms until near morning, they are sent forth in the wintry air to their homes, to enjoy in cold rooms a season of fevered and untimely sleep as best they can. With habits such as these, can we wonder that we have a nation of dyspeptical, consumptive females. This, we are aware, is a picture of the wealthy and fashionable, but there are thousands of the poor who delve with the needle sixteen hours a day, in contracted apartments, to sustain life, who have been so educated by public sentiment as to deem it a disgrace to pursue the healthful avocation of housework.

In this country, health is the exception, sickness the rule. In England, the reverse is the case, as all know who have visited that country, and as all may infer who will observe the immigrants from her shores—not the laborious classes, merely, but the wealthy, the educated, and refined. They have red cheeks, full chests, stout muscles, energy of action, fine health and appetite. The reason of this is, they exercise in the open air, and they dress in a manner adapted to that exercise. An English woman of refinement thinks nothing of walking six miles, or of riding on horse-

back twenty. A celebrated American journalist, speaking of the habits of the women of England, remarks:

"I remember once being at William and Mary Howitt's, when some one proposed that we should make a little family visit to Epping Forest, distant some four or five miles. The thought never entered my head that they proposed going on foot. As we crossed the threshold of the door, I was expecting the next moment to help the two ladies making our party into the carriage; but I saw no carriage; and when I asked where was the carriage? I got for a reply, 'We are going on foot, of course!' And so we walked all the way there, and rambled all the day long over the beautiful forest, and at night walked back to 'The Elms.' I kept looking at the ladies while we were returning, expecting to see them faint away; and finally, when we all sat down on the green sward for a moment, I ventured very quietly to ask one of them, 'Are you not very tired?' I got for a reply a merry, ringing laugh, and a 'To be sure not; I could walk half a dozen miles farther yet!' When I got home, I was so fatigued as to be unable to stand without great pain and trouble, and was obliged to acknowledge that the English ladies were my superiors in physical powers of endurance. I saw at once the secret of their glorious health, their buoyancy and flow of spirits. It was their habits of exercise out of doors.

"I was once conversing with an English lady, who was near eighty years old—the mother of a distinguished writer—upon this capital habit of walking which the ladies of England have, when she broke forth with, 'When I was a young woman, and in the country, I used to walk ten miles to church on a Sunday morning, and back again after service!'

"Another cause of the brilliant health of English women is their natural love for horticulture. An English lady is at home in her garden, among the flowers, and I know of no more beautiful sight in the world than that of a fair, open-browed, rosy-cheeked woman among a garden full of flowers. Talk of your merry creatures in hot drawing-rooms, 'by the light of the chandelier,' to the marines! Here is beauty fresh from God's hand and Nature's—here are human flowers and those of Nature blooming together."

We are aware that our climate is dryer and hotter than that of England, and more conducive to mental activity and nervous excitement, and, of consequence, somewhat less favorable to the expansion and health of the physical organization; but there is ten times more difference in our actual condition, in those respects, than these circumstances warrant. Our men, Americanized for three or four generations, have relatively more bone, and dryer and harder muscle, more sprightliness of mind and activity of body, and less of that corporeal roundness, youthfulness of appearance in advanced life, than are seen in the English; but the difference is by no means so great between the *men* of the mother country and this as that existing between the women. As we are descended mainly from British and German ancestry, we ought, at least, to inherit, in some good degree, the health and robustness of constitution so pre-eminently belonging to those nations.

It may be objected, that many of the English, Irish, and German women work in the fields like the men, and that their robustness and endurance is but a species of masculine coarseness, incompatible with intellectual culture and refinement of feeling, which no lady in America should be expected to imitate, even for so great a boon as health. If this were the only means of acquiring, or, rather, of retaining and developing the native health and vigor of woman, we might, perhaps, justly claim that so valuable an acquisition is richly worth such a cost. But, while we aver that this particular course is not necessary to health; that other more lady-like, yet useful occupations, are open to all, and equally valuable as affecting health, we beg to cite the health and vigor of the British Queen, which, we suppose, was not procured by labor in the harvest-field. Her health has been the subject of care, not of the hot-house order, but in horseback galloping over the fields, or walking for hours, calisthenics, and other equally appropriate means. Her large and healthy family is an evidence that her full cheek and rounded arm are not counterfeit indices of constitution and well-preserved vital power.

"But," says the objector, "she has the wealth of the Brit-

ish empire to procure for her the leisure and the means for such exercises, together with the wisdom of her most learned and talented physicians to prescribe and direct them."

True, but the expenditure of such wealth and wisdom, with such valuable results, should serve as an example to our countrywomen who have wealth, and who ought to value their lives enough to sacrifice as much time and money to preserve health as they now do to be sick and pay physicians.

To the middle class we may appeal; for it is this large and valuable class that makes up the majority of society, and sways the destiny of mankind in America. To this class we say, useful and pleasurable exercise, indoors and in the open air, is within your reach. You pay strong and healthy servants—and they are healthy and strong because they work—to do all your household work that has any health-invigorating labor in it, while you daintily creep about and dust furniture with gloves on, attend to birds or a few house-plants, or confine yourselves to needlework or other sedentary occupations. When you go abroad, as an apology for exercise, it is with thin shoes, with some parts of the person overclad, and often with other parts exposed; and such walking, to be *fashionable*, must be so demure and ridiculously artificial as to serve no valuable purpose.

Do you live in the country, or in a rural city, where you can have a garden? Let your own hands cultivate it in no small degree. In the house, divide the health-giving effort required to wash, sweep, scrub, and scour, between yourselves and your servants, that you may share their health; and also divide with them the *drudgery* of needlework, that you may escape the nerve-shattering and debilitating effects of constant application.

Few persons, devoted wholly to light and sedentary occupations, know the luxury of *rest* and *leisure*. The toiler, when he becomes wearied with labor, would gladly exchange it for an hour's *rest* at the tailor's or the watch-maker's *work*, which is sending *them* to an early grave; and the latter, by engaging for several hours each day in some manly avocation, would return to his sedentary pursuit as a pastime.

Will not the same law apply with equal force to woman's domestic sphere?

In childhood and youth, girls are as healthy, hardy, and capable of enduring fatigue as boys, for the very good reason that nature, regarding it equally as necessary to give them good constitutions, has kindly done so; and because they run and romp in the open air, and thus obey the promptings of unsophisticated nature. Yet our *men* are much more healthy than women, or even young ladies. Take the families of merchants and business men—not the purse-proud nabob on the one hand, nor the hardy delver on the other—and how stands the matter? The men are active, industrious, accustomed to a good degree of bodily exertion; they are busy with bales and boxes among draymen and porters; they are driving about the wharves and streets all day, their minds and bodies fully employed, and go home with a keen and well-earned appetite; while their wives and daughters, standing, of course, on the same platform of respectability with themselves, have dragged through the wearisome hours of the day in listless idleness or sedentary pursuits, and approach the table with an appetite that almost spurns the repast which other hands have prepared, and fill their anxious husband's or father's ears with complaints of a thousand ills, which, perhaps, nothing but a summer at the springs or watering-places can assuage. Poor creatures, they have not been properly educated. Fashion would pout its contemptuous lips, and toss its brainless head at the idea of useful toil for the wife and daughters of a wealthy merchant! But that same fickle goddess has no objection to the father and son going into the store, and laboring all day, rolling barrels, packing and unpacking goods, which, for *them*, is all very well; but she denies to the daughter any part in household affairs, because it is vulgar and disreputable, and consigns her to the practice of music, drawing, worsted and lace-work. What matters it if the *son's* hand *be* hard, his chest and muscles brawny, his face browned by the sun and wind, and, with these, firm health; but the daughter must be slim, fragile, pale, and delicate, with soft, white hands, to be worthy to rank with the sons of merchants, who are

every day employed, just like her brother, with like results.

But our patience wanes in the examination of the multitudinous errors of female education. Our thoughts on *mental* education must be deferred to another time.

SACRAMENTO CITY.

With a Steel Engraving.

SACRAMENTO has risen from the wilderness, and taken an important station among the cities of the western world, with a celerity which forcibly recalls the old story of Aladdin and his wonderful lamp. It stands at the junction of the Sacramento and American rivers, 150 miles from San Francisco, and 100 above the mouth of the San Joaquin. Sacramento being the grand starting point for nearly all the miners, and as many of them procure at this place their regular mining outfit, as also on their return to civilization their more Christian-looking habiliments and comforts; this would, of itself, produce a considerable business. Besides, until recently, it was the grand point of intercommunication between the miners and their friends in their various localities. These, with many collateral circumstances, to say nothing of the fertility of the lands lying along the Sacramento, may account for the unparalleled growth of this young giant, which has scarcely now completed its fourth year.

For, if we recollect rightly, in the early spring of 1849, the first house was not built in Sacramento, and if, perchance, the solitary wayfarer spread his little tent there for the night, packs of coyotas, or little prairie wolves, made the night hideous with their howlings, venturing even to steal his provisions close by his bed; neither was it a matter of great surprise if, on rolling up his blanket, he found a rattlesnake coiled under it, willing to share the warmth of his strange bedfellow.

In the autumn of 1849, the "city" was said to number near-

ly one hundred houses and tents, many of them of the latter class; and even the houses were many of them canvas. A facetious traveler, visiting this place in November of the same year, thus describes his *entree:* "We were just in time to find one tree unoccupied, consequently settled down, and went to housekeeping. We designed to remain *in town* until the next morning. At this time there were about one hundred houses and tents in town; but it seemed every man landed with a house, and put it up the same day. Our brig had no less than thirteen on board, finished, even to the glazing. Goods of every description were piled on the river's bank, awaiting the carmen. The owners were, in many instances, obliged to erect a temporary shelter, and sell them on the ground."*

In 1850, Sacramento had, indeed, become a large city, with a population of over 15,000. The streets were regularly laid out, crossing at right angles, and some of them closely built for over a mile; of course, not all of granite palaces. Vessels of the largest class, in considerable numbers, lay moored to the bold, precipitous banks of the river. The steamer Senator was now running regular trips from San Francisco, landing her passengers on the bank by means of planks, thirty dollars being the price of a passage to San Francisco. Boarding and eating-houses had become abundant, but provisions were uncommonly dear, ten dollars being no unusual demand for a comfortable meal. Unfortunately, too, gambling and drinking establishments, with others of a kindred character, were even more numerous. Places where hundreds on hundreds of young men, and even old men and boys, were stripped of their hard-earned treasures, and irretrievably ruined in health as well as fortune. Others, after squandering, in a few hours, the fruits of a whole season's toil, got drunk, and went back to the mines to recommence their labors. And yet those who had steadiness to profit by the prosperity of the second summer, were successful beyond all calculation. If many fortunes were lost by the reckless and imprudent, so also many

* From a very interesting and amusing work entitled, "California Illustrated;" published by R. T. Young, Fulton-street, N. Y.

were won by the energetic and thrifty. Every thing was in a frenzy of excitement, and nothing could be more natural than the reaction that followed the succeeding winter. As the rainy season came on, business grew slack; the river was swollen by heavy rains, and the city having no artificial protection from its encroachments, the most gloomy forebodings began to be indulged. The country (for roads were not) became impassable for teams, and the landscape was dotted on all sides with heavy vehicles with wheels sunk in the mud and abandoned. At length came the dreaded catastrophe. Most of the city was submerged, and entire streets swept by the turbid and rushing waters. Many of the frail tenements were carried away, and still more had to be abandoned; every thing had a look of ruin and desolation, and every brow wore an aspect of sadness and discomfort.

But the gloomiest season has an end, and so had this: the early coming spring clothed the scene with unspeakable loveliness. Flowers, of hues and splendor to us unimagined, lifted their beautiful heads on all sides; fields, which only a little before seemed one vast "Slough of Despond," were covered with the richest mantle of herbage. The river had retired to its channel, and the streets were once more capable of sustaining the weight of the busy multitude, while a variety of birds, of rare song and plumage, made every place vocal with love and harmony. Business again became exceedingly prosperous, and the hopes of the inhabitants rose in proportion. But a new calamity awaited the young city: the cholera came upon it with frightful malignity, sweeping away its multitude of victims in a few days, so that Sacramento seemed likely only to be a city of the dead. But in time the pestilence was stayed, and soon after the fire burst out among them, and she who had gathered up her strength from plague and flood, now saw her fairest portions lie a smouldering heap of ashes.

Yet recuperative energy, nowhere more apparent than in California, was yet alive, and soon repaired the mischief; when the "dogs of civil war" were let loose, threatening to devour the sturdy youngling. These were happily re-

strained, and Sacramento went steadily onward. We have not time to follow her progress step by step, or, rather, we should say stride by stride. We have spoken of the first years of her history, though recent years they be, only to contrast the past with the present. After four years, in which she has been in turn desolated by flood and pestilence, consumed by fire, and shook by civil commotion, we will look at her as she stands in her pride of wealth and power. We will look at her extensive levees, her commodious wharves, her noble lines of storehouses, her magnificent post-office, her elegant and spacious church, and other public buildings; her fine hotels, and her palace-like private residences, and who can forbear astonishment? Various causes have combined to produce such results: wealth, intellect, energy, and a favoring climate; so that, judging from the past, none may foretell to what magnificence these new western cities may arrive. Yet, even here there are some drawbacks, as well as much that is desirable. In a society made up of such a heterogeneous mass, assembled from almost every nation, there must be discordant elements, and it must take time for gaining solidity, form, and shape. Vice abounds in unblushing effrontery. During the long summers, when for several months rain is scarcely known, the fierce rays of an almost vertical sun scorch the earth to barrenness, and the air becomes filled with clouds of dust, which insinuates itself everywhere. Venomous reptiles are plenty, and insects and vermin abundant and troublesome, at least, in many places. All these may, indeed, be termed small evils, but in the scale of human comfort they have a place, and no inconsiderable one, though certainly not sufficient to retard the growth of a city. But to return to its resources, we have now before us some of its daily papers embellished with fine engravings, and, in all respects, comparing favorably with any on either side of the Atlantic. These contain advertisements of various splendid steamboats, plying between Sacramento and other places, and at rates of passage about similar to those on the Hudson, the charge from San Francisco being a dollar and a half. Mention is also made of vast

quantities of melons, with other fruit and vegetables, coming into the market. These flourish abundantly, and grow to a size and perfection wholly unknown in a northern climate. Many fine plantations are already laid out along the Sacramento, and the cultivators are richly repaid for their labor, especially where irrigation is employed. Grain is said to do well, and they already speak of erecting mills for supplying themselves with flour, so that actual experiment amply proves that the wealth of Sacramento will not all arise from the mineral riches of California.

Yet, magnificent as has been the result of western enterprise, it were well for all, before they rush in hot haste from families, and friends, and comfortable homes, and moderately prosperous business, to pause, and remember, "The race is not always to the swift, the battle to the strong, not riches to men of understanding." Thousands of nameless graves cover each a history of unendurable toil, and sorrow, and disappointment; and a host of bereaved families turn their tearful eyes to California, and hear its name with a shudder, as the great Moloch, to whom have been sacrificed their fondest hopes and their most cherished treasures.

DIES IRÆ.

BY HORACE DRESSER, ESQ.

"Ye have heard of the patience of Job."

There is feasting in the land of Uz. The patriarch's sons are holding high festival. The banquet hath brought together the whole brotherhood of the house of him who feareth God and shunneth evil. The daughters also of the Uzite worshiper join the assemblage of his sons, and eat and drink with their brethren. Joyous gathering! But there is one who hath fears for the festivities of that family. The goblet, red with wine, hath freely gone around that circle, and hearts that should have praised, perchance, have cursed Jehovah.

At early morn an altar smokes in the far-off distance at the paternal home. Ten times the blood of bullocks slain, crimsons its place, and offerings-burnt are thereon made for the feasters' sins. But hecatombs of victim-beasts in bloody sacrifice for sin now can not save from doom the guilty sons.

A herald in his haste hath now arrived at the threshold of his home, and tells the fearful father of the havoc made among the hundreds of his herds, and servants slain by edge of Sabean swords. And while the tale is yet untold, there comes another still with revelation that the fiery bolts of heaven have fallen fast upon the flocks, and them that kept their watch, and burned them all. Anon, and in succession quick, another heralds forth that lawless robber-bands, from off the Chaldee hills, have captured all the burden-beasts, and made their swords drink deeply in their keepers' blood. This hardly said, and yet again a messenger comes in with word that sweeping winds from out the wilderness have leveled low his first-born's house, and all his sons are dead beneath its ruins. Catastrophe how sad!

The patriarch sire hath worshiped. With shaven head and robes all rent, the man of God is prostrate on the earth. Evanished now are all his household joys—his hundred herds—his thousand flocks—yet there comes forth from the fallen man an utterance of words of wisdom: The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord!

The great man of the East hath sat himself down among the ashes. The Evil One hath smitten sorely, and he hath taken a potsherd for a comforter. Curse God and die, is the counsel of the mother of his children—but he heedeth her not, and albeit retaineth his integrity. Saith not the sufferer wisely in the day of his affliction—shall we receive good at the hand of the Almighty, and shall we not receive evil also at his hands?

A friend cometh from Teman. The Shuhite partaker of his hospitality hath also heard of his affliction, and hasteneth to his habitation. They meet there the Naamathite, on like errand, come to mourn with him and to comfort him.

They gaze from far, and neither knows the Satan-stricken. With mantles rent apart, and sprinkled dust upon their heads, they lift their voices high toward heaven and weep aloud. Howbeit, so great his grief, seven days and nights they speak no word to him they visit. Wise men are they, withholding words from him crushed down to earth with sorrow.

A voice hath broken in upon the seven days' silence. Long pent-up grief hath burst the soul's strong barriers, and words now tell how full hath been the fountain:

> O that the day might have perished in which I was born;
> And the night which said, "A male child is conceived!"
> That day—let it be darkness!
> Let not God inquire after it from on high!
> Yea, let not the light shine upon it!
> Let darkness and the shadow of death stain it;
> Let a cloud dwell upon it;
> Let whatever darkens the day terrify it.
> That night—let darkness seize upon it!
> Let it not rejoice among the days of the year!
> Let it not come into the number of the months!
> O that night! let it be desolate!
> Let there come in no sound of joy!
> Let them who curse the day curse it;
> They who are skillful to rouse up Leviathan!
> Let the stars of its twilight be darkened;
> Let it long for the light, and there be none;
> Neither let it see the eyelids of the morning!

The Busite youth, the son of Barachel, hath heard the words of him who cursed his day, so deep his sorrow, and listened well to answers given, by those who came to comfort him. His kindled wrath hath ardent grown, because the God, whose rule is over all, hath not been justified, in these his days of visitation; and still, because his aged friends have found no answer to his words, and yet condemn to guiltiness the man of sorrow. The youthful visitor hath well rebuked the old men's lack of wisdom, and vindicated all the ways of God with man.

A voice from out the whirlwind hath gone forth among the interlocutors, and words have ceased among them now! Its utterance hath shut the mouths of men, who

would that others think they knew the ways of the Almighty One—and humbled deep in dust the haughtiness of man! He who just now himself had justified, in all his ways, in softened, subdued accents saith:

> Behold, I am vile! What can I answer thee!
> I will lay my hand upon my mouth:
> Once did I speak; but I will not answer again:
> Yea, twice; but I will add no more.

LIGHT AND DAGUERREOTYPE.

BY C. WINGATE.

"Hail, holy Light! offspring of Heaven's first-born."—MILTON.

THE nature of light has long been a subject of controversy, and the most enlightened minds have differed greatly on this point. By some it has been regarded as a *substance* or *matter*, by others as a *fluid*, partaking of the nature of electricity and magnetism. Sir Isaac Newton taught that light was an *emission* of *particles* from luminous bodies, while Young and Fresnel regarded it as the mere undulations of a highly subtile medium.

Sufficient proof to settle the question has not been advanced by either party, and the source and nature of this wondrous working agency is still as much a mystery as when the alchemists of olden time taught that the precious metals, gold and silver, differed from the baser metals, iron and lead, merely by the greater or less abundance of light; or when Kircher published that a certain stone was found in India, which showed the changes of the moon's form by the *increase* or *decrease* of a *certain spot of light upon it.*

As the science of chemistry became better understood, the knowledge of the principle of the solar ray became progressively developed. The celebrated chemist, Scheele, in a series of careful experiments, exhibited the operation of the prism in dividing the solar ray into its component parts, and showed the effects of these different rays upon the nitrate of silver. Dr. Priestly, in his well-known investigations

concerning the influence of light upon plants, laid the foundation for many of the most important discoveries of modern times, and indicated, in a novel manner, the dependence of the vegetable kingdom on the quickening influences of the streams of sunlight. Light was thus distinctly perceived to possess the power of setting in action certain chemical changes, although the existence in the sunbeam of a distinct class of rays, producing such results, was not clearly shown. Toward the end of the eighteenth century, an elaborate research was commenced by Count Rumford, on the chemical properties of sunlight, in the course of which were developed several remarkable phenomena occurring in substances exposed to light.

The first experimental evidence of the existence of a third principle in the sunbeam, in addition to its heat and light, was made by Ritter, of Jena. He found that every ray was a combination of three distinct principles, capable of being separated from each other, and which are now known as light, heat, and chemical action, or *activism*. When a ray of light falls upon a prism, placed in a darkened chamber, it becomes decomposed, and forms on a screen, suitably placed, a belt or band of yellow, blue, and red, to which we give the name of *prismatic spectrum*, and from which all other colors are produced. By placing a delicate thermometer in different parts of the spectrum, it will be found to indicate different degrees of heat. If the blue ray indicates 56 degrees Fahrenheit, then the yellow will raise the heat to 62 degrees, and the red to 79 degrees.

If instead of a thermometer, we use a peice of paper which has been soaked in a chemical solution, it will be found to be more powerfully acted on by one color of the prismatic spectrum than by the others; and that, outside of the violet rays, are a class of rays invisible to the eye, but which exert a more powerful chemical influence than any of the others; while, on the opposite end of the spectrum, the heat rays are found in a greater degree than elsewhere.

That different colors absorb heat with more or less readiness, was shown by Dr. Franklin, by placing small pieces of cloth, similar in thickness, but of different colors, on a snow-

bank, exposed to the direct rays of the sun. While the white cloth produced no change on the snow, the black had sunk some distance into it; and, in every case, the darker the cloth, the more was the heat absorbed, thus clearly showing that, in hot weather, a white dress is much cooler than any other.

Of the influence of light upon vegetation we have the strongest proof. When a potato germinates in the dark, its shoots are white and brittle, but let it be exposed to the light for a few days, and it soon recovers a healthy appearance. If an opening is made, so as to admit a ray of light into a room, a plant will turn its leaves and shoots directly toward the light, and will grow rapidly in that direction; but if left entirely in the dark, soon withers and dries up.

The chemical influence of light may readily be demonstrated by its action in fading-colored cloth, as it is well known that the continued action of the sun's rays will soon dim the brightest colors. If a piece of camphor is dissolved, and left in a bottle to evaporate, the crystals will be found most numerous on the side exposed to the light; and if a basin of alum dissolved in water is so placed that one half of it is exposed to the light, and the other half is covered up, the crystallization will take place much sooner on the exposed part than on the other.

Among the many striking and important discoveries made in modern times in regard to light, none are more wonderful in their nature, or more delightful in their effects, than the art of photography, or, as the word literally signifies, "making pictures by the sun." The first application of the solar rays for this purpose was made by the celebrated Mr. Wedgewood, in 1802; the preparation employed was a solution of nitrate of silver, applied to white paper. He says: "When the shadow of any figure is thrown upon the prepared surface, the part concealed by it remains white, while the other parts speedily become dark." The picture thus produced must be kept in the dark, and viewed only by candle-light; otherwise, it is soon acted upon by the light, and disappears. Such was the commencement of the art of photography, an art which is now known in every part of the civilized globe,

and which employs in this country alone some twenty or thirty thousand persons, either in its direct application, or in making the various materials employed in the business, and in which a capital of four million dollars is invested.

Pictures produced by this process are generally known as Daguerreotypes, from M. Daguerre, a French artist, who was the first to exhibit pictures of this kind, although the great principles on which the art is founded were known long before.

One of these principles was discovered by Porta, of Naples, who found that by admitting light into a darkened room, through a convex lens, placed in an opening made in a window-shutter, the images of outward objects were painted on the opposite wall, in the same way as they are formed on the retina of the eye. Mr. Wedgewood made the next step, which was to learn that when this image, thus formed by the lens, or camera obscura, as it was called, was thrown on paper covered by nitrate of silver, it produced a picture of the object. The third and great discovery, without which all others would have been useless, was made by the combined efforts of Daguerre and Niepce.

Niepce was a retired merchant of Chalons, who devoted his leisure hours to scientific pursuits, and his first experiments on this subject were commenced in 1814. He had discovered the process of making copies of engravings, and learned how to make his pictures permanent, a point which had baffled both Wedgewood and Sir Humphrey Davy. But he was unable to do more than copy; he could not create a new picture, for the want of some chemical substance sufficiently sensible to the action of light. At this stage of his discovery, he became acquainted with Daguerre, a painter of eminence, who had been engaged in experimenting on the same subject. These two formed a partnership, and, by their united labors, soon overcame every difficulty; and in January, 1839, the discovery was made known, and specimens were exhibited to the scientific world of Paris. The extraordinary character of these pictures, their extreme fidelity, and their minuteness, produced the greatest surprise, and all Europe was astonished that light could be

made to delineate on a solid body pictures of such truth and delicacy as to defy the highest efforts of the painter's skill. The French Legislature rewarded the author of this discovery with a pension of $2,000 a year for life, and gave his art to the world. Before the process of Daguerre had been published, Mr. Talbot, in England, had discovered a mode of taking pictures, by the action of light on chemically prepared paper, a process which has been named Tolbotype, after its inventor, and which is daily coming more and more into use.

As many of our readers may not be familiar with the process by which Daguerreotypes are produced, a brief description of it may be interesting: The first thing to be done is to prepare a plate, composed of copper, faced with a thin coating of pure silver, and polished with the greatest possible care. On the accuracy with which this is done depends the whole thing. The plate is then exposed to the vapor of iodine, and placed in the camera, a box containing a large convex lens, by which the light is condensed, and brought to a focus on a screen placed behind it. Having remained in the camera from ten seconds to a minute, or more, according to the brightness of the day, the plate is removed, and exposed to the action of the vapor of mercury, by which the image formed on the silver is developed. In this state of the process the plate has a dark, purple color, and the picture is readily destroyed by the light. The grand difficulty to be remedied, and for which Daguerre labored so long, is to fix the image produced by the camera, and render it proof against the action of light. This is accomplished by washing the plate in a solution of the hypo-sulphate of soda, by which the iodine is expelled, and, finally, heating it in a bath of the chloride of gold, by which a thin transparent coating of gold is spread over the entire plate, and all change from the effects of light entirely prevented.

There is a certain warmth of gratitude, which not only acquits us of favors received, but even, while we are repaying what we owe, converts our creditors into debtors.

Engd. by Graham & Lowell, Edinburgh.

THE AMERICAN CRYSTAL PALACE FOR THE INDUSTRY OF ALL NATIONS, NEW YORK.

THE AMERICAN CRYSTAL PALACE.

With a Steel Engraving.

The accompanying engraving is a correct representation of the American Crystal Palace, now in course of erection on Reservoir Square in this City, by the "Association for the Exhibition of the Industry of All Nations," Theodore Sedgwick President, and William Whetten, Secretary and Treasurer. The plan by Carstensen and Gildmeister. It will be larger than any building hitherto erected in this country, and it is thought by competent judges, that for symmetry and elegance of design, and workmanship, it will be a thing of unsurpassed beauty.

Let the reader who is unaccustomed to the technicalities of architecture, just imagine a Greek cross, that is, one in which all of the four angles are equal. Then suppose each diameter of this huge cross will be 365 feet 5 inches long, and the width of the arms on the ground-plan 149 feet. Suppose above this another cross of equal diameter, but the arms only 41 feet in width; then at the intersection of this upper cross rises a dome, 100 feet in diameter and 118 in height, and this again surmounted by a lantern 31 feet high. Then fancy, if you please, three similar entrances; one facing west, on Sixth Avenue, one south, on Fortieth, and one north, on Forty-Second Street; these entrances being 47 feet wide, or nearly twice the width of an ordinary city house. In each of the eight angles of this building is an octagonal tower, 8 feet in diameter and 75 in height. We have now described only an immense double cross, but the ground-plan is in fact an octagon, having eight equal sides. This is produced by a triangular lean 24 feet high, and ingeniously fitted into each angle of the cross, by which much ground-room is gained. We will now call your attention to a splendid semicircular fan-light over each entrance, 41 feet wide and 21 high, being the termination of the arms of the upper cross.

We will now take a survey of the interior. At either en-

trance you look down a central nave, or arched passage, 41 feet broad, 67 high, and 365 long. Then on each side of these central passages is an aisle, or side passage, 54 feet broad and 45 high, covered with a gallery 24 feet from the floor. We shall notice 190 octagonal hollow iron columns, 8 inches in diameter; these receive the iron girders that sustain the galleries and the roof. The second story, or galleries, contain 148 columns of the same shape as the others.

We will now approach the center, and we find ourselves standing under a magnificent dome of glass, 118 feet high and 100 in diameter; this is supported by 24 columns, which reach a height of 62 feet. On the sides of this dome are 32 splendid escutcheons in colored glass, representing the arms of the Union and the several States. It will also be decorated with the arms of other nations. The whole of this immense structure, except the floors, will be of iron and glass. It is estimated that about 1,250 tons of iron will be required, or somewhere about 2,500,000 pounds.

We have thus endeavored to give some idea of this structure, which it is expected will be finished early in May. A more minute description would be needless, as we presume none will be prevented by slight difficulties from seeing it themselves.

Every body has talked, and admired, and wondered so long about the London Crystal Palace, and the Great Exhibition, that any remarks about it now may seem, at least, "too long after the fair," especially as we are talking and thinking at this time, more of our own Palace, that is to be, than of that which was not our own. Yet it was a grand project, and worthy of the prince and the people who originated and carried it into execution—that of bringing all the nations of the earth into friendly and profitable competition in the arts of civilization, and in their natural productions. It showed the people of the world, the blessings of peaceful industry, the natural wealth and resources of their respective countries, and the inestimable advantages of a fraternal commercial intercommunication between nations widely apart from each other; and was worth a thousand sermons, to prove

that there are far more ennobling pursuits than war and conquest. Another wholesome result, was the tendency to subdue national pride, and enlarge the narrow views of those who are apt to consider their own country as the very center of refinement, wealth, and knowledge: all others being mere "outer barbarians."

We have often brought before our mind's eye, the impersonation of the different nations as they came represented at the World's Fair. First, John Bull, as projector and giver of the entertainment, feels quite at home; and is resolved on doing the honors of his fine house handsomely. He is altogether at ease, and feels no misgivings about his rank or personal appearance, for he knows these are well established, that his house is elegant and well furnished, and he most patronizingly tries to make his guests feel at home in the magnificent apartments assigned them. France comes in courtesying and smiling, flaunting in rich silken robes, and bedecked with all sorts of luxurious finery, the whole sparkling with exquisitely wrought jewelry, while her retinue comes laden with every thing that can please the eye or gratify the palate. She meets John's courtesy with a sort of condescending politeness, which seems to say, "I come to oblige you, cousin, for you know, after all, your show would be nothing without me." John knows her foible, and hands her to her place; when in comes the great Northern Bear. He has wrapped his tall person in rich furs from Siberia, handed some boxes of diamonds to his attendants, which he knows are worth the price of kingdoms, told his servants to put up a few nick-nacks and some goodly samples of useful articles, and then stalked into the company with the air of a genuine aristocrat, which said as plainly as manner could say, "I ask no favors, and accept no insult." Austria came close on the heels of her patron, looking immensely exclusive, and trying to make all the world believe she was not a whit behind the "Russ" himself in importance; nor the best of them in refinement. Then came the Grand Turk, with his turban and his effeminate-looking face. He despises the "Giaours," every unbelieving dog of them, but then they are his neighbors, and rich neighbors some-

times get troublesome and overbearing. It is as well to let them see he is somebody, so here goes for a bushel of diamonds, and whatever else may convince them of his greatness. Then came John's northern relatives. They do not try to make any great display, but they look healthy and intellectual, and do not disgrace themselves or the company they are in. There is also a family of German cousins—they make no great talk of broad acres, but they are an ingenious race, and make a very good appearance. South America modestly exhibited her treasures. The far-off Isles of the Sea come next, timidly presenting their unique offerings. Africa put on a scanty garment of cotton, and after painting her face in bright colors, she hung some broad pieces of gold about her neck, took some samples of ivory and some coffee-berries in her hands, and after throwing down a bundle of various skins, she seated herself on them, much amused at the spectacle.

John Chinaman came in, squinting and simpering, never doubting that with his boxes of tea, his old-fashioned silks, his china cups, his feather fans, and his trinketrie, he should make an immense sensation. But he stands in utter bewilderment among the outlandish barbarians, astonished at all he sees, and vainly wondering how the descendants of Confucious, and the children of the Celestial Empire, can be so outwitted.

Lastly, in comes Jonathan and his boys, for his old father respects him though he did kick and cuff him when a boy, and wanted to take away his wages when he first started for himself. Jonathan was attired in a fine suit of excellent homespun, bearing himself erect, like a sturdy, independent yeoman, fully conscious of his broad acres and his well-filled and ample storehouses. So, familiarly shaking hands with his respected father, and making a sort of swaggering bow all round, he told the boys to "unpack their traps;" but as they proceeded to do so, there was a general smile, some laughed outright in his face, for out rolled barrels of flour, hams, samples of wood, great pieces of ores, uncouth wooden frames, all sorts of outlandish-looking machinery, carriages and harness, India-rubber balls, stoves, furnaces

iron bridges, fire-arms, wooden legs, tools of various kinds, huge locks, iron safes, and many things befitting a country farmer. An audible laugh ran through the house. "The conceited booby," said one; "I wonder what sent the backwoodsman here," said another, and even John Bull began to think Jonathan was making a fool of himself, now he had got into good company. Presently, however, one of the boys took out a magnificent service of plate, presented to E. K. Collins, Esq. It was finely wrought of pure California gold, and excited great admiration. Then some statuary, which could not but please the most fastidious, then several articles displaying both science and skill. But altogether, Jonathan's apartment looked rather meager in its appointments, when surrounded by so much wealth and glitter.

Many a cutting gibe was uttered at his expense, and the boys grew fidgety, and mortified, and fretful, fairly wishing themselves at home, and that they had never heard of the "pesky" thing. Jonathan looked on, and philosophized as one may who knows his broad lands are his own, and paid for, and his barns bursting with abundance, besides, he had good reason to know that every soul present was glad to share his substantial hospitality. So he looked unconcerned, and told the boys to "Let those laugh most who win last," we would show them a thing or two in time. At length he began to set his machinery in motion; the people were astonished; he took medal after medal, prize after prize, until he had full forty in his pockets.* People began to treat the backwoodsman with respect; crowds came to inspect his things, and the American began to be a lion. Jonathan's eyes twinkled; there was a look of quiet humor on his face; he had another "trick" to show the people yet. On the 21st of August the "cup of all nations" was offered, to be sailed for by every species of craft in the world. John Bull felt no concern, he never dreamed any body could excel him in speed on his own element. He had long ago proclaimed himself "lord of the high seas," and he expected

* Those who feel curious as to the American part of the London Exhibition, will find a splendid illustration of American superiority at the World's Fair, at Mr. C. Maggi's, 7 Nassau Street, New York.

the whole world to look on and applaud. But Jonathan quietly sent some of his lads with a little craft they had built, to take her station with the competitors. For the first time he felt a little nervous, for, like his father, he is proud of his naval skill, and great and illustrious was the assembly to witness the performance. But the little vessel rather flew than sailed over the waters, fairly outstripping the fleetest of them, and took the prize from them all. Old John was fairly astonished, but he bore his defeat like a hero, and shaking Jonathan by the hand, wished him joy of his success. Jonathan, for the first time, laughed outright; he felt like a man with the best of them. "Now boys," said he, "you may build a palace of your own. We have shown them a sample of Yankee notions, but since you have set your heart on this finery, bring it along. I know what you undertake will be done." And the boys are at it in earnest, so that we expect to wake up some fine morning and see a glorious crystal dome flashing and sparkling in the early sunbeams. Arrangements are already making, on an extensive plan, for the exhibition of foreign articles, and we feel assured that our own productions will do honor to the country.

Nothing is less sincere than our manner of asking and of giving advice. He who asks advice would seem to have a respectful deference for the opinion of his friend; while yet he only aims at getting his own approved of, and making that friend responsible for his conduct. On the other hand, he who gives advice repays the confidence supposed to be placed in him by a seemingly disinterested zeal, while he seldom means more than his own interest or reputation.

When great men suffer themselves to be subdued by the length of misfortune, they discover that the strength of their ambition, not of their understanding, was that which supported them. They discover, too, that heroes, allowing for a little vanity, are just like other men.

STANZAS FOR THE NEW YEAR.

BY MRS. S. M. COMBES.

WHAT change hath wrought another year,
  How still and fleet the moments roll,
That bear us on in their career,
  To life's unseen, uncertain goal:
The gay saloon, the festive hall,
  The scanty board that want hath spread,
The jovial song, the funeral pall,
  Have varied it with light and shade

Another year! I hear the knell
  Sound from some neighboring hamlet's chime,
It strikes the sense, it breaks the spell,
  That binds the soul to things of time:
The friends whose smiles illumed our way,
  The loved who lent their radiance there,
Like morning dew-drops passed away,
  And rent our fondest hopes in air.

Another year! Thy magic skill
  Hath lent the glow to beauty's eye,
And caused the unwary breast to thrill,
  Or wakened there the deep-drawn sigh:
Thy gentler beams have shed their light,
  Where love and hope their charms have blended,
And oft again thy sudden blight
  Hath love and hope alike suspended.

And onward still each coming year
  Its joys and sorrows shall restore,
Though man may "airy castles" rear,
  Or anxious wait the golden shower:
Each morning's dawn, each setting sun,
  Shall prove his expectation vain;
The world its busy course will run,
  And "what hath been shall be again."

IT is a common fault to be never satisfied with our fortune, nor dissatisfied with our understanding.

OLD YEAR REALITIES AND NEW YEAR ANTICIPATIONS.

BY MRS. JOSEPH. H. HANAFORD.

Though at times my spirit fails me,
And the bitter tear-drops fall,
Though my lot is hard and lonely,
Yet I hope—I hope through all.—MRS. NORTON.

Hope on—hope ever!—by the sudden springing
Of green leaves which the winter hid so long;
And by the burst of free, triumphant singing,
After cold, silent months the woods among;
And by the rending of the frozen chains,
Which bound the glorious river of the plains,
Hope on—hope ever.—MRS. HEMANS.

"ARE all things ready for to-morrow?" asked the tenant of a lordly mansion of her housekeeper.

"Yes, Mrs. Athearn," answered the person addressed, a portly, well-dressed matron, who bore the honors and responsibilities of her station with becoming dignity and professional fidelity; "all that you have requested is prepared. The cake is in the closet, ready for cutting; the wine is marked, and ready to be brought from the cellar; those grapes have arrived, and the flowers from the conservatory are already arranged, and will keep fresh enough till to-morrow. Is there any thing, which you have not mentioned, that you would like? we have yet time to attend your pleasure."

"Nothing more, Marston," was the reply, in languid tones, and the housekeeper left the room, and its wealthy occupant.

The brightly blazing anthracite rendered the room as warm as the sweet, sunny days of spring, while the ample arrangements for ventilation permitted no unhealthiness of atmosphere. The solar lamp shed a soft light around on the richly-carved and stuffed chairs, sofa, and other furniture of the room. A piano, open, and with music-sheets scattered upon it, occupied a convenient place. Books, with costly binding, gleaming in crimson and gilt, were strewed upon the center-table. The mantel ornaments and candelabra were superb. Rare and beautiful specimens of painting and sculpture filled

their appropriate niches, and a few exotics from the conservatory bloomed in beauty beside them.

Mary Athearn, the dweller amid such splendor, was seated on a low ottoman near the fire. She was attired in the most fashionable style, and the richness of her velvet dress, and the flashing gems she wore, were in perfect keeping with the apartment in which she sat, or rather crouched, for her head was bent forward, and leaned upon the arm of a large rocking-chair, which stood before the fire.

Mrs. Athearn's face bore the traces of beauty, but she was pale, and her whole expression at this time was of sadness, and a yearning for something as yet unpossessed, though wealth sufficient for many, many wants was all about her.

"Must we have wine to-morrow?" she murmured. Her beautiful pet spaniel, hearing her voice, arose from his place upon the soft rug, and walking gently toward her, placed his head upon her lap.

"Marco," said Mrs. Athearn, "are you my only friend to-night? Oh, that my husband loved me as you do! Oh, that he loved me half as well as he loves the wine-cup! If he knew how I loved him still, though he neglects me so much, would he not be here to-night, Marco? You are only a dog, Marco," and she patted his head affectionately, "but you love those that love you. Alas! that another New Year's Eve should come, and find my Alfred still at the club-room. I suffered last New Year's, but, oh, it is worse now! for then I had the hope that when our little one was older he would love home better, and stay with me more, and now I find he is no different, and I have no more to hope."

She bowed her head still lower, and the torrent of her tears attested that however the servants in that princely abode might enjoy their New Year's Eve, its mistress was indeed unhappy. High station, and wealthy surroundings, are not antidotes for sorrow, else would Mary Athearn never have known suffering, for these, from her birth, had been shared by her.

She wept bitterly for a season, and then arising, as if from some sudden impulse, she took a small silver lamp in her hand, and proceeded to the chamber where slept her only

child. Soon she was bending over the sleeping infant. Its round limbs and rosy cheeks seemed to speak of health, and the fond mother felt no pang of fear lest it might not be spared to her; she thought only of her greatest sorrow, and softly whispered,

"Oh, Eva! sweet Eva! would that your father loved you as I do!" The little girl smiled in her sleep, and her mother hailed the omen with delight. "Perhaps he will yet be restored to me. I will still trust in God, and in the mean time strive to fulfill my own duty. Perhaps it was for my spiritual good that I was thus tried, for I might never have sought Him in truth, if earth had been a path of roses always. In the ball-room, at the concert and opera, and theater, I forgot God; but here at home, alone, the neglect of my intemperate husband has been the means of leading me to reflect on my course, and seek the true riches. I trust I am no longer a butterfly of fashion, and, oh, Father! restore my husband!"

She sank upon her knees there by the bedside of her cherished child, and besought, as she had often done before, the reformation of her husband. For her child's sake, as well as her own, she desired it, that they might train her together for heaven. She did not need his reformation that he might be more successful in business, for wealth enough was theirs already, but she asked it no less earnestly. True prayer always leads to the performance of duty, and as she rose with more spirit-calmness, she began to reflect upon the scenes of the past day, with the question, whether every duty had been accomplished. Suddenly a thought flashed across her mind—Did not God, the Great Father, send it?

She descended to the parlor, after imprinting a fond kiss upon the cheek of her sleeping babe, and rang the bell. A servant appeared.

"Bring my cloak and hat. I wish to go out. And ask Marston to prepare to attend me with a basket of provisions. John may accompany us to carry it, and a lantern."

The servant was surprised at such unusual orders from his mistress, who seldom ventured forth in the evening without her husband. He knew not that, in the bustle of preparation for New Year's Day, she had omitted attending to the

wants of a poor family, of whom she had only on that day heard. Partly as a kind of penance for her neglect of duty, and partly from a wish to pass away the evening hours more pleasantly than when sitting in her splendid parlor, brooding over her sorrows, she resolved to go herself. While the servant is performing her bidding, let us go before her.

The humble dwelling which we will now enter, bears no resemblance to the stately edifice of the Athearns. Poverty seems stamped upon this, as wealth seemed written legibly on that. Ascending the creaking stairs, we enter a low, and not very large room, where sits a woman of nearly the same age as Mrs. Athearn—not more than thirty—sewing as if her life depended upon the rapid motion of her needle. A few articles of furniture about her speak of "better days," but every thing, even to the lean cat far in upon the scarcely warm hearth, now tell in trumpet-tones of want, and privation, and misery. The broken window, with old clothes placed in the aperture to keep out, if possible, the fierce blast, is a great contrast to the windows at Mrs. Athearn's home, where the rich folds of damask curtains permit no rough breeze to enter. The worn chairs and table speak of long and hard usage. In one corner of the room is the bedstead of the parents, and the trundle-bed of the two children, who were sent to bed, an hour ago, because they cried with the cold. Every thing which the tender heart of the mother could suggest and her slender means allow, was done for their comfort, but she had no more wood, nor money to buy any, and her intemperate husband none would trust. One little child, the youngest, cried for food, and the first-born hushed him, saying, "Mother has given us all she had, and she has eaten nothing herself since morning."

Oh, ye who have "enough and to spare," remember that this is, alas! no fancy sketch—would that it were! But around your own doors, perchance, are those whose children have begged for bread to-night, and the mother, who loved them as dearly as you love yours, wealthy parent, could give them none. Oh, give of your abundance! Seek them out! The daughters of poverty, but not of shame, they are, and your sisters still. Then make the New Year glad to them,

and go, as Mrs. Athearn did, even in the face of winter's cold and piercing blast, if you would share her joy.

But I anticipate. Behold the poor woman once more. Her last stick is upon the fire. She must burn it, or her fingers will be so benumbed that she can not sew, and finish the piece of work in her hands, which is to bring the bread for those dear children on the morrow. At last it is finished. The weary fingers cease their motion; the last portion of wood flickers upon the hearth; the lamp burns dimly, and the aspect of all around is dreary and sad.

Hark! the mother listens. Perhaps she hears her husband's footsteps, and, oh, that he may be sober enough not to treat her with unkindness! Harsh words she often has from him, but blows are *so* dreadful. It is not his step, and she kneels to ask, with Mrs. Athearn, the reformation of her husband. And she has yet more to ask for. She knows what it is to pray, "Give us this day our daily bread," for she knows what it is to be without the means of obtaining food for the coming day. A few short years before, and youth and beauty was her portion as well as that of Mrs. Athearn; but while Mary Athearn had been from childhood surrounded by wealth, Lucy Elwood had been obliged early in life to earn her own living. But never till the present time had she been so sadly without the means of livelihood. An intemperate husband and a home of poverty were with her synonymous. The fair prospects of her youth were early clouded, and the dark cloud was that of intemperance. For a while she had a happy home, but ere long she found that the "worm of the still" was gnawing at the root of domestic peace and felicity.

Footsteps approach. A tap at her door, and as she opens it, she perceives relief is at hand. Mrs. Athearn and her attendants entered. The basket of provisions is soon opened, and the famishing mother requested to partake freely. She hesitates, with maternal anxiety, fearing to rob her children, but ere long Mrs. Athearn came in full possession of her story, and she was urged to satisfy the demands of her own hunger, and fear not for her children.

"I have 'enough and to spare,'" said Mrs. Athearn, "and

you shall never suffer again for food if I can prevent it. I will furnish you with work, and you shall be paid punctually, for I make it a point to pay all who work for me immediately, knowing that a dollar to them may be of more value than a hundred to me, and they can not well wait for it."

The servant, John, was then dispatched to the nearest proper place, in order to purchase some fuel. Tears of gratitude course down the pale, attenuated cheeks of the sorrowing mother, and the lamp of hope is relighted in that lowly habitation, as Mrs. Athearn promises to find employment for the husband if he will be temperate. Mrs. Athearn's heart ached, as she required temperance of Mr. Elwood ere she would provide him with work, for she knew that her own husband could not get employment upon such terms at present; and though he drank wine and brandy, instead of rum and whisky, his condition afterward was no higher or more desirable than that of the less wealthy inebriate.

The old housekeeper aided Mrs. Elwood in preparing a pleasant fire, and comfortable meal for herself and children, who had been aroused from their slumbers by the voices of the charitable visitors, and soon nothing was wanting to make the poor mother's heart happy but the presence of her husband in sobriety and kindness. The Old Year had been one of painful realities. The New Year was about to dawn with brighter anticipations. A familiar footstep caused the mother and children to start, and gaze toward the door of the humble apartment, with mingled emotions of hope and dread. Was the husband and father coming to disturb them with the freaks of drunkenness? His step was firmer than usual. There was no sound of ribald song and silly jest. *Could* he be sober? It was almost too much for the exhausted mother to hope, and suspense was soon at an end, as Mr. Elwood entered, and courteously addressed the inmates of the room. He was sober, and when sober, always polite and kind. Intemperance was his misfortune rather more than his fault. The overtasked system of the hard-working and suffering mother could not endure such an unusual occurrence, without evincing the shock which such a sudden transition from despair to hope had caused. Her husband had

hardly time to reach her, ere she fell, fainting, to the floor. Restoratives were immediately applied, but the most powerful of all was the husband's words, "Lucy, dear Lucy, *I have signed the Pledge.*"

"Thank God! thank God!" were the first exclamations of the now happy wife. She had not needed or desired wealth to make her happy. Her husband's restoration to the path of virtue was enough, and the cup of her joy seemed full. Husband and wife mingled their tears together over the past, and together now indulged in brighter hopes for the future.

It can not be supposed that Mrs. Athearn, young, handsome, rich, and talented, could look upon all this unmoved, for, however much of those blessings she possessed, she, too, had need of Mrs. Elwood's consolation. Her tears, and those of her kind-hearted housekeeper, attested their sincerity, as they thus sympathized with the reunited family. With the true delicacy of a Christian woman, Mrs. Athearn felt that she and her attendants should remain no longer, and they departed; but all along their homeward pathway, but one subject rested on her mind, and that called forth the frequent mental exclamation, "'What God hath joined together,' intoxicating liquors ought not 'to put asunder!'"

It was almost midnight when they arrived at their own residence, but as Mrs. Athearn knew her husband seldom inquired how she occupied herself in his absence, and she could scarcely hope, either, to find him at home, she did not fear a chiding for being abroad at such a late hour.

Mrs. Athearn noticed a light in her child's chamber, and wondering at the unusual circumstance, immediately proceeded thither. The door was slightly open. A low murmuring, as of the voice of prayer, reached her ears. How her heart throbbed at such an unwonted sound, and a thrill of unutterable joy pervaded her whole being as she softly pushed open the door, and beheld her husband, so long lost to virtue and duty, upon his knees by the bedside of his *child.* The young wife stood speechless. He paused in his prayer, and bowed his head in silence on the pillow of his infant daughter. His wife felt, though she could not see,

that he was weeping, and tears flowed down her own cheeks; but they were tears of joy. For a season no sound was heard in that chamber of emotion, and then that emotion became uncontrollable, and Mrs. Athearn's sobs informed her husband of her presence. He advanced toward her.

"Mary," said he, "we will be happy together once more. I have signed the Pledge."

"Oh, how thankful I am?" exclaimed Mrs. Athearn. "I can now understand the feelings of the poor woman I have been visiting," added she, after a short pause; "her husband signed the Pledge to-night, and she was *so* happy, but not happier than I am, I think."

"What was her name?" inquired Mr. Athearn.

"Elwood," was the reply.

"Elwood! A tall, black whiskered man about thirty?"

"Yes."

"Why, he was the very man who rose, and related his experience first as a moderate drinker, and then as a common drunkard, in the temperance meeting which curiosity, or the hand of God, led me to attend this evening, as I was on my way to my Club. He told so sad a story of his wife and children, and pictured his wife's patience, and forbearance, and love for him, even in his worst moments, that my hard heart was touched. I thought of my own gentle wife. I knew she was not suffering as his wife was for the necessaries of life, but you suffered in mind from my neglect and unworthiness. My gentle Mary! how I have caused you to suffer!"

"Say no more, Alfred; all is forgiven. But how did you know that the speaker was Elwood?"

"Why, after his narration of his sad experience he complied with a previous invitation, and signed his name to the Pledge, saying, as he did so, 'I will sign my name, and it will be the best New Year's present I can make to my wife.' I followed him and wrote my name under his, thinking of the joy my dear wife would have."

"Oh, yes, how happy I am now!" exclaimed Mrs. Athearn. "As long as I live I shall feel grateful to Mr. Elwood, as the instrument by whom you were led to give me such joy."

"And all that time my wife was giving joy to Elwood's family," remarked her husband; "I am glad it was so."

On the following morning, Mr. Athearn himself called on Mr. Elwood, and offered him employment, which was thankfully accepted. At his return he found the New Year's table spread, as usual, but his joyful wife whispered to him, as he entered, "I have not placed any wine upon the tables."

"That is right," replied he; "I wish no intoxicating liquors of any kind upon my table henceforth."

"But do you not think our callers will be surprised?"

"I presume so, and for that reason I shall remain with you until some of them have been informed of the cause."

Mrs. Athearn smiled her thanks, and but a short time elapsed ere one of Mr. Athearn's boon companions entered, and after the usual compliments, seeing no wines, ventured to ask after an exhilarating draught.

"I shall never permit alcoholic mixtures upon my board again, Williams. I have signed the temperance pledge," was the calm and noble reply of Mr. Athearn. His friend bit his lip in silence, for politeness would not allow him to offer the bitter retort which arose in his mind, and Mr. Athearn proceeded to narrate, in words most eloquent, the excellent reasons which led to such a blessed result. His wife stood near attesting her sympathy by the fast-flowing, though-unbidden, tears. Gradually the visitors present had drawn toward him, till he had quite an audience, and his words were far from falling powerless upon their ears. Mr. Williams had a wife at home who had too often suffered as the inebriate's wife alone can suffer, and his heart was touched by Mr. Athearn's words, till at the close of his remarks, Mr. Williams exclaimed:

"Hand me a pledge, Athearn, and I will sign it, too, and go home and tell my wife of it."

"So will I!" "So will I!" echoed several others. With heartfelt joy, Mrs. Athearn prepared the pledge, and soon the signatures of every man in the room were appended, and they departed to make glad the hearts of their families.

That was, indeed, a pleasant and profitable New Year's Day, and not one of those who then signed the noble Tem-

perance Pledge ever failed to keep it. Elwood was faithful also, and to both rich and poor the blessings of temperance proved alike acceptable.

Reader, have you signed a similar Pledge? If not, why not imitate Athearn and Elwood, and perhaps you will make some heart joyful, and change the Old Year sad realities into New Year's bright anticipations, which coming seasons shall see happily realized.

A WINTRY LANDSCAPE.

BY MRS. L. G. ABELL.

The lofty pines look down with scorn
  Upon the leafless trees,
And wave their plumes amid the storm
  As they shiver in the breeze.
They feel, themselves, no cold or snow,
  In vestments warm and green,
But the bare old trees in the vale below
  Are *pierced* by blasts so keen.

Their song of mirth is loud and clear
  As the winds through their branches hie,
They care not for stifled sob or tear,
  Nor the poor tree's wailing cry.
The storm to the pine brings a thrill of delight,
  But the old tree's shattered door
Rattles and howls through the live-long night
  To represent the poor!

Borne with the weight of sorrow down,
  A freezing load they bear,
Or else imploringly around
  They gaze in mute despair!
How full of teachings Nature's Book!
  Then let us read and learn
What God unfolds in every look,
  And thus His will discern.

THE FLORAL FESTIVAL.

BY MRS. P. W. LATHAM.

With a Colored Steel Engraving.

THE DAHLIA.

"The beauty which leaves not behind
Some lasting charm, some loveliness of mind;
Some perfume of the soul, which will live on,
When grace of form and rainbow hues are gone,
May for a day our admiration move—
May please our fancy, but not gain our love."

We come now to speak of Rosalie Danvers and Delia Mansfield, or, as we usually called them, the Rose and Dahlia. As children, there was a strong intimacy between them: both gave promise of exceeding beauty, and both had a nice perception of elegance, which might first have drawn them to each other, for after the particulars mentioned, there was no further resemblance. Yet, as children do not commonly question very deeply of the characters they happen to fancy, they were very fond of each other, although, as they grew to womanhood, there was a marked dissimilarity of character, full as much so as the maternal influence under which they grew up was unlike. Perhaps this difference of character could not be better expressed than by saying, that with Rosalie, when any measure was proposed, the first question to be considered was, "Is it right?" With Delia, "Is it fashionable?" The solution of these questions often led to results differing more widely in their character than either realized at the time, since one, under the dominion of popular opinion, often seemed to be what the other really was, an amiable and truthful girl. Thus, for instance, when Rosalie called one day to spend some hours with her friend—

"Oh, I am so glad you have come," said Delia, "and now I will just tell Kate to say I am out if any body calls, I have got so much to say to you."

"Suppose you tell her to say you are engaged."

"Oh, that will never do; besides, 'out' is only politely saying the same thing; every body says so."

"My mother does not."

"Oh, your ma is so particular."

So the charge was given, and Rosalie heard, with a flush of shame, friend after friend denied with a ready falsehood.

Rosalie's friendships were not lightly bestowed as she grew to years of discrimination, but when she once became a friend, no change of circumstances lessened her attachment, but on the contrary, sickness and adversity only served to bring out in strong colors her sympathy and firmness. So that often when the Dahlia was attracting admiration in the ball or the crowded drawing-room, Rosalie might have been found, like an angel of mercy, ministering with noiseless step by the bedside of a sick friend, or with cheerful words of hope and consolation, flitting like a welcome sunbeam on the house of sorrow.

Delia was profuse in her professions of love—if it was the fashion—but no sooner did its object step out of the "charmed circle," than, borne on by the whirl of amusement, she forgot, or affected to forget, its very existence.

It is not to be supposed that two young ladies of rare beauty, and fitted by education to adorn any circle, should remain without admirers in plenty; but the dignity and truthfulness of Rosalie's character preserved her alike from coquetry and trifling. She did not, from motives of pretended delicacy, lead her lovers to make a declaration, and then affect surprise and scorn; but by the gentleness and frankness of her manners, spared the feelings of those she could not encourage.

I wish I could say as much for the Dahlia, for, if truth must be told, she loved the *eclat* of refusing a good offer, and sometimes played the flirt because she loved to display her power.

"I hope," said Rose, one day, "you are not trifling with Alfred Gray; he seems much attached to you, and believe me, Delia, he is too good to be made a plaything."

"Why, my pretty Rosa, you seem to feel a great solicitude for the happiness of this same Alfred Gray!"

"Indeed I do, Delia; you know from my early childhood he has been to me a brother; and I know how good and how sensitive his heart is."

"Well, and suppose I do amuse myself with him; men's hearts are not so easily broken, and all for love; and besides, are you not doing the same thing by Charles Imlay? Is he not always hovering about you; and do you not smile upon him, and listen to his conversation; and does he not lend you books, and send you bouquets? Take care, my romantic preacher, for surely you could never think of marrying a poor young man, with only a clerk's salary, and a mother to maintain at that; and one would think, to see her in the street, and leaning on Charles's arm, she was the greatest lady in the land."

"I do not believe Charles thinks about marrying at all, in his present circumstances," said Rosalie, "but to tell you a little secret, friend of mine, that very attachment and care Charles bestows on his mother, would be more to me than mountains of gold with a frivolous character. He is proud of his mother; I honor him for it, for she deserves every thing from him."

"Oh, you are so romantic," said Delia, "'but love flies out of the window when poverty comes into the door,' my mother says, and for me, I like to avenge the wrongs of broken-hearted damsels, and make some of the 'lords' feel what they are said to inflict. I must confess I have little faith in broken hearts."

How could she—she, whose life had been that of a summer butterfly—flattered, indulged, idolized? What did she comprehend of outraged affection, or blighted hopes?

"Take care," repeated Rosa, "that you do not victimize Alfred Gray."

This was said half playfully half sadly, for Rose knew her friend Alfred's feelings were deeply interested, and that he had received much encouragement from Delia; that they walked, rode, and sung together, and she doubted if Delia was in earnest, or whether she was capable of appreciating such a heart as was bestowed upon her.

Not so with Alfred he offered the sincere homage of an

earnest, truthful spirit, and like many a young man before him, he could not believe so beautiful a shrine could contain aught unlovely. He possessed great personal advantages, was high-souled and intellectual, and last, though by no means least in Delia's estimation, he was the heir of considerable wealth. It is not strange, then, that he was regarded with favor, and fancied his love returned with equal sincerity, as truthful and fervent as his own.

Time flew on rainbow pinions. Alfred was the accepted and acknowledged lover of the Dahlia, and no long period was to intervene before their union. The appointed day of the Floral Festival was near, and many of our young people were busy in their preparations. Alfred had called several times, and had been told that Delia was from home, which gave him no great surprise, for he knew she was to play a conspicuous part. On the morning preceding the festival, he called at the house, and, as usual, was told she was from home. He bore the disappointment with good nature, believing she meant to give him a little surprise, but as he retraced his steps, on turning a corner he suddenly encountered a party of gay equestrians, and foremost among them his bride elect, gayly conversing with a fashionable-looking young man, to whom he was a stranger. Delia's quick glance met that of Alfred, but was as quickly averted, seemingly without recognizing him, and pursued her gay badinage with her companion. For the first time a doubt of her integrity flashed upon his mind; but it was too dreadful—it was madness—no, she could not be false and heartless—she would explain all, by-and-by. Still the thought pursued him; reason as he would, he could not feel quite satisfied. But then the evening, that brilliant, long-anticipated festival, would atone for all—and how proud he should be of his graceful partner.

Evening came—but the dashing stranger was still at Delia's side, and again she seemed wholly engrossed. Alfred was restless and unhappy; he hovered around the beautiful flower-queen, for so she looked, and at length found opportunity to whisper a request for a moment's interview. A careless reply struck like ice upon him:

"Am I then to understand I am no longer dear to you—you I so trusted?"

"How teasing you are," said Delia, and immediately taking the arm of the "gay new comer," mingled in the laughing throng.

Rosalie's quick eye had followed her movements, and a flush of indignation dyed cheek and temples with crimson. At the same moment Alfred's hand was laid on her arm with the grasp of a maniac, his face was livid, and his whole demeanor betrayed an agitation he in vain strove to master. The Rose followed where he led, little less agitated than himself, until they stood apart from the company.

"It is all over," he said, hoarsely. "The beautiful deceiver! Who could believe a viper lay concealed within so beautiful a flower? Let her have the poor triumph she seeks, a faithful heart crushed."

Before Rosalie could collect her scattered thoughts for a reply he was gone. She returned to the scene of festivity her eye sought everywhere, but Alfred did not return. She saw the giddy being who had so wounded her friend, flitting here and there in a throng of admirers, she heard the light, silvery laugh, as the sprightly jest and witty rejoinder went from mouth to mouth, while ever near was the new lover; and Rose's heart sickened at the hollow show, and she longed for the hour of separation to arrive, that she might throw off her gay decoration and be alone. She never saw Alfred again.

The next day his mother informed Rosalie he had started on a long journey, and one month after, the newspapers announced the loss of a Southern steamer, and Alfred Gray was among the lost.

And where was she, that heartless girl, at this time? In the midst of preparations for a splendid wedding and bridal tour, she gave herself little time for thought, and if she shed tears over the slighted and lost, it was in the privacy of her own chamber. The future was opening brightly before her—she was intoxicated with flattery—could the Dahlia find time for tears? Yet we will do her lover the justice to acknow

ledge, that he knew not, in bearing away our village belle, he had crushed the hopes of another.

We will now pass over two years in the Dahlia's history, and we see her the mistress of a costly mansion, and surrounded with all the paraphernalia of fashionable life; she has run the round of gay frivolity, but her brow has at times a troubled and thoughtful aspect—one would fancy ten years, rather than two, had left their traces on her face. Her husband is seldom with her; the novelty of her beauty has palled upon him, and he looks in vain for companionship in the woman who has promised to love and honor him for life; he had won the Dahlia, but he sought in vain for the perfume of the Rose. They are together.

"I tell you I can not afford this party, your extravagance has brought me to the verge of bankruptcy."

"Oh, fie, George! how penurious you have grown! Did I not see you yesterday with a roll of bank-bills as large as my arm?"

"But the bills did not cover my pressing obligations."

"But, George, I must give this party. It has been already talked of, and several invitations sent."

"I can not help it; I tell you again I am on the brink of bankruptcy, and we must retrench or we are ruined."

"Do you expect me to do my own housework, and live on beans and cabbage, like the wife of a common mechanic?"

"I wish you would at least live according to our circumstances. I need not remind you that you came to me penniless, nay, I have good reason to believe your parents strained every nerve to keep up appearances until you were married; until you had a husband secure; and now, is it so very unreasonable that you should in some sort conform to your husband's means?"

"How very disagreeable you have become, George."

That evening the Dahlia figured conspicuously at a fashionable *soiree*, but she never returned to her husband's house. It was rumored that a lady, answering her description, embarked in one of our ocean steamers for a Southern port, as the wife of a whiskered foreign-looking gentleman, but little transpired of her history. There was soon after an auction

sale at her husband's house, and "To Let" figured beside the door, but further curiosity was baffled.

And where was the Rose during these eventful years? We shall see.

DERELICT PULPIT.

BY HORACE DRESSER, ESQ.

It has become a matter of serious inquiry with those who have weighed the subject of moral law, why it is that the note of alarm has not been sounded generally from the pulpits in our land—those high places—those watch-towers where are stationed so many sentinels, whose duty it is to guard the public morals and watch over the interests of the soul. This silence certainly is not because there is no occasion to speak out—not because these sentinels have not entered into solemn covenant with the great Captain of salvation, to proclaim the danger when discovered—not because they are ignorant of the fearful inroads of the enemy—not because one law of God is less imperative than another, or because violations of the one are less obnoxious to the penalties imposed by High Heaven, than the violations of another. It certainly is not because there is no warrant *to cry aloud and spare not*—not because there is no guilt in *shunning to declare the whole counsel of God*—nor because a knowledge of the Master's will and non-compliance therewith, bring no condemnation. The commission, the authority with which the pulpit is clothed, is exceeding broad, extending in its obligations through all the various relations and circumstances under which fallen man is found to stand to his neighbor and to God. It demands a proclamation of the *whole* Law in its majesty, with its penalty of death, as well as of the *whole* gospel in its mercy, with its terms of pardon. The same Law which thunders against idolatry and profanity, and Sabbath-breaking, and dishonor of parents, and murder, and theft, and perjury, and covetousness, also

utters its voice with intonations deep and loud and lenghtened, against ADULTERY and all uncleanness. It requires him of the pulpit *to divide equally the word of God.* It reaches to the utmost boundaries between sin and holiness—it encompasses the whole field of moral action. It has to do with the mercy of God not only, but with His inflexible justice.

Let it be asked, then, of the clergy of our land, what answer they will give to the inquiry, and how they will reconcile the course pursued, with their sacred obligations? Will they justify themselves and appease conscience with the stale and insipid objection so frequently urged, that it is a difficult and delicate subject? But are they not competent to the discussion of difficult and delicate subjects? Is their learning so circumscribed and their use of language so limited, that they can not approach this subject?

No special plea of justification of this kind can be received; and their ability to arouse the public conscience and correct the public sentiment so as to overthrow the temples of sensuality, is a point settled—completely established by the testimony of facts in enterprizes of kindred character. Then how can they coolly resolve not to meddle with or mention this great accursed and accursing evil. Their *let-alone* policy has well-nigh brought the popular sentiment to such a condition that it requires a more than Hercules to undertake the labor of purification.

The Augean stables of this vice must be thoroughly cleansed not only, but not even a wreck of them left behind—and how can this be done unless a more healthful current of sentiment shall be made to flow in upon them through the agencies and instrumentalities of the pulpit? There is a moral power in the truths which come from this source capable of prostrating in the dust these mighty structures, which the Spirit of Evil, as if by enchantment, has reared in our midst.

Let the minister of the gospel remember he holds in his hands a great reforming and transforming instrument—the Bible. With this he may go out to meet the uncircumcised foe of Israel, and he shall conquer, if he trust in Israel's God. Armed thus, he need not fear the serried hosts of Philistia, nor the giant armor of the sons of Anak. He has in his

hands a great moral sun-glass: let him concentrate and bring to bear the rays of the glorious Sun of Righteousness on this plague spot of our land—this leprosy of the soul—and it shall kindle a holy fire, which shall cauterize and consume away the unclean thing.

Let it not be supposed that this evil is so small that it requires only a laugh to put it to flight—that the satirist's pen is weapon weighty enough to crush it—nor that it is beneath the gravity and dignity of the pulpit to encounter it—no, not for a moment; for in truth it is one of giant magnitude, striding throughout the land with murderous steps, trampling down the social and domestic altars, and seeking the subversion of civil government and the institutions of our holy religion. And yet the cry is from some, Let it be satirized,—it can be laughed down. But

> ———Leviathan is not so tamed;
> Laughed at, he laughs again; and stricken hard,
> Turns to the stroke his adamantine scales,
> That fear no discipline of human hands.

Alas! what has the satirist done to check vice and correct the morals of a people? Get your answer from the records of ancient Rome. Go to the "eternal city" and mingle in her scenes of licentiousness—sit down and hold communion with her Horace and her Juvenal, and the long list of her worthies of the Augustan age—witness the conduct of her men not only, but of her fabled deities—and then pronounce confidently on the use of means other than the truths of the Bible.

Does the missionary of our day deal in laughter and satire, as he kindles up his watch-fires in the darkness of paganism, and as their light reveals in "darkness visible" the monsters of impurity? Did Paul thus and the other apostles in their day? Did Christ and the prophets thus in their messages to the people? Did Moses thus with the children of Israel?

> The pulpit, therefore, (and I name it filled
> With solemn awe, that bids me well beware
> With what intent I touch that holy thing)—
> The pulpit, (when the satirist has at last,
> Strutting and vaporing in an empty school,

Spent all his force and made no proselyte)—
I say, the pulpit, (in the solemn use
Of its legitimate, peculiar powers,)
Must stand acknowledged, while the world shall stand,
The most important and effectual guard,
Support, and ornament of Virtue's cause.
There stands the messenger of truth: there stands
The legate of the skies! His theme divine,
His office sacred, his credentials clear.
By him the VIOLATED LAW speaks out
Its thunders; and by him, in strains as sweet
As angels use, the Gospel whispers, Peace
He establishes the strong, restores the weak,
Reclaims the wanderer, binds the broken heart,
And, armed himself in panoply complete
Of heavenly temper, furnishes with arms
Bright as his own, and trains, by every rule
Of holy discipline, to glorious war,
The sacramental host of God's elect!
Are ALL such teachers? Would to Heaven all were!

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

"Domestic happiness: thou only bliss
Of Paradise, that has survived the fall."

THE social circle, the conjugal state, was designed by Heaven as an Eden of pure and elevated love, where all the kindly affections might bud and blossom, and bring forth fruit in full maturity. The most valuable social gift God ever gave to man is a *companion;* and the most interesting and momentous step that can be taken in this life, next to that which seals the eternal destiny of the soul, is the *choice of a companion for life;* for then a union is formed that can be sundred only by immortality or death. And it is equally true, that no step of equal moment in life is taken, especially by the young, with so little sound discretion, or cool, deliberate forethought as this; and how many rush to the altar of matrimony as firmly and as unhesitatingly, as if the impulse of love was inspired by unerring reason; but, alas! they reap the bitter fruit of their misguided judgment in domestic unhappiness and conjugal woe.

The conjugal state was designed by our benevolent Creator as a sanctuary of the most elevated social bliss; and if enjoyed in its true light, will prove thus. In order to secure this, the parties should, if possible, become *personally* acquainted with each other; the character and accomplishments should then be carefully studied, and they should be such as to insure both respect and attachment; there should also be equality in the situation and rank of both, and a similarity of disposition and habits, and their love should be based upon the purest principles; then, to be truly happy in the married relation, it is desirable that the parties be truly religious. If such qualifications are secured, a union so formed may be sanctioned by the Almighty, and can not fail to result in domestic happiness and conjugal felicity; and as they travel on in the relations of husband and wife, whether in prosperity or adversity, the sorrows of life will be sweetened by the knowledge of their mutual love and forbearance toward each other, and their readiness to comply with each other's tastes and feelings; and if for a moment a cloud arises to darken the sunshine of their pathway, how quickly the smile of love dispels it. That true, kindred, spontaneous sympathy exists between them which constitutes the true bond of such a union, and without which none can be truly happy. The love they bare for each other strengthens them in the path of duty, however difficult to perform, and their trials and afflictions, if such they have, are sanctified to them through the religion of Jesus. Daily do they thank God for the blessings which surround them, and ask a continuance of *their* prosperity and happiness, and the prosperity and happiness of their fellow-creatures around them. Thus they live, happy in life, and happy in the anticipation of higher and more exalted joys in the better world.

In the domestic circle, in every relation, there ought to exist the sweetest ties of love and friendship. In the several relations of parents and children, brothers and sisters, what is more beautiful than sincere affection and filial love. In the circle where *this* and religion are combined, it is indeed an Eden of enjoyment, a little paradise below.

MEMORIES OF CHILDHOOD.

BY MRS. R. M. CONKLIN.

Oh, the lovely spot where my childhood passed,
By the sunny Hudson's shore,
Where the sun-kissed waves were gliding fast,
Or rushed at the storm king's roar:
And the hickory tree beneath the hill,
Where I in youth's spring-time played—
Watched the sunny gleams on the sparkling rill,
Or slumbered beneath the shade.

Oh, the hours flew gently o'er my head,
As I echoed the wild birds' strain;
No friend I had loved lay with the dead,
And life's path crossed a flowery plain:
Where the only sorrow I ever knew
Was a cloudy summer's day,
Or the rain, though gentle as evening dew,
Made the grass too wet to play.

Or when winter came, with no freezing kiss
But with spring-like weepings weak,
And the Ice-king's breath was warm with the kiss
He had stolen from Autumn's cheek;
And the snow had hidden its feather flakes
'Neath some sullen rain-faced cloud,
And the watery wind, with his ague quakes,
Passed mournful, or thundered loud.

When our house-dog trembled before the blast,
And whined for in-door relief,
And my drooping birds went shivering past,
Then my young heart throbbed with grief.
But the ice came thick, and the snow-heaps high,
And Tray bounds aloft with joy:
As I catch the gleam from his faithful eye,
My pleasure has no alloy.

I am older now, but youth's pleasures are,
Of all pleasures, the dearest still,
And often when slumber hides each care,
I'm a child on the steep green hill.

Long years of joy, with a few of pain,
Have passed, while afar I roam;
But, oh. I would feign be a child again,
In my humble Hudson home!

THE MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

BY N. W.

"My mother's voice—how often creeps
Its cadence on my lonely hours;
Like healing sent on wings of sleep,
Or dew, to the unconscious flowers."

My mother's voice! how many, how varied the emotions that swell the bosom, as through "memory's mystic cell," the voice of a mother comes over us with all its tender, thrilling sweetness; though years, perchance, may have passed since we last heard its loved tones—her spirit may have gone to receive the reward of her labors, while yon distant church-yard contains her (to us) dear clay, and the rose-tree, which affection planted above the place of her long rest, blooms all unconsciously, sending forth a sweet perfume, emblematical of the influence of the quiet slumberer. The breeze waves the tall grass above the sacred mound; Time's relentless hand has effaced the marks of her footsteps, but her influence still lives on, continually budding and blossoming anew, and none may know the extent of that influence until the book of the recording angel shall be opened, and there all pure and true, stands the records of those warning words, those sighs and tears, and the prayers that in the stillness of her closet ascended for her loved child.

My mother! sacred name—how often has it cheered the lone wanderer in foreign lands, the exile and homeless, wherever they may be—on the ocean's rolling billow, or on the missionary fields, teaching the Word of Life to the heathen, and instructing them to look forward to an immortality beyond the grave. Yes, even the strong man, armed

with the assurances of the gospel, recalls to mind, with consoling tenderness, the words of a mother, in that distant home beyond the wave, where he first felt that to live for others was a holy mission. At such times that mother's counsels strengthen him, and he feels and owns her happy influence. And may we not cherish the fond belief, that a mother's influence may penetrate the dark cells of the dungeon, and that even beneath the hardened visage and rough exterior of the man of crimes, warmly beats a heart, at times, not only with conviction, but with awakened feelings of truth and virtue, as his imagination wanders back to the scenes of his early childhood, and fancy, still true, pictures that home in all its summer beauty; the cottage on the green lawn, the woodbine that so lovingly twined about the door, the happy song of birds, the soft and lulling murmur of the rivulet—all with vivid distinctness come up before his mind's eye; those hours of innocent childhood, when a fond mother taught his infantile lips to whisper "My father," and with her soft hand gently laid upon that fair young brow, knelt by his side, and offered up an earnest prayer to Him who heard the prayer of faith, for her loved son, her darling boy. Oh, how the strong man trembles as these reflections pass through his mind, and the man of many years, whose hand has committed crimes of the darkest dye, weeps! yes, tears course down those sun-browned and scarred cheeks; and who shall say that a mother's influence had not saved her son?

What an incentive to action has the mother—she who has immortal minds committed to her charge! It is a holy trust and a pleasing task to train the plant and watch the tender bud unfold its petals, and to see it expand in goodness and virtue. And how elevated must be the happiness of the mother, when, with the angels around the throne of Him who said, "Let little children come unto me," she receives a crown of glory, and there meets the happy spirits of those she loved on earth, and they shall point and say, Behold my mother; she led me to the fountain of holiness, and blessed be her name.

Morning Song.

H.

1. Now, while the ear - ly dawn } Ra - diant and bright;
Smiles o'er the dew - y lawn, }

While all the wood-land throng Their tune - ful notes pro-long,

Ris - es my morn - ing song With true de - light.

2. Oh for a heart to love,
Pure as the saints above
In their bright spheres;
Where they in bliss remain,
With the seraphic train,
And in full glory reign
Through endless years.

3. Spirit of holiness,
Visit our lowliness,—
On earth descend:
So shall the Gospel sun,
Whose race hath just begun,
Its glorious circuit run
Till time shall end.

THE YOUNG BRIDE.

Rose

THE YOUNG BRIDE.

With a Steel Engraving.

"I WONDER why Emeline is so sad to-night? One would suppose that on the evening immediately preceding her bridal she would be happy, if ever." Thus soliloquized Mrs. Pemberton, as Emeline Borton passed through the parlor, where she sat reading. As the reader has already inferred, the day succeeding the one on which our narrative opens was to witness the union of Emeline with one to whom her heart's best affections had long been given; that one was Cyrus Bordale.

At an early age Emeline was left an orphan. On the settlement of her father's estate it was found that there was scarcely enough remaining to bestow upon his only child the rudiments of an English education. A maternal uncle had kindly offered her a home, and as she was ever treated with uniform kindness and the most affectionate regard, she felt less keenly her loss than she would have done had it been otherwise. But though uncle, aunt, and cousins were as kind as heart could wish, and though after a few years' attendance at the district school she was regarded as having more than ordinary accomplishments, yet she possessed a mind that grasped after still more lofty attainments. She early learned that true greatness consisted more in moral and mental worth than in the possession of wealth, and though she was unfortunately denied the means of defraying the expenses of an academical education, yet she determined that this should not form an insuperable barrier to her ascending the rugged hill of science. Not a moment of her leisure time was allowed to pass unemployed; but while others were seeking enjoyment from other sources, she found hers, in poring over some volume from which useful knowledge could be derived. At the age of sixteen she saw an offer of one hundred dollars, by the publisher of a popular magazine, for the best essay on female education, and

not without many misgivings, it is true, but with a determination to do her best, succeed or fail, she set about the task, and though there were many competitors, she succeeded, not only to win the prize, but to command the admiration and spontaneous encomiums of all who read her production. Her name was not given to the public, and this fact we have mentioned, lest any should come to the absurd conclusion that becoming modesty, and firm fortitude and self-reliance, are uncongenial. Now were the means placed in her hands to gratify her long-cherished desire—to avail herself of the benefits of the female seminary, which was of no mean celebrity, in a neighboring village. Three years she passed in this classic hall, supplying her wants by the profits arising from the productions of her pen, which she employed during the hours that many of her schoolmates devoted to trivial amusements. But her good sense prompted her to take the exercise requisite for her health. Examination-day came, and among many who had toiled hard, and who were deserving of much credit, Emeline bore the palm. There were not a few among the delighted spectators who were deeply interested; but there was one, who, when Emeline came on the stage, kept his eyes fixed on her with the deepest interest, which he could not avoid betraying. And who was he? The reader shall know. In a city far away from the location of this seminary he lived. He was a young man of no mean endowments, and literary accomplishments, and wealth—all that heart could wish—was his. For several months, with the deepest interest, had he perused the articles in one of the most popular periodicals in the country, published in that city, written by our heroine over an assumed signature, but bearing evidence not only of having been written by a female, but one of no ordinary cast of mind. With each succeeding article his interest increased, and he came to the determination to form a personal acquaintance with the authoress, whoever she might be. But how to ascertain her real name and residence were questions more easily propounded than decided. The only plan that to him appeared feasible was to inquire at the publication office of the periodical. It was with difficulty that he

induced the publisher to disclose the secret confided to him by his correspondent; but he finally succeeded, and immediately set off to the seminary, and arrived there on the day of the examination. Our readers have doubtless, ere this, guessed that the personage last introduced was Cyrus Bordale; if so, they need not guess again.

Of her circumstances, so far as poverty or wealth were concerned, he knew nothing; and he had seen too much of the blind adoration paid to wealth, and the unhappy consequences of giving it preference to real worth, to wish to be made a victim to selfishness. And he determined that whoever shared his wealth, should do so, not for *that*, but for *him*.

Accordingly he passed in that village for an itinerant artist, and was attired in indifferent apparel. In his assumed character he obtained an introduction to, and acquaintance with Emeline. If, from perusing the productions of her pen, he had been induced to respect the talents of the author, a personal acquaintance produced in him emotions of a deeper, purer, holier nature. As he sat by her side, and listened to the sublime sentiments that fell from her lips; as with her he walked beneath the moonlight's pale beams; as her fingers swept skillfully over the keys of the piano, and her well-cultivated voice accompanied their music; and above all, as he had evidence that she had given her affections to her Redeemer, he felt that she was, indeed, one with whom it would be no ordinary blessing to journey through the rugged lane of life. The fact (which he learned from her) that she had, by dint of her own perseverance and toil, encountered difficulties of no small moment to achieve what she had, in his view shed a rich luster over her character. He wooed and won her. Months glided by to the boundless ocean of eternity, and the time when Emeline was to leave the friends of her youth was at hand. None but those who have been under the necessity of tearing themselves away from the home and friends of their childhood, can appreciate her feelings. Emotions strange—painful and yet joyful—pervaded her bosom, and tears came unbidden to her eyes, as she reflected that this

was the last night she would remain under the roof of her endeared relatives; that on the morrow she was to go with him, on whose arm she was hitherto to lean, far, far away. No wonder, then, that she looked sad; no wonder that the sadness of her countenance attracted the notice of her affectionate aunt.

The morrow, the memorable morrow, came. The king of day rose in all his loveliness and grandeur, and shed a rich luster over the varied hues of autumn, while the soft September wind gently waved the forest trees. A few among her many friends assembled to witness the ceremony, and to give their parting blessing to the young bride who was now about to leave them, perhaps forever. The sun was sinking behind the western hills, and threw lengthened shadows across the landscape, as Mr. and Mrs. Bordale stepped into a carriage which was to convey them to the steamboat, some half mile distant. On the third day they arrived in the far-famed Empire City; their carriage stopped before an elegant mansion.

"This," said Cyrus to his happy bride, "is your future home. When you consented to become mine, you supposed you were uniting yourself to honest poverty; and this stratagem I used, that I might be sure of winning one uninfluenced by considerations of a selfish nature."

And here we will leave them, while we learn the lesson that obstacles may be overcome by fortitude and energy of character, and that virtuous perseverance will be sure to meet with a reward.

Though most of the friendships of the world ill deserve the name of friendship, yet a man may make use of them occasionally, as of a traffic whose returns are uncertain, and in which it is usual to be cheated.

The reason why we are so changeable in our friendship is, that it is as difficult to know the qualities of the heart, as it is easy to know those of the head.

"BEAR YE ONE ANOTHER'S BURDENS."

BY LILLA LINWOOD.

All who inhabit this fair earth,
One common path must tread;
The walk commences with our birth,
Nor ends till we are dead.

Along this path, on either side,
Grow flowers of every hue,
Whose broad, green leaves droop low, and hide
Thorns from the pilgrim's view.

Some cull the choicest flowers with care,
To scatter on the road;
While others pluck the thorns they bear,
And cast them on the sod.

The roses cheer our drooping hearts,
When we are sad or ill;
But thorns, like those which envy darts,
Our souls with anguish fill.

Be it our part to strew bright flowers,
On which our friends may tread,
Whose balmy influence o'er their hours
A cheering influence shed.

While from their path our kindly care
Doth cruel thorns remove,
We may their heavy burdens bear,
And share their grateful love.

It is strength of mind sincerely to acknowledge our faults as well as our perfections, as it is weakness to be insensible to what is good, as well as to what is bad in our composition.

He who imagines he can do without the world, deceives himself much; but he who fancies the world can not do without him, is under a still greater deception.

THE FLORAL FESTIVAL.

BY MRS. P. W. LATHAM.

With a Colored Steel Engraving.

THE ROSE.

Thine is the part to strew bright flowers,
On which thy friends may tread;
Whose balmy odors o'er their hours
A cheering influence shed.—MRS. ROLLINS.

And where was the Rose during these eventful years? She had mingled enough in the gayeties which had so fascinated her early companion, the Dahlia, to learn their hollowness, and that the halls of festive mirth were no places to nourish those high aspirations and the earnest purposes of usefulness that occupied her thoughts. She knew she was beautiful, for she was but seldom allowed to forget it; but she could not hide from herself, that the most of the other sex who sought her companionship seemed rather to regard her as a costly plaything than a friend, and often conversed with her as if she were a well-grown baby, whose chief excellence consisted in being pretty—how she hated the word!

Was it strange, then, that she enjoyed the society of Charles Imlay, who was too poor to talk of love, and who talked with her just as he would with any other sensible and cultivated woman? He talked of passing events, of poetry, and of books; of his own purposes and plans, of every thing, in short, which one highly endowed young person was likely to say to another. He admired her good sense, her sprightly wit, her discriminating judgment, her goodness of heart. She was his friend, his sister; nothing more. How could she be any thing else? The rich man's beautiful daughter—the admired, and caressed, and sought of many! And it was refreshing to the spirit of Rosalie to converse with one who comprehended her true excellence, who treated her as she was—a warm-hearted, intelligent, amiable girl, capable of high aims—a true and disinterested friend.

But "time and change happen to all," and they happened

in the family of Mr. Danvers. In the fluctuations of business he had met with several severe losses, yet his name stood well "on 'Change," and he was enabled to sustain his reputation, hoping to retrieve his losses. He doted on his family, and like many an unwise father, concealed his losses, still unwilling to communicate anxiety, or abridge their accustomed indulgences. But in the midst of his perplexities a great fire spread ruin and dismay in his neighborhood, and in a few hours his large warehouses presented only a mass of crumbling and blackened walls. If not penniless, Mr. Danvers was now comparatively a poor man, for it was soon discovered that though a standing order for renewing his insurances had been given, through the neglect of a confidential clerk they had not been legally executed, and his policies were void only three days before. There was now neither need nor room for concealment, and for a time the strong man bowed before the storm, almost in utter hopelessness, and his excellent wife, before enfeebled by failing health, and anxious for the welfare of a rising family, seemed ready to sink in entire despondency. But as a staunch and stately ship reels and trembles when she encounters the fierce and sudden tempest, but with a skillful and steady pilot at the helm plows through the foaming waters in safety, so, with a firmness and zeal beyond her years, and altogether unlooked for in one so delicately nurtured, Rosalie comforted and sustained her mother, and by her clear perceptions and ready self-denial, encouraged her father to hope and perseverance.

Long and patiently she went over with him the details of his affairs, until they ascertained, that by giving up his house in town, and whatever of his large establishment remained to him, he could satisfy all demands, and still retain something—a trifle, indeed, to a family so accustomed to affluence—but still not utter destitution.

There was a small house with a pretty garden in the outskirts of the town, where the family were accustomed to spend a part of the summer. This Rosa proposed to her father should be retained as a permanent and quiet residence for the family.

"But are you aware, my child, of all you must realize in becoming a mere cottage girl, with only a meager livelihood?" said Mr. Danvers. "That you must give up position, and elegance, and consideration, to which you have all your life been accustomed."

"For myself," said Rose, "I am weary of this vapid and useless course of life, which I dare say some may have envied; and so far from regretting a change, it seems to me I am only now beginning to live to some purpose."

"But poor Frank," said Mr. Danvers, sadly; "it will be hard for him to give up his studies, and come back to his altered home, because his father is too poor to give him an education."

"Nor need Frank do so," said Rosalie. "I have been all along thinking of him; but, father, do you forget that little legacy which came with my name? I am sure that could be applied in no better way than for Frank's advancement."

"But, then, Frank is so generous. I think—I almost hope he will refuse."

"Will you leave the management of that to me, father?"

"But, my noble, my generous child, I can not let you strip yourself of this last pittance that remains to you."

"No, dear father, not the last. We have a mine of wealth in our love to each other, in consciences void of reproach, in a thousand things, if we will only enjoy them."

"Well, my child, your spirits are more elastic than mine. I believe at the present your judgment is clearer, too, but I doubt if Frank will accept your generosity. He is too much like yourself. And then poor Ida and Ellen—they must come home, too. I believe even you will be puzzled to educate them as we hoped to do."

"I think they would like me for a governess. Do you think I should be such a very contemptible teacher?"

Mr. Danvers kissed his daughter, and his lips moved, but he spoke not a word. He felt that the "uses of adversity were sweet," if it were but to reveal to him the heroism of one he had hitherto regarded as a mere child. He blessed God for the priceless gift, and his heart grew strong in faith and hope.

Rose lost no time in unfolding their plans to her mother, but so gently, so mingled with pleasant suggestions and bright anticipations, that a ray of sunshine shot across the dreary prospect, and the bitterness of poverty seemed already assuaged. So, while her father was busy in winding up and arranging his business for a formal settlement, Rosalie was no less active in preparing for a speedy retrenchment. Charles Imlay, it is needless to say, approved of all these arrangements. Rosa had acted just as he would have expected, and he told her so; besides, he made many suggestions, which to her inexperience were of much value. Better still, he brought his excellent mother to assist in the new arrangements. No person could have been more useful. She was not only a lady in the true sense, but she was a practical woman. She, too, had passed through severe reverses, and she knew how to practice that strict economy which now for the first time was to be introduced into the household of Mr. Danvers.

The new home was speedily put in order, and such articles removed thither as their present circumstances rendered expedient. Mrs. Danvers was installed there before the old establishment was broken up or the servants dismissed, that in her enfeebled state she might realize as little as might be of alteration, and Mrs. Imlay stayed to cheer and comfort her, while Rosa stayed behind to aid her father in his trying employments; and so cheerfully did she sustain her part, that a careless observer would imagine she was only preparing a pleasant entertainment for her friends. Charles Imlay's watchful eye saw deeper, and felt all the self-sacrifice she was making. He observed how the soft cheek paled and flushed by turns, as article after article was added to the auctioneer's list; how the gentle voice sometimes faltered, in spite of all her efforts; and when a purchaser came for the house—that dear old mansion where she was born—noting with a cold, business air its various arrangements, her fortitude came near forsaking her, and Charles urged her to leave, and permit him to finish the remaining arrangements. "No, I thank you," said she; "there is one who feels more than I do." And Rosalie judged rightly; for even then the

measured and continued tread of her father might be distinguished in a distant apartment. Now that this last trial had come, his heart misgave him for a time, and he yielded to the darkness of his own bitter thoughts. A light tap was heard at the door, and the next moment his daughter's sweet, cheerful smile beamed upon him. What magic was in that smile! In an instant he was the strong man again, and went perseveringly to his task, until all was finished.

That night a cheerful song of thanksgiving went up from that cheerful household, warm from hearts who, in the midst of adversity, were not utterly cast down, for, like an angel of cheerfulness, the daughter, and sister, and friend had contrived a word of comfort for them all. Charles and his mother were there, and if he did not rejoice in the change which placed that fair friend more on an equality with his own condition, she certainly never looked so lovely to him before, nor invested with an interest half so tender. Time wore on, and our friends became accustomed to their new mode of life. It is doubtful if in their most prosperous times they had ever been more substantially happy. Flowers bloomed around their rural-looking home, which retained enough of elegance in its appointments to show the refinement of its inmates. Mrs. Imlay consented to remain with them for an indefinite time, which every one seemed desirous to lengthen to the utmost, and by her experience and good sense, was of exceeding value in a family who knew how to appreciate her worth.

Rosa became the regular and potent instructress of her two sisters, who did credit to her skill and discretion. Mrs. Danvers, in the midst of order and quiet cheerfulness, was slowly regaining her former health. But of the thousand and one fashionable friends who used to claim their acquaintance, but few seemed to remember their existence; and even that few was less—of those who found them within visiting distance. Charles, you may be sure, was not of that number, and, besides, his mother being there, gave him a social privilege he felt by no means disposed to throw away. The cultivation of the garden became the healthful and favorite amusement of them all. No wonder

flowers grew and blossomed under such careful hands. But the Danvers were not overlooked by all their former friends, and a little circle still clustered around them who valued them for themselves alone—for that true nobility which lives in spite of all outward change. With a few such they could afford to dispense with all the rest. And there were some who had occupied stations just enough below them to feel an intensity of envy, and a wish to enjoy a sight of their fancied humiliation. It was near the close of a pleasant summer day, that two young ladies of this description made their appearance at the residence of Mr. Danvers. They had known Rosalie from childhood, but for many reasons all advances toward an intimacy had ever proved unsuccessful. Shallow and superficial, coarse in mind, and hoydenish in manners, they had regarded Rosa with burning envy, and determined to enjoy a triumph only known to little minds, that of making her feel a change in her position. And here we would remark, that "young Imlay," as they termed him, had been steadily advancing in character and prospects, until he came to be regarded by match-seeking young misses as quite a "catch." On making the visit in question, they were surprised to find Charles busy in the garden, together with Rosa and her sisters. They were all laughing merrily at some little incident, and presented any thing but a sorrowful aspect. A domestic showed them into the garden, and approaching Rosalie with a sort of insolent familiarity, they began to banter her on her employment, inquiring if she had turned market-gardener, and with great affectation of delicacy "wondered she could bear to do such dirty work." They were not sorry to find Mr. Imlay there, to behold what they fancied their own superiority; but, when needful, none knew better how to repel rudeness than Rosa, so without seeming in the least disturbed, she beckoned to the servant. And turning to her unwelcome visitors, she remarked, in a tone not to be mistaken, "Nancy will show you into the parlor, where I shall be happy to wait on you, when my dirty work is finished, and receive your commands, if you have any business with me." The look and tone of quiet dignity with which this was uttered, added to

the glance of silent and withering scorn with which Charles regarded them, completely disconcerted the intruders; and they quickly remembered a pressing engagement, and retired, leaving unsaid all they had preconcerted, politely to mortify and humble one who surely had suffered enough for her father's misfortunes. For, though happy in doing right; happy in cheering and comforting her parents; happy in the almost idolatry of an entire family; happy in the esteem and friendship of one who saw in her an excellence infinitely superior to mere external beauty, still she had her perplexities and mortifications. It could not be otherwise under circumstances so changed, and she felt keenly, at times, the little slights and neglects of those from whom she had a right to expect better things. Yet, like the true-hearted woman that she was, she "hoped on, hoped ever." Nor were her sacrifices vain. Apart from that mental discipline which was making her own heart stronger and better—better fitted for the station she was in after years to fill—she saw the prospects of her family gradually brighten, until the bud of prosperity seemed fairly to set in that direction. Her father's strict integrity in paying all his liabilities, though by so doing he was reduced to poverty, had not passed unnoticed. Though he could make no legal claim on the insurance companies, they made him a handsome present; the merchants with whom he had former dealings did the same, so that he again started in business with a faithful and judicious junior partner, in Mr. Imlay, now Rosalie's acknowledged suitor. Her younger sisters were doing honor to their persevering and self-denying preceptress, and fast merging into beautiful, modest, and intellectual women. And Frank—dear, noble, kind-hearted Frank—though he knew not till long after that he was living on his sister's bounty, yet he knew the money spent for him could be illy spared, and he determined it should not be thrown away. He was soon to graduate with unusual credit.

So, then, at the end of those two eventful years, when the Dahlia, faded and perfumeless, cut herself loose alike from home, and friends, and decency, the odors of that queenly

Rose were scattered all about her in prodigal and health-giving profusion. And loving hands were about to transplant her where she would be loved and cherished still, the pride and joy of all beholders.

NINEVEH.

BY C. WINGATE.

Of the early history of the ancient city of Nineveh we have very little authentic information. The Bible speaks of it as the great city of "three days' journey," that was "laid waste, and there was none to bemoan her;" but no allusion is made to the history of the Assyrian empire until the period when their warlike expeditions to the west of the Euphrates brought them in contact with the Jews. Pul, the first king whose name is recorded, reigned between eight and nine hundred years before the Christian era; but as he lived near the close of the empire, there must have been a long succession of kings who ruled over a great part of Asia, of whom no memorials have come down to us. Among the ancients, the only authors who wrote on the history of Assyria are Herodotus and Ctesias. Unfortunately the work of the former, who was so scrupulous in recording facts and traditions, has been entirely lost; indeed, the only proof that it ever was written rests upon the authority of Aristotle, who mentions having seen it. Of the history of Ctesias only a few fragments remain, preserved chiefly in the works of Diodorus, Siculus, and Photius. He spent seventeen years in the capital of Persia as physician to the king, and was treated with great honor. During his residence in Persia he compiled from the public archives a history of Persia. He also wrote an account of India, but the ridiculous exaggerations and absurd fables with which it was filled have cast mistrust upon all his other works. Aristotle has repeatedly declared him unworthy of credit, and most modern critics have received his statements with great reserve. Yet of his history,

unreliable as it is, very little remains, except the names of kings. Of more modern writers we have several, who have done little more than casually allude to events in Assyrian history, or commemorate the exploits of their three monarchs, Nenus, Semiramis, and Sardanapalus, whose deeds have been so mixed up with fable as to render all accounts of them exceedingly uncertain.

These three are the only sovereigns of whose exploits we have any account, although more than thirty generations elapsed between Ninus and Sardanapalus. Each writer has given his own accounts of events with very little reference to others, or agreement with them. In the date assigned to the commencement of the Assyrian empire they differ more than a thousand years; and in describing the events of more modern history there is nearly the same discrepancy. Of the real history of this great and mighty people we knew comparatively nothing, until the researches of modern skill and enterprise had brought to light the long-buried monuments which reveal the civilization, power, and magnificence of the Assyrian empire.

Nineveh was destroyed in the year 606 before Christ. When the Greeks under Xenophon marched through Persia during his celebrated retreat (400 B. C.), they found the remains of an ancient city; but the name of Nineveh was even then lost, not two centuries from the date of its destruction. Its mighty ramparts, that had so long defied the assaults of its foes, had crumbled beneath the withering touch of time; its palaces, the seat of barbaric pomp and luxury, were buried beneath the vast mounds that were the only evidences of their existence, and the very name of Nineveh, at the sound of which nations had trembled, was utterly forgotten—blotted out from the memory of those who were living on the spot it once had occupied.

That a great and flourishing city, so renowned for its extent, wealth, and power, should have so utterly perished, that for ages its site should have remained a matter of doubt, is one of the most astonishing facts of history; and that it should have been disentombed from its sepulcher of ages, its records deciphered, though written in a language

long since lost, and its history again written, is indeed the "crowning historical discovery of the nineteenth century."

The huge mounds of earth and rubbish which had for ages arrested the attention of the few travelers who had the courage and zeal to penetrate the plains of ancient Assyria were so supposed to mark the remains of some unknown period. Several persons had mentioned the great mounds of earth opposite Mosul; and the celebrated antiquarian, Macdonald Kinneir, supposed them to be the remains of a Roman camp, of the time of Hadrian. But the first to engage in a systematic examination of the ancient Assyrian empire was Mr. Rich, an English gentleman, residing at Baghdad, in the employment of the East India Company, about the year 1820. The details of his labors were published in a literary journal at Vienna, called "*Mines de l'Orient*," and afterward republished by his widow, in a work containing the narrative of his journey to Babylon. His discoveries consisted principally of a few inscriptions, engraved stones, and a wooden coffin; but the careful account which he drew up of the site of the ruins was of greater value, and has formed the ground-work of all subsequent inquiries into the topography of Babylon. The fragments collected by Mr. Rich were subsequently placed in the British Museum, and formed almost the only collection of Assyrian antiquities in Europe; yet even these memorials of a past age, meager as they were, excited a high degree of interest.

Nothing more was done toward prosecuting these investigations until the summer of 1840, when Mr. Layard, an English gentleman who had been traveling through Syria, was induced to visit the great mound of Nimroud, near the banks of the Tigris, some sixteen miles below Mosul. Through his influence M. Botta, the French consul at Mosul, was induced to engage in making excavations into these mounds, both in the vicinity of Mosul and at the village of Hehorsabad, twelve miles northeast of Mosul. These labors were successful, and to Mr. Botta is due the honor of having found the *first Assyrian monument*. His labors were continued for nearly two years, and the results have

been given to the public in a series of splendid engravings, published at the expense of the French government.

In the years 1845–6 Mr. Layard engaged once more in the exploration of these ruins, with a zeal, skill, and energy that have thrown into the shade all the labors of his predecessors, and the records of which have rendered us better acquainted with the history, manners, and customs of the ancient Assyrians than all other books put together.

From the discoveries made by Mr. Layard, it would appear that Nineveh occupied an area of about sixty miles; agreeing perfectly with the old Greek writers, and also with the Scriptural account, which represents it as a great city of three days' journey—a day's journey being about twenty miles. The walls of the city, as well as of the buildings, were composed of sun-dried bricks, faced with thin slabs of limestone. Many of the edifices seem to have been destroyed by fire, and the limestones, from the effect of the heat, have been reduced to lime, and fall to pieces on being exposed to the air. Others again have been buried beneath the clay walls, which have gradually decomposed and formed large mounds covered with grass, and have preserved their contents in as perfect condition as when first erected. Within these exhumed temples we have, in the paintings and sculptures on the walls, a complete history of the time when Nineveh sent forth her armies, her chariots and horsemen, and reigned without a rival. Strange sculptered monuments guard the gates:

> "Huge lion forms, frowning a tawny red,
> With regal height majestic—human head
> And eagle wings, thrown back, of every hue,
> Vermilioned, feathered, gold and jet, and blue,
> Tinging the pavement."

Here lie the implements of domestic life; there the deadly weapons of the warrior, as when he last returned red from the field of slaughter; while the remains of arms, furniture, and various articles of luxury show that many of what are considered modern inventions date back thousands of years. Beautifully-carved pieces of ivory, for handles to daggers,

and other purposes, show that they were skilled in sculpture; while the figures of lions, and other animals cast in solid metal, and of great beauty, indicate a high degree of skill in working iron, copper, and various other metals. That they were acquainted with the art of gilding is proved by the remains of gold leaf on the ivory and bricks of the palaces. They were also familiar with the art of making glass, and of inlaying it into various other substances. Ivory tablets have been found inlaid with blue opaque glass; and several glass vases of beautiful form were taken from the ruins. Numerous gems, apparently used for seals, are most delicately and minutely ornamented with various sacred devices and with the form of animals. Hence it follows that the inhabitants must have been familiar with the art of refining and tempering steel, for without its aid it would have been impossible to have cut the glass and precious stones which have been used for sculpture.

Time would fail to give even a brief account of all that has been exhumed from the buried monuments and temples of this ancient city, and in vain do we speculate on the causes that have led to its destruction.

While gazing at the statues that adorn her temples, and meditating on the events which have transpired around them, well may we inquire—

> "What charm hath lulled that city, what long spell
> Of sleeping centuries o'er its glories fell?
>
> Oh, that those stern and hueless lips could tell
> What nations once have owned—the shuddering spell—
> What God-loved seers—what world-wide conquerors here
> Have gazed in horror, or bowed down in fear—
> Where now those nations? Though the sunbeam shines
> Once more through palace court or temple shrines,
> Where once in sacred calm or restless strife,
> Throbbed the full pulses of their mighty life.
> They rise not now! those senseless gods alone
> Survive to frown in everlasting stone."

Not all those who discharge their debts of gratitude should flatter themselves that they are grateful.

THE CHRISTIAN.

I STOOD beside her dying bed,
  And heard her latest sigh;
Was present when her spirit fled,
  To realms of bliss on high.

Her looks were calm, a holy smile
  Shone on her pallid brow;
Sereneness which our fears dispersed,
  Proved she was happy now.

With trembling voice she said, "I see
  Attendant angels near;
Through the dark vale they'll carry me,
  And I have naught to fear."

Once more she smiled—her spirit fled,
  Where God and angels dwell;
Death had no sting, for her no dread,
  Her raptures none can tell,

If then, 'tis thus the Christian dies,
  Who would not love their God?
To Him the happy spirit flies,
  Nor feels His chastening rod.

SELF-LOVE is the love of self, and of every thing for the sake of self. When fortune gives the means, self-love makes men idolize themselves, and tyrannize over others. It never rests or fixes any where from home. If it settle on external things, it is only as the bee doth on flowers, to extract what may be serviceable. Nothing is so impetuous as its desires, nothing so secret as its designs, nothing so artful as its conduct. Its suppleness is inexpressible; its metamorphoses surpass those of Ovid, and its refinements those of chemistry. We can neither fathom the depth, nor penetrate the obscurity of its abyss.

FEMALE EDUCATION.—No. II.

BY NELSON SIZER, ESQ.

In our article on this subject in the December number, our remarks were devoted entirely to the training of the body, which, as we conceive, lies at the foundation of all human education. The body is to the mind what the frame-work of the steamer, and its boiler and fuel, are to the engine. This can not make a single revolution, or serve any valuable purpose, without a frame-work to sustain it, and steam to impart propulsion, nor can the mind, in our present state, give token of its high original, without bodily health and strength.

Cast a glance over the catalogue of our mental giants of the present day—our leading speakers and thinkers, in the pulpit, senate, and lecture-room, and we will find them, every one, having a vigorous body as well as mind. Many men can think with a comparatively slender constitution, but they can not, as speakers and actors, move mankind and electrify the world. He who would do more for the world than merely to exert an occasional gleam of genius, should lay the strong and deep foundation of his power in a sound, well educated body. Then he will have the vital force requisite to sustain the mind in long and vigorous action, and realize the hopes himself and his friends cherished in the development of his mental nature. If this be true of men, with how much more force can the principle be applied to the education of females, whose habits, we regret to say, have been more widely warped by fashion and false custom, in respect to health and education, than those of the other sex.

We have promised to speak of mental education, and in doing so we remark, first, that as the continued education of the body is necessary, that of the mind should be conducted in such a manner and with such speed only as comports with health. The female temperament is usually more active, and the mind more susceptible, than those of

the male. Consequently females usually learn faster, become excited by the praise bestowed upon their excellences in scholarship, and hence the extra exertion of the nervous system, and the superinduced sedentary habit which still closer application to study involves, shatters their constitutions at a very early age. Your fat, awkward, red-faced girl, who loves the bracing breezes, fun and frolic in the open air, more than books, is not likely to be injured by the above influences. At sixteen her mind will ripen and expand, and at twenty she will be a good scholar. But the little, delicate, susceptible girl, with thin, sharp features, expanded forehead, large, intelligent blue eyes, with a strong endowment of the love of approbation, is the very one to be driven almost to madness in mental activity. She bends soul and body over her books, becomes a prodigy in education, and her friends, misguided teacher, and all, lavish praises upon her educational superiority, which only serves to inflame her brain, and add fuel to that fire which is consuming her vitality and preparing her for the tomb. Not in school only does she struggle on in the mental pathway, but she is not only permitted but encouraged to take her books home, to con her lessons late and early; or if she is permitted a moment's respite from her books, it is to be shown up in company as an intellectual pet, and to listen to adulations of her great achievements and her mental brilliancy. Such gifted, hot-house plants are regarded as the special favorites of heaven, and if they be so, is it strange that the maxim found believers, that

"Those whom the gods love, die young?"

We need not say that such children should be held back in mental exercise, nor that they are the very ones who are always crowded onward, by approval and encouragement at least, if not by direct requirement. They will crowd themselves, if it be not done by parent and teacher. The proper course is to check mental, and promote physical activity.

This, we are aware, is a picture of one class of constitutions, but it unfortunately is a very large class, and a class that we are particularly anxious to save from the errors of education, to save from derangement of constitution, and

from the grave. And in nine cases in ten of precocious nervous and mental development, it can be done. Educate their bodies first and continually, and their minds secondarily, as they can bear it, and we might then see genius enthroned as on a pedestal of granite, to bless the world with its heat and light, to a ripe old age. What a sad fact, that the brightest and best of our females must be blighted and sent to early graves by misdirected education!

Another error in female education, is that which cultivates the showy and æsthetic faculties of the mind, and leaves the more solid, common-sense elements undeveloped. Elegant accomplishments, that glitter and dazzle, are placed in the foreground of female culture, as if their only errand in life was to be placed in a social conservatory, as we do a rare flower, to bloom in the soft atmosphere of perpetual admiration. Hence, drawing, painting, dancing, French, music, botany, ornamental needlework, dress, and a useless round of ladyism, constitute the bulk of the popular idea of a finished female education. Do females lack reasoning power? If so, then give them no scientific study that demands it. Is she made up entirely of the literary faculties, with imitation, ideality, approbativeness, and the social qualities? If so, give her a fashionable education, and you will call those faculties into activity, and almost no other. Indeed, she will be but half developed, and that half which makes her weak, helpless, and dependent; a tinsel ornament, rather than a calm, earnest, common-sense companion, counselor, and helpmate for man.

As woman is now educated, she is taught to be a creature of impulse and sympathy, an elegant toy. We see no good reason why she should not be endowed with sound, consecutive, reasoning power, for if any being on earth needs wisdom, judgment, reflection, and a well-disciplined intellect, combined with strong affection, and elevated refinement of taste and feeling, it is she who is to mold the character of the family which is to control the church, state, and the business world in the next generation.

Let females be taught chemistry; for who, more than those who compound the food of the world, need it. Let

them study physiology, for they have the charge of the clothing, feeding, and health of the world. Those who have the care of the ventilation, the warming and regimen of our homes, can not be too well versed in those sciences which alone can furnish the bride with just qualifications for those important responsibilities.

We are aware that thirty years' experience will teach many of the lessons of domestic economy, but we would have all science bearing on every-day life taught to girls, so that, when they launch forth for themselves on the sea of life, they may have the chart and compass of a correct education to guide their course to a successful life-voyage. Why should a person be a lifetime learning the laws that govern health, and only learn by sad experience how to conduct the physical and moral management of the young when they have grandchildren to exercise that knowledge upon? Knowledge is better late than never in coming, but we would not have it deferred until a generation of mental and physical constitutions are ruined, and one half a generation are made tenants of short graves.

Let females be well instructed in arithmetic, mathematics, and natural philosophy, book-keeping, domestic economy, and history, with logic and metaphysics, for who, more than a mother, needs all the solid stores of learning and thought to manage a family and fill her stations in society? Give her these, for she has talent to appreciate and use them; her true sphere demands their exercise, and she will cease to be deemed a frivolous, fitful, useless butterfly. It is a wonder that her education has not spoiled her. If she were not the better half of creation, she could not have endured so much bad management, and still be deemed worthy of adoration.

There is an inconstancy proceeding from the levity or weakness of the mind, which makes it give into every one's opinions: and there is another inconstancy, more excusable, which arises from satiety.

THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

BY MISS MARY A. MALIN.

How beautiful! how beautiful!
  The hour of fervent prayer,
When holy hearts ascend to heaven,
  To Him who reigneth there.
Oh, then with joy the knee we bend
To Him who is our Father—friend.

Oh, how solemn! oh, how solemn!
  The hour of humble prayer,
When mourners lift their hearts to Him
  Who softens every care.
'Tis then the holy angels bring
Their tribute to their God and King.

How holy! how divinely sweet!
  The hour of sacred prayer,
When round the fam'ly altar meet
  A band with hearts sincere.
'Tis then, 'tis then our hearts we bend,
To Him who doth salvation send!

CHARITY.

Ye who live in ease and gladness,
  Free from want and penury sure,
Listen to the voice of sadness,
  Heed the sufferings of the poor.

Take a part of thy profusion,
  Visit where the mourners dwell—
Give, and by the blest diffusion
  Feel the joys of doing well.

Seek the cabin, cold and cheerless,
  Misery, want, and wo are there;
Bid those weeping eyes be tearless,
  Make those helpless babes thy care.

Go to bless the sick and friendless,
  Cheer their journey to the grave;
So shall thy reward be endless—
  Jesus came to seek and save.

BE FAITHFUL.

BY ALBERT TODD.

YES, young man, whoever thou art, *be faithful;* for even in *this* life thou wilt find it to be of great advantage to thee. If thou art in the employ of thy fellow-man, and dost faithfully perform whatever is required of thee, thou wilt not only gain his respect and esteem, but wilt secure for thyself the approbation of all within the circle of thy acquaintance. Thou wilt find in thy journeyings through this life, that faithfulness in temporal matters will be of invaluable service to thee. It will be a recommend that will procure for thee most any situation thou mayst desire.

But, young man, faithfulness to thy brother man is not *all* that is required. Thou must bear in mind that there is another Being to whom also thou must *be faithful.* "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." What an inducement to press on, and secure for thyself this "crown of life," that will gain for thee a mansion in thy Father's house. If thou hast turned thy face toward the New Jerusalem, press on; let nothing deter thee from the path of duty. Be faithful while it is *to-day*, for we have no lease of *to-morrow.* Thou mayst see temptations on thy right hand and on thy left, but turn not aside, for thy safety depends on keeping in the straight and narrow path.

Be faithful! I well remember the impression made upon my mind by words which fell from my father's lips, as I took my leave of him for a distant land. Said my father, "It is pleasant to live near each other, but it matters little where we are, if we are but found *faithful!*" How true. Such I have found to be the case during *my* pilgrimage, and such, young man, wilt thou find to be the case during *thy* journey through life. In whatever country or kingdom thou hast taken up thy abode, thou wilt find it to be to thy everlasting comfort to *be faithful* to thy Father in heaven.

TIME'S SOLILOQUY.

BY ORRIN P. ALLEN.

When the radiant morn of creation drove darkness from the earth, I was there; then was I born. I rose upon the pinions of that bright morn, and caught the crystal dew-drops as they fell and sparkled on the green verdure of the fairy lawns. I listened to the sweet carol of the feathered songsters, whose joyous notes rose upon the wings of the soft zephyrs, and were wafted far away through the solitudes of the waving forests. 'Mid the beauty and loveliness of Paradise I gazed out upon the young world, radiant with celestial smiles. Long before the foot of man disturbed the silence of the wilderness, I gazed out upon its numberless rivers flashing in light, and reflecting the effulgent rays of the sun like a thousand diamonds upon their bosoms. Niagara sent up its thundering anthem in the solitudes of the western wilderness, for thousands of years before the ear of man listened to its awful roar. The proud Mississippi swept its turbid waves to the ocean, and the strong Atlantic beat its angry surges against the shores of an unknown continent, and none were there to listen to the wild melody but I.

The blue Mediterranean heaved its gentle waters against its sunny shores, long before the rude barque of man broke its smooth surface; the sun smiled upon Italy's lovely clime for ages, and none gazed upon the enchanting scene but I. The beautiful gazelle bounded over the plains, and drank at the crystal streams which meandered through the verdant meads, ages before an arm was raised to injure or make them afraid. At even's gentle hour the bright stars blazed in the forehead of the sky, with no eye to admire their beauty but mine. And when the progenitors of the human race were placed in Paradise, I was there, and hovered around their ambrosial bower, and attended their steps as they wandered forth, hand in hand, by the side of the gush-

ing fountains, or reclined beneath the shade of bowering elms which overhung some silver cascade.

But when by disobedience they were driven forth from their elysian home, and were forever excluded from the blissful haunts of Paradise, by the flaming cherubim who guarded the entrance with vigilant care, I attended them on their lonely journey, and, instead of flowers, I strewed thorns in their pathway, and multiplied cares and sorrows at every step. I dimmed the radiant beauty of the new-made world, even in its infancy, and sowed the seeds of dissolution and decay in all of its thousand forms of beauty. And when man multiplied upon the earth, I was ever intent on working their ruin, and demolishing the labor of their hands. At length corruption spread over the earth like a sweeping tornado, and mankind having incurred the wrath of Jehovah, were threatened with destruction by an universal deluge which would destroy all vestiges of mankind, except one solitary family. But they heeded not the warning, and at length the heavens were black with tempests, and the storm of wrath descended with awful fury upon the devoted world. The booming thunder rattled through the dark chambers of the sky, and the terrific lightning gleamed along the black outlines of the swift-rolling clouds, and all creation shuddered as if it paused upon the brink of ruin, and I almost thought that my existence would end and eternity begin; but I was permitted to wing my flight over a submerged world, and gaze upon its changes in succeeding ages.

Meanwhile mankind were seized with consternation as they beheld the torrent sweeping over their rich valleys, and overwhelming their cities and villages; in vain they ascended the highest mountains, for soon the mighty flood swept over the highest point, and consigned them all to an eternal oblivion.

Then the humble ark of Noah rose triumphantly above the dark-rolling surges of the mighty abyss of waters, and, guided by the hand of Omnipotence, rode in safety over the shoreless ocean, till at length, when the waters began to subside, it rested upon the mountains of Ararat.

Days and months passed on; at length the waters were dried from the earth, and man descended from the resting-place of the ark into the plains below. Ah, how changed the scene! How unlike the beautiful earth on which I gazed in the first radiant morn of creation, when I commenced my flight!

The once lovely plains of Paradise were divested of their beauty, and the luxuriant forests were swept away by the swift current and imbedded in the earth; the lofty mountains, which had been disfigured by the merciless flood, looked down upon the universal wreck in mournful and silent grandeur, while nature in all of her works gave marks of a mighty change.

But I soon peopled the earth with numerous nations, and laid the foundations of mighty empires and kingdoms; mighty cities rose up in the plains, and smiling villages along the banks of the rivers. Babylon, Palmyra, Nineveh, Tyre, Thebes, and Carthage, each rose in their season, flourished, and fell; and I beheld them in their glory and decline. 'Mid all their magnificence, glory, and wealth I was in their busy streets, and crumbling their proudest monuments of glory to dust; and now scarce a vestige is left to mark the place where once they stood and flourished, except here and there a solitary colonnade or gigantic pyramid, whose gloomy forms rise above the sands of the desert, and look down in mournful grandeur upon the desolation around them. The gods which filled their splendid temples could not defend their own habitations, much less their vain worshipers, against my power, for they in their turn I crumbled to dust.

Mighty Babylon rose and flourished in proud supremacy upon the ruins of conquered nations; but I humbled her pride to the dust, and laid her proud walls and towering battlements in mouldering ruins.

Upon the magnificent ruins of the Babylonian Empire rose that of the Persians, under the mighty energies of Cyrus, who conquered the world.

But I introduced luxury among their soldiers which brought on effeminacy and love of ease; and at length the bright star of Persian glory set in obscurity. Then Alexan-

der the Great came upon the stage of action, and with his invincible Greeks he subdued the world. But this proud monarch was forced to yield to my power; the glory of his arms could not save him, nor his vast conquests preserve his mighty empire from my shocks. For at length the resplendent glory of Greece, which had dazzled the world so long, began to be dimmed by the bright star of Rome, which soon rose in the ascendency, and swayed her iron scepter over the world.

But I conquered the iron strength of the Roman Empire, and divided her vast territory into many kingdoms. Her orators, poets, and heroes I have consigned to the grave. I have laid waste the imperial city of the Cæsars. The loud shout of the gladiator, and the wild applause of the spectators, no more echo through the lofty arches of the mighty Coliseum; and the eloquence of Cicero no more resounds through the senate-halls of Rome.

Thus for ages I have witnessed the rise and decline of empires, which have bowed down before the rising glories of young nations, to whose prosperity there will also come a day of decline. Old, call you? aye, but when shall my days be remembered? Not till He who first bid me begin my flight so orders it.

When His purposes who called me into being are accomplished, then I, too, shall go to the place of all living.

We are often dissatisfied with those who negotiate our affairs, because they often sacrifice their friend to the success of the negotiation: success becomes their own interest, through the honor they expect for bringing to a conclusion what themselves had undertaken.

Nothing is so contagious as example: never was there any considerable good or ill done that does not produce its like. We imitate good actions through emulation, and bad ones through a malignity in our nature, which shame conceals and example sets at liberty.

HOME.

"HOME, sweet home!" what endearing recollections encircle this most attractive word! Who can look back upon the home of his childhood without exciting many a fond remembrance? How many familiar faces, how many kind words, how many pleasant hours start up as so many living images when the word *home* falls upon the ear? But he who has left the home of his childhood, and formed for himself a home—he who has taken the chosen of his heart, and gathered about him a pleasant family, is truly the happiest of the happy, as far as earthly good can convey happiness. What are the jars and excitements of the political world to him when retired within the bosom of his own family?

How cheerfully will the merchant bear the trials and perplexities of the counting-room; the mechanic, the din and confinement of the workshop; the farmer, the toils and labors of the day, if he feels that at night a happy home and cheerful hearts await his return. But that all family circles are not thus happy is to be regretted. This must arise from indiscretion or mismanagement. The happiness of the family depends not upon one of its members only, but upon all. It is a reciprocal obligation, each one bearing a share, but the responsibility falls chiefly upon its united guardians. A band of love should ever unite a family together. This is a silken cord, easily rent asunder, especially when first formed. How often has it been rudely severed by the hand of passion, or jealousy, or even by mere thoughtlessness, when, had it been duly cherished, it might have strengthened till it would have been like a threefold cord, not easily broken.

Life is composed of little things. It is especially so in domestic life. Trifles, in themselves of little importance, form the life and happiness of the family circle. Little attentions, a little patience, prudence, forbearance, a disposition to suffer rather than do wrong, will eventually form a spirit of union, love, and happiness within any family. But if these trifles be neglected, if, instead of pleasant smiles and

kind attentions, there be want of sympathy and cold indifference; instead of patient forbearance with the failings to which all are liable, there be fretfulness and fault-finding—in short, if there be no fruits of pure and disinterested love, there can be no true peace, no happiness of union.

If the husband wish for a happy home, where he can relax his mind and repose his body, let him consider her who superintends that home. Let him think of the trials, the vexations, the anxieties which she is daily called to encounter. They may seem insignificant to him, but nevertheless they are of as much importance to her as those of a more public nature are to him; therefore let him pleasantly sympathize with her in all her petty cares. Likewise, if the wife would live happily within the domestic circle, let her strive to perform cheerfully those duties devolving upon her; although her life may be one continual routine of small acts, still she may be performing duties which may tend to convey happiness far more than those whom the world "delighteth to honor." Let her strive to make the home of her husband a pleasant home, be interested in his welfare, invite his confidence, share his sorrows, and though he may be called to buffet with the storms of life, still let him ever find a quiet retreat within the circle of his own chosen home. If thus both fulfill the duties devolving upon them, what can be wanting to make a happy home? Nothing, save the true spirit of religion instilled within their hearts. This will prepare them not only to perform the above duties, but all others that insure happiness in this life and in that which is to come.

In the heart of man there is a perpetual succession of the passions; so that the destruction of one is almost always the production of another.

Notwithstanding all the care we take to conceal our passions under the pretenses of religion and honor, they still appear through such flimsy vails.